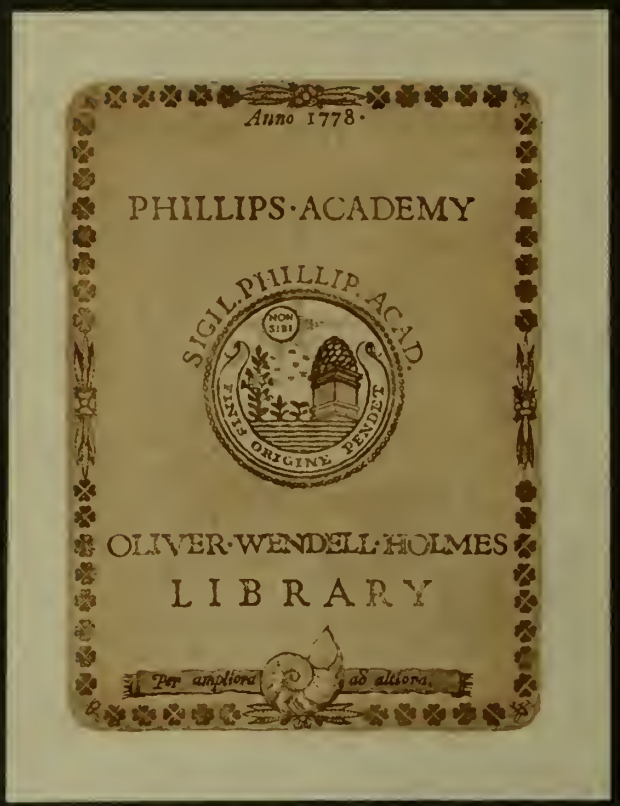
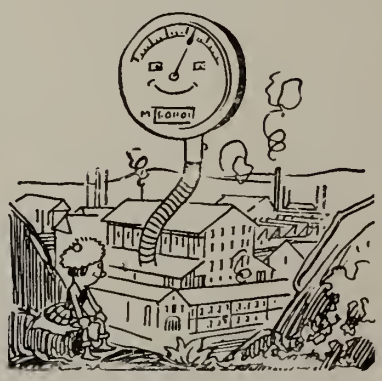

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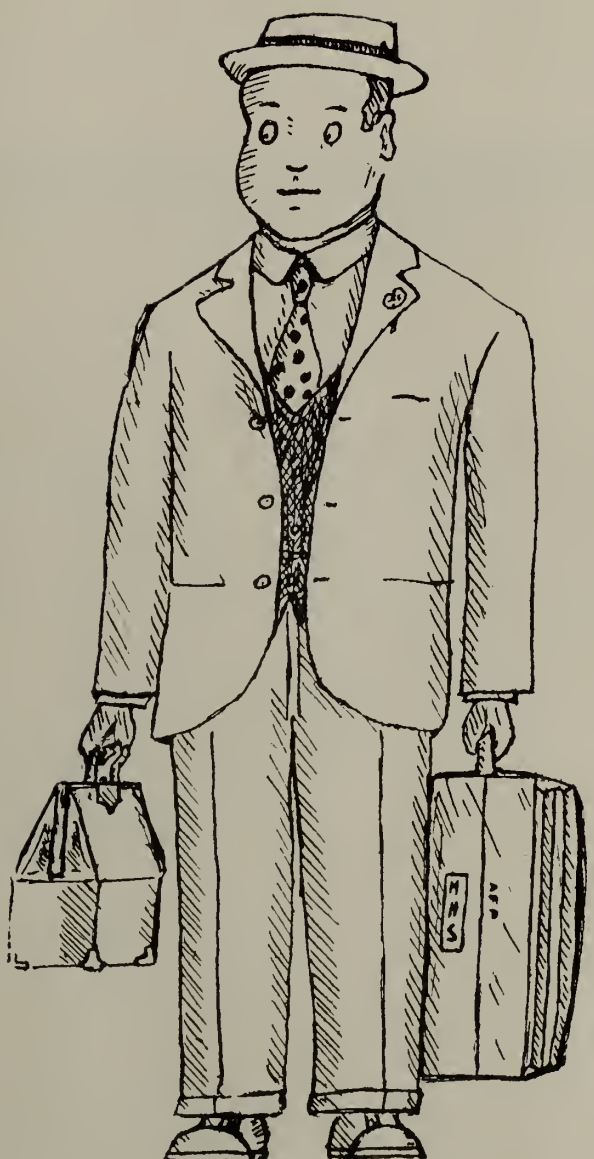
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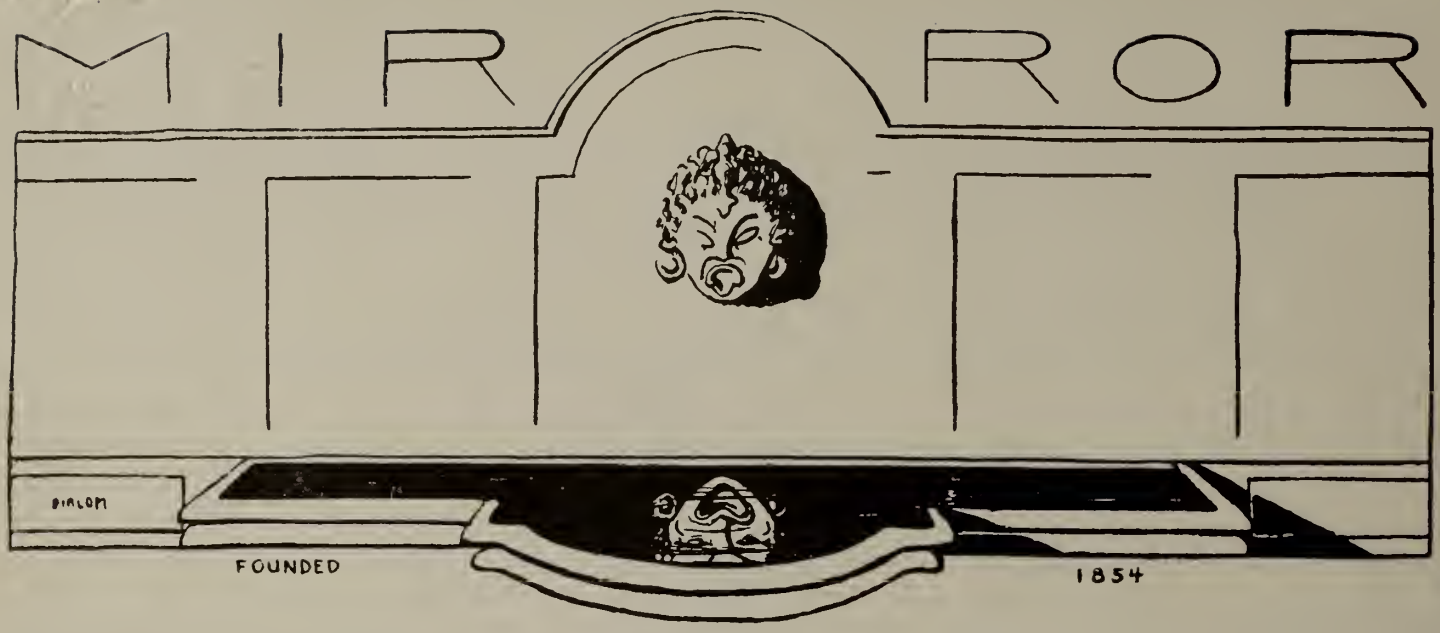
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THE MIRROR BOARD, *Publishers*, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS.

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Any member of the school becomes eligible for election to the Board of Editors by having three successive literary contributions accepted and published, or three long, original articles accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three groups of four short, original humorous contributions accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three successive artistic contributions of one half page or over accepted and published, or three groups of two artistic contributions of one fourth page or larger accepted and published.

Subscribers who fail to get their copies will confer a favor by reporting the fact at the Mirror office, second floor, Main Building, as soon as possible. Push slip with name and address under door if office is closed.

Date of publication of this issue, October 21.

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VOLUME LXVIII — OCTOBER, 1921 — NUMBER 1

A FAIR PROPOSITION

AT least once every school year, and with most of us more than once, we all, even the dumbest of us have something that we hear, see or think suddenly "strikes us in a funny spot," and we are forced to laugh at the humor of the situation. Unfortunately, this usually occurs in class, chapel or some equally inconvenient place, and instead of passing the laugh along, we are forced to keep it to ourselves, with an effect somewhat similar to an internal explosion.

Often these incidents may be worthy of publication, so why not write them down at the time, and turn them in to *The Mirror*? With approximately five hundred and sixty fellows here in school, if each one turned out one good snappy joke *per year*, they would average seventy each issue and we could manage to get along very comfortably with seventy laughs in each number!

We of the *Mirror* Board are doing our level best to get out a good magazine, *if for no other reason than to beat Exeter in that respect*, and all we need to make a success of it is a little support. How about it, fellows, will you do your part?

G. O. R. '22

MIRROR CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

For the coming Christmas issue, the *Mirror* will hold a competition for the best cover, art and "drool" contributions, and prizes will be awarded.

Work for this contest should begin at once, and further announcements concerning it will appear in *The Phillipian* at an early date. Watch for them!

EDITORIAL

ONCE long ago, in the mountain district of Redovna, there lived in a mighty castle a baron, who had in his youth spent a vigorous life among his people. He had toiled and travelled and so by slow degrees and great pains had acquired much intrinsic wisdom. Now when the time had come when he was no longer fit for vigorous work, he had retired to his castle with the intention of spending his remaining years for the benefit of the youths of the land. Into his spacious castle he brought young boys, who were just budding into manhood — and to them he tried to give the knowledge of the better things that he himself had learned during his life.

And so it happened that in the early fall of each year a multitude of about five hundred youths was collected before his gates. As the baron looked out from one of the high parapets upon the host of faces below him he quietly prayed to God that under his own guidance he might enrich them as much as possible in true knowledge. And then he gave the command for the gates to be thrown open, and from them a friar came out to offer a welcome to the boys. In a fine, clear voice, the kindly friar spoke in behalf of his master.

"My friends — you who are now collected here, and who are about to enter these gates, let me give you the welcome and purpose of our castle. We shall not offer 'do's' and 'don'ts' to you — no — we want you to enter here in a spirit of sincerity and wholesomeness. You, who have come from all parts of our little land, have always lived at home and have enjoyed life to its fullest only, however, in the way of a youth. Soon you must begin to bear responsibility — for soon you will be men.

"And so when we all enter here let us all start together with the fixed idea of working to the best of our ability to learn the things that will give us a broader, wider vision of life — what ought to be every man's vision. My friends, our castle is intricate and in it we shall undergo hardships — hardships that in the end, however, will profit us — so let us not get lost and forget our ideal. Friendship is the spirit of our castle — we must work, and work hard too; let us do it in one spirit — when we play, let us do kindly — and lastly, we must laugh so as to make the sun shine for those who are less fortunate."

Then he bade them follow, and slowly the whole crowd crossed over the bridge, and as the last sturdy youth went through the gates, the great doors slowly swung together.

And is it not so with us, though we have no castle, nor master, nor any confining gates — but we have Andover — and Andover spirit. We have not as yet reached such a venerable age that the point to a fable is too childish for us; so let us try to remember some of the purposes of the friar's welcome. We are all — new men and old ones — going to work together and for a common good. So if there be any truth in the proverb that "Opportunity knocks but once" then know that for you new men it is knocking now! With the aid of the new men, whom we hope will take interest in this magazine, we trust to accomplish good work during the year. In behalf of the board let us express our heartiest welcome to you — and the best of luck.

J. V. R. '22

THE LIGHTHOUSE

I stood upon the shore one night
And through the darkness watched the light,
That on the reef was shining bright.

Across the bay its clear, strong beam
Did like a kindly prophet seem,
Who prophesied my dearest dream.

C. A. C. '22

THE HIDDEN CITY

I.

(Told By Neal Whiting)

THERE were three of us, Harvey, the Captain, and myself, and we were fighting our way along the banks of the Ganges toward the mystic city, the city of the heathens whom all Delhi had learned to dread. We had no guides, for we trusted no one, no weapons save a knife stuck in the belt of each of us, no trail to follow, no hope of arriving, or, if arriving, of returning, yet struggling ever onward, fighting our way through marshes and swamps and woods, battling with the fierce animals which infested every region that we found ourselves in, fearing every minute lest some terrible boa-constrictor, the most horrible of Indian horrors, should wind itself around one of us and crush him forever.

We had all led hard lives. We had all had sorrows. I can answer for myself, and I feel sure that Harvey and the Captain were the same way. For would three sane men, no matter how brave, set out to march fifty miles through the wildest portion of India just to try to prevent the slaughters that the high-priests of Lan had influenced their followers to perpetrate? I do not think any one of us cared anything about the deaths of a few natives, who, anyway, would have died sooner or later from the effects of the whiskey they were learning to drink. But what had influenced my friends and myself to undertake this terrible journey was more our roving temperament and innate desire to do something, no matter how wild or how dangerous. We cared not for life. We advanced boldly towards death. But I think that we all wished that that death might not be so filled with tortures, for it was torture we were undergoing now—

The sun rose on the third day to find us still alive and struggling onward. Now we were up to our waist in slime, now we were swimming across the streams which flowed into the Ganges, always in danger from crocodiles and snakes, and now we were past our troubles and in an open plain. This last came suddenly enough. We had just broken through a strip of undergrowth which had nearly choked us, to find ourselves in this open plain without a sign of the mystic city of which rumor had told us so much, but which only one man had ever seen. The fact was, no one but this one man, and he was long since dead, had ever seen the men of Lan. They came in the night, they slaughtered, they withdrew. It was their religion. The English, though ready to aid their natives at Delhi, were helpless. Some of their officers claimed that the men of Lan were being directed by a white man, one who wished to cause a rebellion by arousing discontent among the tribes. But this had never been proved.

We looked about us in relief. There was no sign of a city of any kind, but at least we had a strip of country where we did not have to struggle through morasses or fight wild beasts. Harvey drew a long breath. "Where now?" he asked cheerfully.

He was the bravest of the three. Always cheerful, with a ready smile and a pleasant word, I am sure that he must have undergone the greatest sorrow of us all. Wild, adventurous, fond of drink, somber when under the influence of liquor only, and possessed of as fine an intellect as any man I ever knew, it would have been impossible for any but a man tired of life to attempt so foolhardy an expedition. It was his plan, and I accepted for the same reason that he had proposed; and so, too, had the Captain. This last was a very different type from my friend Harvey. Morose, silent, grumbling, and quick-tempered, he was a most unpleasant companion at any time. But on a perilous trip like ours he was well nigh unsupportable. Time and time again had my temper been roused to the boiling point by his sarcastic remarks, but time and time again had Harvey checked me, and prevented a quarrel that would have been the last straw in our terrible troubles. Some said the Captain had once been dismissed from the army under another name; rumor gave it that before this he had been gay, careless, and adventurous. Maybe so. I can blame no one for the change sorrow can make in him, as my own experience justifies.

Across the plain we strode. In the distance there appeared to gleam, almost silhouetted against the sky, a bright red light, which appeared to rove around every once in a while, only to return to its original position. The same thought sprang into the minds of all three of us. "Lan!" exclaimed Harvey. The Captain halted. "Yes," he said, "it's Lan. Now just how are we going to go at this thing?"

"Our plan," said Harvey, "is to disguise ourselves as natives, as soon as we find out what they look like, and enter the city. Once there we find out whether the white man story is true. If it is, we grab him and get out. With his death the conspiracy falls down."

"True," said I, "but do we know their language?"

"We do unless it's different from every other Hindu dialect," answered Harvey, "and the chances are it isn't."

I assented, and we moved forward again. Then suddenly. as we mounted to the top of a certain knoll, we saw in the distance, flashing brilliantly, from the reflection of the sun, the mystic city of Lan.

II.

(Told by Herr Von Strauss)

Inside the walls the high-priests were holding a conference. I was attending it, as was my custom, and listening gravely to the petty troubles of the people, all of which reminded me strangely of white people. These high priests certainly were hypocrites. I despised them, but endured them for the sake of the work I had to do. For I am an emissary of the German empire, and Von Strauss is my name. The German Kaiser ordered me to start a revolution in India by whatever means I could, and I am doing it. Some men say it is cruel to drive natives to commit murders, but that I cannot help. I am obeying orders, that is all. But I loathe the work, I hate these filthy people, whom others call the men of Lan, and I detest those hypocritical priests, in whose presence I sit, and who only countenance me because I pay them for their vile work in whiskey. For these high-priests, these worshippers of their god, love whiskey.

Well, as I was saying, I was sitting in the council of the high priests when there burst into the temple a man crying in the language of the men of Lan, which was no different from that spoken in other parts of India, that three white men had been seen approaching the city. This news immediately threw the high priests into violent terror, and they called on me to bear witness that what they had done had been by the command of the German Empire, of which I am the respected emissary. I succeeded in calming them and explaining that three men could do no harm. Soon after that I ordered a regiment to emerge from the walls as soon as the strangers were close by, and to capture them. I did not fear these bold strangers, who dared alone to defy the German Empire and the men of Lan.

III.

(Told by Neal Whiting)

Closer and closer to the walls of the city we came. Faster and faster did my heart beat. I began to wish we had not undertaken this foolhardy expedition. Life began to mean something to me. And so it is. Those who hate life take a new interest in it when death draws near, while those who are fond of life suddenly become brave and reckless when on the point of death. The Captain, I think, felt the same way but Harvey was unchanged. I often wished afterwards that I had known this so singular man better, for there was much to admire in him. There was a quality in him that reminded me strangely of my favorite character, Athos of "The Three Musketeers." Had I known him better, I could have loved him.

We were on the point of scaling the wall and looking down on the city before developing our plan, when there sprang from the gates a small army of red men, armed with spears and headed by a fellow who cried out as his men surrounded us, in a language we all understood, "Surrender."

"Never," cried the Captain, "and drawing his knife he plunged into the midst of them, striking right and left. I was about to follow suit when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning beheld Harvey smiling on me. "It's no use, Neal," he said, "they'll kill you. Submit, and we may yet have a chance. See, the Captain's down."

I turned and found it true. They had the big fellow completely helpless, bound in as skilful a way as I have ever seen, and were dragging him off through the gate. Four others grabbed hold of us and bade us follow. And so we entered the city.

I shall not waste time in describing this wonderful city. Beside a modern town there would be nothing extraordinary about it, but in the heart of a vast wilderness, where few feet have ever trod, to find a place like this, which contained houses of marble and stone, was nothing short of miraculous. The Captain gasped in wonder at every step, I could not restrain my surprise, while even Harvey broke his usual calm to gaze awe-stricken at the long row of buildings, in between which we were walking. We hardly noticed when we were led up the marble steps of Lan's most pretentious building. We scarcely realized we were within the sacred temple; the whole experience was so strange, so wild, so mysterious.

I recovered my wits to find myself gazing up a short flight of steps at a tall, masked figure who seemed to be in command. My companions were doing likewise. "Who are you?" came from behind the mask.

I saw the captain start. A shade of doubt crossed his face, then left it, leaving it stony and ferocious. I myself was surprised to hear a native speak English so well. But was he a native? The thought crossed my brain, stuck there, and as the unknown spoke again I thought I recognized a slight German accent. I saw Harvey's face reflect the same thought. Then I turned toward the Captain. His countenance was grey. Every malevolent expression I had ever seen him use seemed to appear all at once on his face. His hands shook. His fists clenched. What was the matter?

"Who are you!"thundered the Captain, in return.

The tall figure appeared to hesitate. Then off went his mask, and I found myself staring into the face of a white man. "Von Strauss!" cried the Captain, and "Milady!" echoed the tall figure. I saw a knife flash. Then my companion was attacked and borne to the ground once more, struggling, snarling, and crying to leave him alone, to allow him his revenge. The unsociable companion had become a madman. I looked over at Harvey, but his face was without expression. I remembered that he knew a little of the Captain's past, while I knew nothing. Evidently this Von Strauss had once done the Captain a great wrong, perhaps been responsible for his dismissal from the army. This was certainly a strange maze in which I found myself.

My thoughts were interrupted by the words of Von Strauss. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry for the behav-

ior of your friend, for which I feel sure you are in no way responsible. From now on you are my guests, and shall be treated as such. As for Mr. Milady (it was the first time I had ever heard the Captain's real name) I shall be forced to keep him under guard."

Harvey bowed. "Thank you," he said, while I wondered what was about to happen, "but could you tell me one thing?"

"I believe so," answered the German.

"Then do you remember this picture?" And Harvey drew from his pocket a locket, in which was enclosed the picture of a young girl. Von Strauss did not move. He looked at the locket, and then at Harvey.

"Then you are —," he left the thought unfinished.

"Her brother," answered Harvey coolly. "You have met today two of your bitterest enemies, both of whom you have wronged. Unlike the Captain, I shall not try to kill you now. It would be useless. But I shall kill you. Sooner or later you will fall by my hand. Now am I still to be treated as your guest?"

Von Strauss gazed calmly at his denouncer. "To be sure," he answered. "I am not afraid of dying by your hand. You could not, for one thing, kill your host. You are too much of a gentleman for that."

Harvey bowed his thanks. "You are not my host, though," he added. "You are my jailer. I could kill my jailor with full conscience.

Von Strauss made an impatient gesture with his hand. "Take them away," he said in Hindustani, and left the room.

IV.

(Told by Von Strauss)

I am not a coward, but I confess that the presence of these strangers trouble me. I fear the quiet Harvey more than the blustering Milady, whom I know I can control. As for the third man he is of no consequence. As I consider my actions for the last nine months, I find my work is done, or practically done. I can accomplish no more by remaining in this hateful place, and might come to harm. I am not a bad man, nor a cruel one. I have always pursued my inclinations, whatsoever they might be. I call it selfishness, not wickedness, for I am a selfish man. Others, however, call me wicked, and from them I must flee. Shall flee! To remain is to court danger. I have crossed this country once before. I shall cross it again. I shall leave today, and they shall not find. They will doubtless be torn to shreds by my priests. So much the better. They can not find me then.

V.

(Told by Neal Whiting)

Can I describe what happened to us after the departure of that villain, Von Strauss? How we were joined to the Captain, the days of suffering we spent, unfed by the priests in whose power we were, beaten by the jailors who took advantage of our helplessness. The Captain was but a shadow of his old self, while Harvey's lips were drawn together in a hard, thin line. I attempted to keep up hope, but I felt that it was useless. All of us resigned ourselves more or less to our fate, and awaited death more calmly.

Too vividly do I remember the visit of the high priest of the high priests, of his fear lest we might be gods in disguise, because we were not long since dead, as if strong men could not endure the petty tortures of the men of Lan. And then, to our surprise, he broached a subject concerning which we had not spoken for a long time, namely, our freedom. For a certain amount, he said, (the fellow knew of English money and customs) he would free us. Readily we agreed; readily we gave him all we had, and readily, let me do him the justice of saying that he kept his promise, did he let us go free. But in the condition in which we all were, it was well-nigh impossible for us to hope to arrive at Delhi; especially Harvey, who had received the most torture. Of our trip, I shall say nothing, save one incident, and that I can rightly call the most striking episode of my life.

We came upon Von Strauss in the afternoon of the second day; Von Strauss in almost as bad shape as ourselves, Von Strauss appealing and cowardly when we came upon him, begging us to spare him who had left us to our fate. The Captain gazed at him with murder in his eyes. Harvey's expressed nothing but contempt. "You shall die," he said quietly.

"But not alone!" cried the German, and leaped up. The blade of a knife flashed in the air, I could see it bearing down on my friend. I cried out in horror, but Harvey never moved. And then came a roar from the Captain, and before I could tell what happened the knife of Von Strauss had pierced the heart of the Captain and Harvey was uninjured. Then as the German gave a cry, Harvey's knife descended, and two dead men lay at our feet. I shut my eyes and prayed. A hand fell on my shoulder. "Neal," said the voice I loved so well, "go back to Delhi. You are stronger than I. You can arrive. I would die on the way. If you do not," he said, seeing my movement of refusal, "I shall kill myself here. I will die here with my friend the Captain and my enemy Von Strauss. Good-bye."

I took his hand mechanically, and with tears in my eyes turned my head toward civilization.

L. H. W. '23

THE END



"PIPE DREAMS"

How can I survive long without you,
My constant companion for years?
I've ever been crazy about you —
Now parted, resort I to tears!

The evenings we've spent close together —
The daytime exertion and strain —
Now totally wiped out forever,
Change all of my sunshine to rain!

Our love seemed so perfect and lasting!
Then suddenly rent far apart —
It's as if some explosion were blasting
The very life-cords of my heart.

When I think of the times I've embraced you,
Your mouth welded closely to mine,
My lips fairly seem then to taste you —
A savour far sweeter than wine.

But here I must bid you fond farewell
Just now when acquaintance is ripe.
You fell from my hand down the stairwell —
It rooked you, mine old Dunhill pipe!

G. O. R. '22

DAVIS CUP PROSPECTS FOR 1922

NINETY-THREE nations have so far entered their names for the 1922 Davis Cup matches. Among the entries are fourteen of the minor Balkan states, three from Central Africa, and nine nations, the geographical location of which has not been ascertained. On account of a split in the cabinet of Southern Montenegro, that country has asked for the privilege of entering two teams and the matter has been referred to the State Department.

China is also among the newcomers, and How Long, captain of the Chinese team, has already ordered large shipments of rice to European warehouses so that the team may have accustomed food wherever they play. How Long will personally travel with the team, accompanied by Tu Long, his beautiful wife.

The details of all matches will be handled by an international committee of seven, these seven to be chosen from seven different parts of the world so as to assure delays in correspondence. The scheduling of preliminary ties will be a difficult problem and it is the opinion of experts that with the international growth of the game, future contests will have to start two years before the entries close. This, in time, will necessitate a corps of expert accountants to always determine which year's matches are being played.

One firm of well known engineers is working on a problem of building a small fleet of tennis clubs so that contestants can meet on the high seas with a minimum loss of time. Matches so held outside the three mile limit, will no doubt be very popular.

A case in point occurs if the luck of the draw should bring together Northern Alaska and Central Africa. Ordinarily it would be difficult for these two countries to find a mutually agreeable climate.

On board one of the floating tennis clubs, however, one court could be placed in the boiler room and one on top of the ice plant so that each nation could practise in its native climate, and the matches could be played in rotation on both courts. The hardship would be on the spectators who would have to take both furs and Palm Beach suits. Spectators have been warned also to avoid the Central African team during meal hours.

C. W. '24

THE MAN WITH THE KEY

The Armies of Dream are sieging our gates;
Mewing and whirling they scream at our gates;
(But lost in the cloud of their hosts there waits
One that holds the key.)

With nightfall whirr their arrows here.
Their sallies break on the stronghold here.
The blare of their trumpeting rolls up clear. . . .
Day: and the wraiths retreat.

Undismayed, with their spurrs a-clink,
Another night, with their swords a-clink,
They burst in a wild wave over the Link;
Only to fall at our gate.

Terrible, rakish, beautiful, damned,
Ravening, flashing, — yea they are damned!
For though they are We; yet their souls are fanned
By the breath of Gods long dead!

Yea, in a past Mind may not know,
From a land but part of our soul may know,
They were banished and flung, long ages ago.
And they try to get back to us!

The Legions of Dream are sieging our gates;
And He who holds the Key to our gates,
Lost in the cloud of their hordes, he waits;
Patient as Death with his trust.

And ages more must they wait out there,
Dusky with madness, blown out there, —
Till the Man of the Key with the goblin hair
Unlocks. . . and lets them in!

D. E. C. '22

Le Tripotage

Suggestion for frieze of the proposed Memorial Building
Note – this freeze is not too hot



PROCESSIO PREPORUM MCMXXI

The young miner searched his comrades with a piercing gaze, his eyes full of suspicion. They were all true and tested men, yet with so much at stake, one could not be too careful. They had "struck it rich" and had knocked off work for the day. Each eyed his neighbor narrowly, as if to read his very thoughts. Our hero alone was engrossed in his own thoughts, and at last he threw down his spade. A moment later he saw something glittering in the sunlight. He picked it up, eyeing it carelessly, then looked harder, rubbed his eyes and looked again. A diamond! Such good luck was unbelievable, but the other men were still to be considered.

. . . They looked at his flushed, triumphant countenance, and called him. One of them said grimly, "What've you got?'

"Diamond flush, jack high!" he shouted, reaching for the pot.

"Not so fast, young feller," exclaimed one of the men, "I've got five aces!"

Our hero sank back in despair, his visions of a fortune — shattered!

"Aw hell," he muttered, "that's what I get for playing poker with a pinochle deck!"

Do you know

That

There

Are

Exactly

56

More

Days

Till

Christmas

Vacation?



There once was a young prep from Me.,
Who came down the Hill in the re.
'Twas a re. of potatoes,
Ripe eggs and tomatoes
And cabbage-heads broken in twe.

Freedom of the Seas

1911

To the Ship of State!
Long may she float!
May the beer ever run
Down the thirsty man's throat!

1921

To the Ship of State!
Long may she sail
Through the smoke-laden air
Of the nicotine male!

1931

To the Ship of State!
Long may she steam
Through the lollypop juice
And the chocolate cream!

A man erected a tablet for a friend of his who had just died. It contained the inscription: "Patrick Flynn, he did his best."

And looking at it the next day was enraged to find that someone had added the word "friends" to the inscription.

A Scotchman was accustomed to come down from the Highlands with his whole family once every year for a day of recreation, and while his wife and children went to the city to buy clothing and stock up with the necessaries of life, he went down to the shore and indulged in a swim in the ocean. One year his wife found him in great distress of mind after his swim, for he had lost his vest. All set to and hunted through the crannies of the rocks for the missing vest, but with no success.

The next year the Scotchman again came down to the Lowlands and took his swim while the family went shopping. When his wife returned from the city this time, she found him dancing around in glee.

"Hoots," he said, "I've found me vest! I've found me vest! 'Twas under me undershirt!"

Try this on your Fur Coat

"What animal eats the least?"
"I'll bite, what does?"
"A moth, he eats holes."

Zoology Revised

Sam Smith of Hicksville, came to his city friend, Jones, one day and asked him:

"What's a polar bear?"

"Why, it's a big animal that lives up North, sits on a cake of ice, and eats fish."

"Gorry, I ain't gonna be no polar bear! I don' wanna sit on a cake of ice an' eat fish."

"I guess there's no danger of that."

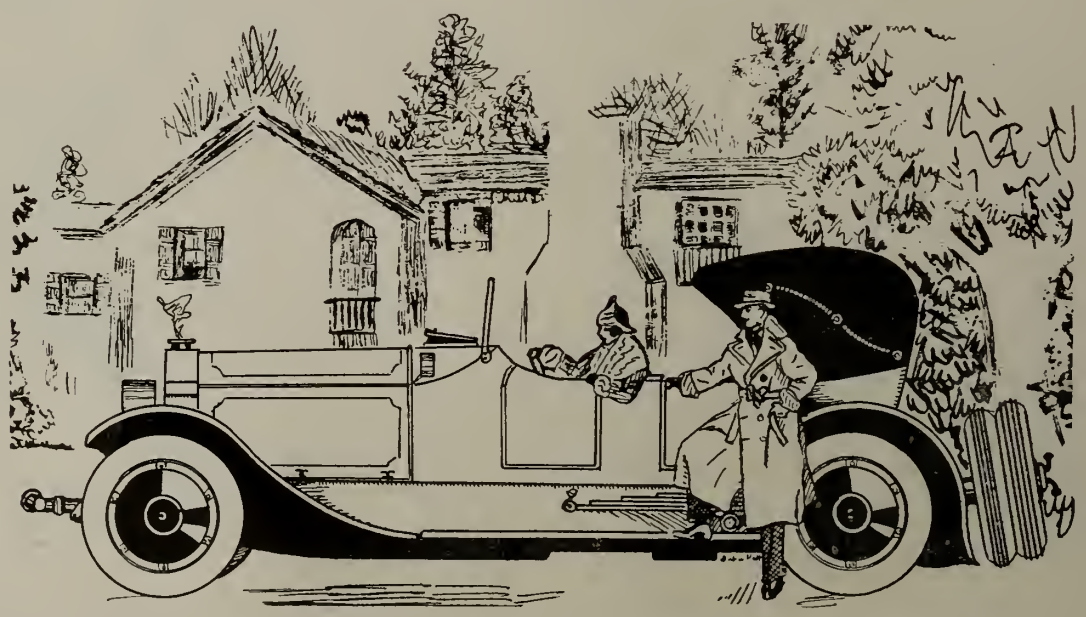
" 'No danger'? Waddye mean no; danger? I jus' got a letter here from a cousin o' mine, an' he wants me t'be polar bear at a funeral. Whadd'ye mean, 'no danger?' ".

PHIL: There are two things you can't disguise, a married man and a Ford.

LIPS: How can you tell?

PHIL: By their clutch.

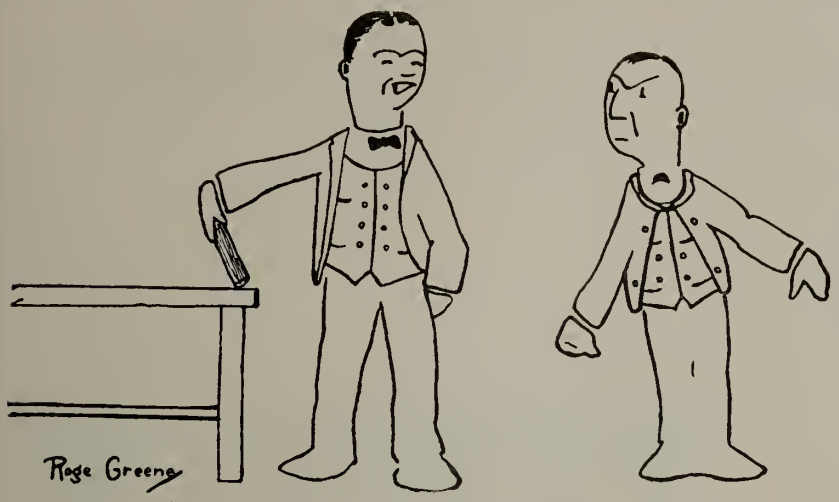
Will give you two hours on this. "I'm right in my element," said the king in whose reign this took place, as he drove through the downpour.



He: That dance last night reminded me of a horse race I saw last week at Belmont Park.

She: Why was that?

He: Well, after the first lap, it was neck and neck.



Dumb: Will you lend me two bits? I only have one cent.
Bell (sniffing): No, you have two cents.

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A drunken man had ten cents with which to either get a shave or a beer. He needed the shave, but he wanted the beer. He said to himself: "I'll flip for it. If it comes down heads, I'll get a shave, and if it comes down tails, I'll get a beer."

He flipped and it came down heads.

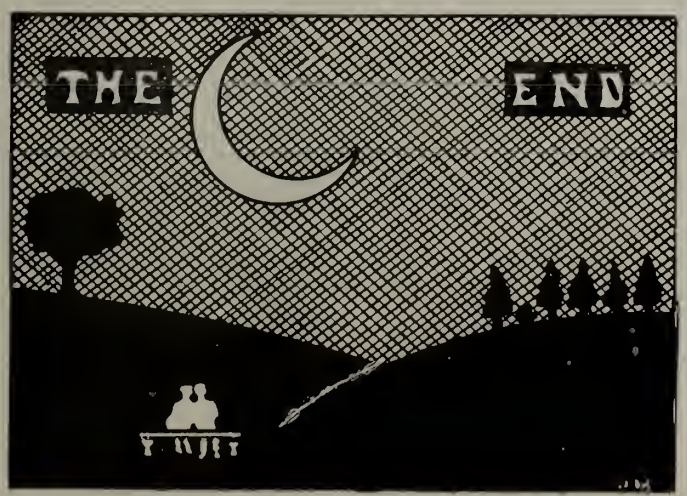
"Two out of three," said the man to himself.

He flipped again, and it fell out of his hand and rolled down a gutter.

Seen in the "Phillipian:" "A Russian was found lying dead on the field after the battle of Xzchyzkieqpy with a long *word* sticking down his throat."

I know-a da wop name' Repetti
Who like-a da long white spaghetti
When he eat it at deener
He need vacuum cleaner
For he is no expert, you betti!

One gazinta two, two gazinta four,
My heart gazinta my throbbing throat
as I enter the Graves 3 door,
Two gazinta four, four gazinta eight
You get no grub at the beanery if
you're seven minutes late.
The prof gazinta the classroom, the
class gazinta a trance,
If we get our 'dips' in four years'
time, it will be by the merest chance.
Four gazinta eight, five gazinta ten,
The reason we get to chapel, is be-
cause of a clock called Ben.



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LADY: You poor man, what caused your downfall?

TRAMP: I was a Y. M. C. A. secretary in France, ma'am.

LADY: Then I'll sell you a bite for a dollar. — *The Jade.*

XYLMSCA: Look at that pallbearer. His knees are giving away.

LKJMPOS: Yes, that's Jones. He never could hold his bier. —*Dirge.*

"If you are a big gun at college, why doesn't your Dad hear better reports?" — *Susquehanna.*

HE: Woman is loveliest in her thirties.

SHE: Thank — I mean, do you think so? — *Purple Cow.*

How many cigarettes does Rollo smoke a day?
Oh, any given number. — *Tiger.*

Tobacco is a filthy weed — I like it.
It satisfies no human need — I like it.
It makes you pale, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the filthiest weed I've ever seen — I like it!—*Ex.*

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If Plato could shimmy, could Aristotle?
—*Virginia Reel.*

WISTARIA: Oh don't you think these Life-Savers are thrilling?
DEDLEIGH NIGHTSHADE (*absently*): Yes, they often take my breath away. — *Purple Cow.*

One Strike — and You're Out

Said a flyer beneath the debris
Of his 'plane, which he'd racked on a tris,
"I jerked the old stick,
My God! What a kick —
Have you room here, Saint Peter, for mis?" —*Voo Doo*

OSH KOSH: That's a vampy little chair you've got there.
GOSH FROSH: Whaddayamean?
OSH KOSH: Bare legs, a low back, and not much upholstery. — *Voo Doo.*

COE — What are you thinking about?
ED — Just what you're thinking about.
COE — If you do I'll scream. — *Phoenix.*

HE: How long have you lived in this house?
SHE: None of your business. I was born here.—*Jester.*

Burns Revised

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e 'em
Ta see their legs as ithers see 'em!
'Twad frae mony a short skirt free 'em
An' foolish notion
That toothpick and piano legs
Inspire devotion.

—*Ex.*

THE GIRL: No, Bill. It's my principle not to kiss a fellow, "Good night!"
THE BOY: I wish you would forget your principle and take a little interest instead. —*Yale Reeord.*

MINISTER: Would you like to join us in the new missionary movement?
MISS 1920: I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like toddling? —*Chaparral.*

"So this is the Grand Canyon!"
"How perfectly gorgeous!" — *Lampoon.*

WAITER: Here's your check, sir.
INEBRIATE: Itsh a (hic) forgery!—*Judge.*

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Back to the Soil

OLD LADY: Aren't you sometimes afraid you'll fall?

AVIATOR: To fall, madam, is the last thing an aviator ever does. — *Frivol.*

"Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefeller?" queried the librarian of the shopkeeper.

"No, ma'am, no one has. He has never been done in oil." — *Ex.*

"Have you read Dante's Inferno?"

"No; have you read Scott's Emulsion?"—*Yale Record.*

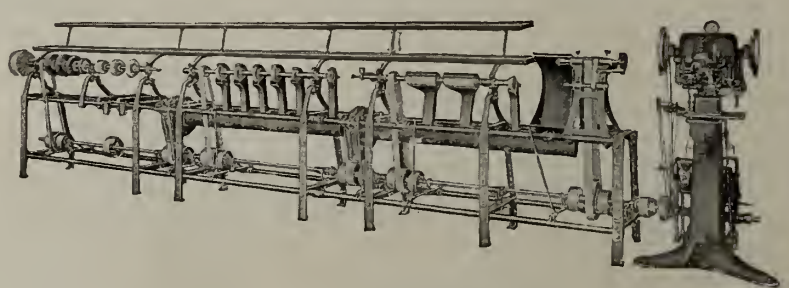
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YOU who have read this issue of THE MIRROR have probably noted that we have only printed sixteen pages including advertising. We have done this for the sole reason that the student body has not turned in the necessary amount of contributions for the regular twenty-four page number. We sincerely hope to be able to do better in the future, but this will be impossible without your support!



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Any member of the school becomes eligible for election to the Board of Editors by having three successive literary contributions accepted and published, or three long, original articles accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three groups of four short, original humorous contributions accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three successive artistic contributions of one half page or over accepted and published, or three groups of two artistic contributions of one fourth page or larger accepted and published.

Subscribers who fail to get their copies will confer a favor by reporting the fact at the Mirror office, second floor, Main Building, as soon as possible. Push slip with name and address under door if office is closed.

Date of publication of this issue, November 15.

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VOLUME LXVIII NOVEMBER, 1921 NUMBER II

EDITORIAL

ONCE again the trees have shed their leaves, the days have grown shorter, the cold autumn winds have brought forth our heavy coats, and once again the sun has set for the last time before another Andover-Exeter game.

We wonder how many students of this school, the oldest and richest in tradition in the country, realize how many people are more interested in this game than any other, and how many hearts throb with joy when Andover wins. No other secondary school can boast of an attendance of twelve thousand at one game, and it is impossible for any football team to fight harder for victory than that one in blue and white always has and will today. Every man on that team realizes what this game means, every man will do his level best; and every man in the student body should do his utmost to let them know that we are behind them whether it be in victory or defeat. Though, personally, we believe it will be victory; certainly the chances will be better for a victory if we can keep a current of that feeling circulating through the air.

Then too, there is that matter of cheering. Every true Andover man should be in Exeter today, and in every Andover mind there should be the thought "Exeter shall not outcheer us." Anyone can cheer when things are going right, but those who deserve credit are the ones who are able to cheer when the world looks blackest. You new men have a great precedent to live up to, as those present at the track meet last year will recall. Just keep in mind this old verse

It is easy enough to keep cheering
When our plays gain ground like a song,
But the man without peer
Is the one who will cheer
When everything goes dead wrong.

And remember that you are *Andover* men.

THE PASSING OF THE CLASSICS

WHEN the founders of Phillips Academy stated the purpose of the school, they declared one of its most important features to be the study of the Greek and Latin languages. Yet today, after the passing of some one hundred and forty years, we find that the popularity of these two languages is fast waning; this is particularly true in the case of Greek, which is no longer a required subject on the curricula of our schools.

What is the cause of this unpopularity? The literary world of today, in a frenzy of blind conceit, considers itself quite self-sufficient, and calmly terms itself the beau ideal of perfection. But what chaos meets the eye of the careful observer! On one side the incoherent ramblings of modern verse, and on the other the subtle degeneration of modern prose; to say nothing of the demoralizing influence of the modern stage. This is the mess of pottage for which we are selling our birth-right.

"What are the benefits of the classics?" is the practical inquiry. The benefits of the classics cannot be bounded by finite limits like those of science. Their influence belongs to not one period, but to a lifetime; not to a lifetime, but to generations. Theirs is the clear light which has shone down through the ages until the present day; shall ours be the age that shall extinguish it? Shall we cut away the bridge that joins us with the civilization of the past? No, a thousand times no! God grant that the works of Homer, the philosophy of Plato, the poesy of Vergil, and the thundering truth of Cicero may continue to mould the lives of men and cast their influence upon whomsoever they come in contact; for when we rob literature of the classics, we rob it of its soul.

C. A. C. '22

THE BLUE BOOK AGAIN

WE of the *Mirror* have noticed the efforts of the *Phillipian* toward a student edited *Blue Book*, and we wish to let it be known that we are heartily in favor of a better handbook, one which will be truly representative of our school. We feel that we cannot expect a book of this sort to be edited by the faculty, which has so many other things to take up its time and attention; and the faculty, beyond the shadow of a doubt, will be glad to get this extra burden off its hands.

The *Blue Book* is one of the few things in which Andover has fallen behind other secondary schools, and it is one of the things in which there was no need to fall behind. There are men in the student body capable to handle the publication of the handbook, and by the creation of a *Blue Book* board, or handbook board, or whatever it may be called, we believe that Andover can have a handbook that will call forth no apologies, and one that would be a credit to any school.

Go to it *Phillipian*!

PREPS—TAKE HEED!

WHEN your're feeling pretty rotten, and you just can't seem to cotton to the school, and wish that you had never come, if you'll only buck up to it — try to favorably view it, you will find you cannot help but love it some! Though, at one time you may feel that you've gotten a raw deal—that the cards of fate are surely stacked for you, if you'll simply try to grin, then you cannot help but win, and you'll find the joy and friendship that's your due. Only try to use your head, and quit wishing you were dead, and you'll find your troubles soon will get the ban, and before a month has passed, the thought will come at last, that you are then a true Andover man!

J. S. '23

AN ANDOVER ROMANCE

A DREAMY and sleepy place was old Andover at all times, for its few stately old-fashioned residences, like its low, rambling dwellings were very old, and great age begets strange dreams. When the sun was low and the shadows crept out, when the old residences blinked drowsy eyes at the happy, comfortable dwellings, and they blinked back good-naturedly at the secluded residences, it was at this time of day in the early part of the eighteenth century that the whole Phillips household was in a bustle in preparation for the glorious party that was to be held that evening in the great white residence on School Street, guarded by two sentinel-like elm trees and a low stone wall. Delicious odors stole from the kitchen and mingled with the early evening air. The cooks sang as they worked over the dainties for that evening. In a week's time they had prepared a roomful of good things for the guests of pleasure to eat that night. Sam, the colored butler, smiled as he stood erect at the broad front door in his dark blue party livery. He knew that he was a handsome nigger, and many a lady's maid would smile at him as she followed her mistress through the wide hall up the heavy carpeted stairs.

It was at this party given by the Phillipses in honor of their pretty daughter Ellen's eighteenth birthday, that Paul Jefferson and Ellen again met, and entered through the ever-swaying gates of romance. Early in the evening the neighbors arrived from the nearby country seats, and soon the house was filled with happy guests. After the stately dinner was over, the parlors became cheerful scenes of great revelry. The drawing-room was filled with the noise of gay conversation and the rustle of silken garments as the couples danced to the buoyant swing of the violins and the low echoing of the huge harp. Everyone was gay and joyous. The fair Ellen fluttered among the guests, smiling, and dancing with all the lively Academy boys. But there was one Academy boy present at the dance, named Paul Jefferson who had won the heart of this demure Abbot maiden some months before. Paul was a most likeable chap and formed friends easily wherever he went. As the captain of the football team the fall before, he had led Andover to a 17-0 victory over Exeter. Beside this he could play a good game of tennis and golf, which pleased the men, and had an easy informal charm which pleased the women. It was not until late in the evening that Paul and Ellen succeeded in getting away from the revelling guests and were able to stroll out into the side garden together, and sit in their love nook under their tall, spreading elm tree.

Through the large open French window they passed out into the sweet-scented garden and strolled silently along the path made fantastical by the twinkling and glowing Japanese lanterns which swung lazily in the warm wind. They sat down in their favorite nook, and each said scarcely a word, as words only seemed to break the magic spell. The moon was fast sinking below the tree tops. Faint and far off the West Parish Church chimed the hour of twelve, the solemn notes coming sweet and silvery from across the low hills to where they sat. Truly it was a night to dream in — a white night, full of the moon and the magic of the moon. Slowly it dropped downward, peeping down at them through the whispering leaves and smiling at the high elm which towered far over the happy couple who sat silently below. Yes, indeed, the very air seemed fraught with magic whereby the unreal became the real and things impossible became the possible. There was a silence between them, yet a silence that was full of early morning noises and the quiet trickling of the happy brook near them which sparkled among the flowers as it hurried along on its merry course. Presently Ellen reached out her hand, broke off a twig from a nearby bush, and began to turn it round and round in her small white hands while Paul sought vainly for something to say.

Suddenly they were aroused from this pleasant and care-free mood by the gay laughter from within the white, old residence and by the good-night biddings of the guests as their high carriages rolled noisily off into the still, clear night. So with much sadness the loving pair said good-night and Paul hurried off up the now deserted School Street to his little cozy, rear room in Clement House where he lived. Happy was he as he cuddled down under the fluffy quilts and sleep crept peacefully over him.

And so the golden days slipped by, the sun crept lower across the sky, and the cold November winds stole eagerly across the brown fields, and the trees on the Campus became bare and cold. Paul was now a regular visitor at the hospitable Phillips homestead. Many an evening when the rain was falling softly outside, they would settle themselves in the little den off the reception room where a cozy fire burned before a big sink-down couch. As they sat near each other, their eyes would become dreamy, and they would soon be transported to the land of fancy. The land of everlasting dreams! And there they would sit beside each other, each wrapped up in the other's words, and perfectly contented to be just near each other.

How beautiful was their blossoming love-dream!

No doubt, after Sam had crept away to the servant's quarters on the third floor, and the huge reception room was deserted, they would often open the massive white paneled door in the reception room and gaze far off over the rustic garden into the night. Only the garden knew of their tender whisperings and first kisses — and the tall elms and

murmuring brook. These offsprings of Nature always seem to keep an eye open for human lovers.

Under the old elm tree, with his arm about this pretty and demure Abbot girl, he told her of the quaint house that he hoped to rent for her in the historical town of Newport in Rhode Island, when he had finished a few years in college.

Little white hands! How he pressed them!

"Isn't it wonderful, just to be here together?" her lips faltered, as if afraid of the words.

Poor little old-time lovers! Poor little fluttering hearts!

A time came when Ellen cared for nothing but to be with her Paul and he craved only her company. This feeling began in February just before the Junior Promenade. It was a time of strange, shy thrills, of unbelievable blisses, and it came to a climax one cold, snowy night in February at the Prom.

Andover hill at the time of the Prom became a fascinating scene of smiling, feminine faces, happy laughs, and the coming and going of taxicabs as the various girls arrived during the sunny hours of the afternoon. At Phillips Inn everything was astir. Boys with glowing faces hustled in and out, and good cheer floated all over the snow-covered campus. Everyone was gay and cheerful. Even nature did her best to beautify the hill by covering the bare trees the night before with a coating of ice and snow which glittered and sparkled in the setting sunlight until the sun dipped behind the far away Western hills of Massachusetts.

The Prom began at eight and surely it was most ideal. The huge gym was decorated with various banners and ribbons, and was made indeed charming by the soft light from the Japanese lanterns which stretched from end to end of the gym, a few feet above the heads of the picturesque couples who slowly and gracefully danced across the floor to the sweet music of the colored orchestra in one corner of the room.

Paul had Ellen up for the Prom and house-party. They slipped out after the first waltz. The violin notes sang sweetly after them and floated away across the silent snow-covered campus. Across the starlit campus they drove over to Paul's fraternity house which nestled among the tall straight poplar trees. The old colored porter ushered them into the warm, spacious room of the P. E. L. fraternity house where they were greeted by two of the house chaperons. The young couple found the comfortable davenport empty before the bright, crackling fire. The two motherly chaperones begged to be excused, and retired to the den upstairs. Paul reached up and turned out the electric light; so that they were in darkness except for the red glow that filled the wide room with shadows, and the shadows were very, very deep. The clear cold night outside was filled with malignant demons, who tore at the rattling shutters, and roared and bellowed down the wide chimney, or screamed furiously around the brick building. But inside, before the warm fire they both sat, gazing deep into the glowing flames. Even the old fraternity house seemed different at Prom time. For some little while they were tensely silent. Paul leaned forward and twisted the sash of her little pink taffeta dancing dress between his thumb and fingers. It was a gesture so longing and so fearful that Ellen felt her young blood suddenly pulsing in her very finger tips. Breathless at her own daring, she laid her hand over his.

"Sweetheart!" Paul's arms were about her. She could feel his heart pounding hard against her shoulder.

"Oh, Paul!"

The swing of the violins were all about them, the room became a blur. It was youth and love, and the rest of life a million miles away.

Ellen would have married Paul that night, as nature meant her to, and gone it blind with him to the edge of the world. But he did not ask her. Impractical though he was, he knew more of the world than she did, and he knew that youth is often too hasty in matters of love; so he kept silent his sacred confession of love and none but the good fairies above, who were watching over them, knew his venerable thoughts.

After awhile they went back to the Prom which was nearly over, and danced the Good Night, Ladies, of their last school dance with some four hundred other young couples. Those who were present at the glorious Prom can never forget it: the music, the atmosphere, the girls, and the dancing will remain with them forever.

Soon the Easter vacation was at hand. Paul went down to say goodby to Ellen the night before he was to depart. Once more they sat in their dear nook under the sympathetic elm tree whose very branches seemed to be saddened by the coming departure of Paul. The air was warm and the moon hung like a dying taper over their heads. The fields that crept up to the Academy grounds were gray. The walks in the garden were made a place of enchantment by the breath of the Western wind. Young hearts that had blossomed out like twin buds on a stem were to be torn asunder. Their little fir-tree in the garden seemed to be aware of the impending disaster, and the dreary sighing of its leaves suddenly fell upon the two at the foot of the knowing elm tree. And so the lovers met in the garden and said good-by.

"I shall love you — always!" said she, speaking in that soft, caressing voice which shakes a man to the very center of his being.

Love, surprise, joy, and sadness were summed up in that short sentence — yet deeper than anything were these words to Paul as he said good-by for the last time and hurried off up the street.

How cold and dreary the houses looked early the next morning as he walked down School Street, passed her house for the last time on the way to the train! Life after all, held very little for him! But soon the vacation was over and they were once more together until June when he graduated from the Academy and sadly departed from Andover for his home in Virginia.

The snows and winds of five winters fell on the picturesque town of Andover before the simple, old-fashioned lovers were united again. They were married at the remote and quaint Episcopal Church from where they passed out into a world of everlasting happiness. For thirty years they lived

together in a low, secluded farm house remote from the wheels of care in the pretty back hills of Andover. Their courtship was idyllic, and during the long stretch of years they walked together hand in hand, the flame of love never-diminished, but grew brighter. Even death could not separate them. When Paul was buried in the little out-of-the way cemetery behind Phillips Hall, his wife Ellen's spirit was constantly with her departed lover, and at the last, when his voice was hushed in silence, she longed to go to him. After he had gone, she often fancied she heard someone calling to her a long way off. Someone was leaning down from a great height to comfort her; and the voice was wonderfully sweet, but faint, very faint, because the height was so great. And still, the voice kept calling and calling sweetly, until life passed from her aged body and joined the voice from above.

Years afterwards, when the old Phillips residence had passed into the hands of strangers, the story goes that one of the newcomers was startled one October midnight, while gazing from her bedroom windows over the moonlit garden, by the appearance of two ghostly figures, walking arm-in-arm, who seemed to come out of the thick, high hedge and stroll slowly along the garden paths until they reached the long-deserted nook under the old, old elm tree and then as suddenly as they had appeared they vanished. Every year, it is said, they come back.

C. B. W. '22

BIG GAME!

I

O listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a game that's about to be played
When Andover's team will go crashing this year
Through the red line that Ex'ter has made.

II

Our men undefeated in six hard-fought games,
With teams, strong and stubborn as mules,
Are ready to step out and fight for their claims
To the championship of all schools.

III

We're not over-confident, but all our hope
Is pinned on that strong line of blue
We know they'll not fail us, though all of the "dope"
Be against us, they're sure to come through.

IV

For Exeter thinks that their backfield can crash
Through our line, rolling over Andover
But they'll find that we soon will reduce them to hash,
And we'll roll those backs over *and over!*

V

Now hearken ye preps — in pajamas tonight
To the Gym hie yourselves with four bits
Wherewith to buy torches to add to the light
Of the fame of *our team when it hits !*

G. O. R. '22

FLASHBACK

Concerning a football game of THEN and a football game of NOW

I

Queer and bulging, with wrong-side pads
And long, lank hair; great hulking lads
That stood to the line and met the crash
Plunge after plunge; the straight-line smash
Of football days of history
When criss-cross bucks were mystery,
And "pass, hey ball!" awaiting reckless years.

II

Crimson ever against the Blue;
And fall of '80 had petered through;
And Crimson's guards were fearful steel,
But Blue's backfield had a spurning heel,
With MacDefferty and Harrington
And squirmy, learned Belmington
And stone-hard full-back Hooker '82.

III

They met on that memorable afternoon;
The skies were blue with the blue of June;
But the rollicking chill of autumn air
Whistled the blood of the players there.
Vicious the drive of Belmington,
And Crimson smothered Harrington,
But Hooker scored with a victory-crash off-guard.

IV

An interim of madness then,
And fifteen-thousand saw Blue's men
Carried off from the field of might:
And the gym-lights twinkled so bright,—so bright!
Gym-lights of yester year;
Campus fire and old friends near, —
When Hooker was hero all that night——.

V

Strange years passing and Hooker dead;
Memories and manners also dead,
And the tiny field of '80's game —
Tennis courts for a thinner fame.
Crimson and ever the weary Blue
Battered half a decade through.
And the fall of '21 had strewn its leaves.

VI

Then, they whispered, The Game, it's here!
Honking of cars to parkings near;
And oh! the shocking of staid old ghosts, —
Flappers and furs and natty hosts
Of coated masculinity
And seeming equanimity
Burst to shrieks with the team's rush on the field.

VII

Dope quoth: "Crimson's another bet;
Blue isn't wise to passes yet,
And Crimson's line's too shifty-fast;
And Blue is dead; their day has passed.
Crimson'll knock 'em (pertinently)
For a row of shanties." Certainly
It looked it. Crimson crossed the line.

VIII

And with the first half all but through
The Blue's big end and quarter too, —
By stunning interference fell
And forty-five yards to the goal pell-mell
The Crimson back ran merrily
But over-gay, just barely
He missed the bars:—zero to thirteen points!

X

At length a substitution made:
Hooker at tackle for Lorriwade,
Stocky and boulder-hard, he split
Two bucks; and the precious minutes flit
While Blue back-field recovering
After the punt, uncovering
A fierce attack gains mid-field; and minutes left.

XII

Time out! and a half-back's leg is cracked;
Subs a-scurrying; brains a-rack:
Substitution: Brainer at tackle, left;
Hooker at half-back. Gods! what coach, mind-reft
Has put a linesman second string—
(O, Daddy, let the cuckoos sing!)
At half-back with the horn two minutes off!—

XIV

They quoth: "Let him down and into the gym."
And the gym-lights blaze a welcoming.
And braying of horns of speeding cars;
And smell of liniment; all that jars
The heart of youth to memory
Of football-fall and victory;
And the hero tonight is Hooker '22.

IX

Blue was lucky, they so opine,
To grab a pass on their own ten line
In the second half, and run it back
For a score (but quick return to black!)
Crimson knifed unstoppably
Off-tackle thrusts, and grudgingly
The Blue was crumpling up; prepared to die.

XI

No gain: three times; haggard Brevoort,
Blue quarterback, tries the last resort,
Always the last resort, and wild! distraught!
Passes, passes, and passes;—two are caught,
And two first downs for miracles!
A stop; for even miracles
Are subject to rule by good hard Crimson beef!

XIII

Long will seventy-thousand tell, —
Those that heard it — of that strange yell
Of old man Harrington up in the stands
When the ball was over in good Blue hands;
Settled the hush of kicking-goal:
"Off left-guard; Lord save my soul!
Same as his Daddy in '80, he's done!"
So the goal was kicked and the game was won.

XV

Now over the flame-lit campus trees
A phantom tumult stirs the breeze
Of former mirth and old torch light,
When Hooker was hero all *that* night.
—And Blue's great din of victory
From tired young throats so lustily
Echoing, wakes the wind to jovial wraiths.

D. E. C. '22

Le Tripotage

BRUTAL!



Roge Greene + Herb Jones

Latin Prof. (to dumb bat in Cicero class)—Did you finish Caesar?

Dumb bat—No, Brutus did!

THE NEW BLUE BOOK; or, ANDOVER'S INSTITUTIONS AND CUSTOMS

There has been so much propaganda in favor of a new Blue Book for Andover that I have made bold to present this article, which contains valuable (I hope) hints and suggestions with regard to that publication.

The first thing on the list is a few definitions.

CUT: Cuts are divided into three classes, viz.; those you take, those you get, and those that are given to you. When you take a cut, you remain absent from class because (1) you have not prepared your lesson, (2) you do not wish to be bored, (3) you think you can get away with it. When you get a cut, it means you did not get away with it. When you are given a cut — but this is a contingency which so seldom arises that the new man need never worry about it. You are allowed to take seven cuts without getting fired and, if you are lucky, three are taken off at the end of each term.

NON-EX.: Non-ex. is short for no excuses. It is usually not very short. That means you cannot go down to Abbot Friday night. This is a terrible handicap to preps as they will miss the relaxation afforded by contact with the opposite sex.

DINING HALL: No one knows why this was called the Beanery. Some of the guesses are that (1) beanery is the Sanskrit for goulash (*Note: The author, after extensive work among the Sanskrit peoples during the war failed to hear the word beanery mentioned); (2) that Beanery is a contraction of Beatrice Henry, the first person to discover that prunes and figs had the same effect when eaten in large quantities, (3) that dining-hall took too long to pronounce. Needless to say, there is some doubt as to the truth of these conjectures. Everyone is urged to say dining-hall instead of beanery as it tends to raise the moral standard of the school and is ever so much more refined.

PRO: Pro is short for probation. Sometimes it is short and then again sometimes it is long. All this goes to prove that you can't tell a man by the clothes he wears. You can tell a prep, but you can't tell him much. Pro is non-ex. only more so.

PREPS: No comment is necessary on these as they generally speak for themselves. These are one of the hardships of the old man at Andover. They are possible but not probable.

MIRROR: This brings us to the question of: Why is the Mirror Bored? The answer which comes closest to that in our opinion is that it is supposed to reflect the literary (?) genius of Andover.

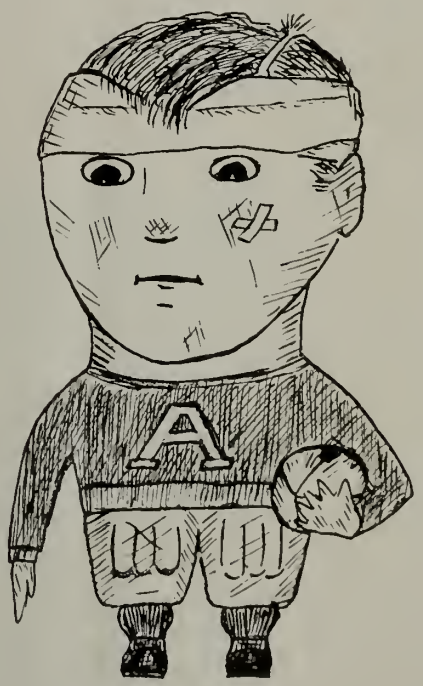
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DISCUSSION; SUBJECT: "*Sweet Kisses*"

"The flavor lasts; ask Dad, he knows. They're mild and yet they satisfy; they make your mouth water. Step right up and try them! You can do it if you use the new-day dentifrice chases dirt. I've seen 'em made, you should. They all like them; users know. Quality goes clear through; I'd walk a mile for one. They're fresh, juicy, and mild; a new flavor in an air-tight package. They're right in every way, uniform in quality and give the best results. The world's best by every test for over fifty years. Your grocer has them. You can't tell the difference on a bet; they're the equal of Velvet's in every respect. You will get them eventually, why not now.

BARTLET: Say, where do you room?

PHILLIPS: On the other side of Bishop.



A handsome young prep named LaRue
Started football in suit nice and nue
He scrimmaged two hours,
Now it's "please omit flowers"
We think it a pity, don't yue?



O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd his canon
Gains't self-slaughter, O God,
How fickle, tormenting, and unappreciative seem to me
All the women of this world.
Fie on 'em, Ah fie. They 're an aery of chickens
That seeketh pleasure from him that giveth most,
That it should come to this! But two months gone, nay
Not so much, not two.
So wonderful a girl, or so I thought; that was to other girls
Hyperion to a Satyr; so loving was she to me that she
Would not beteem me leave her presence before twelve; nay,
Longer, longer. Heaven and Earth!
Must I remember? Why she would cling to me till passion
In itself did rage and made me think of worthier things.
And yet, within a month———!
Let me not think on't. Fickleness thy name is woman!
A little month or ere those shoes were old
With which she accompanied me to the station,
Like Niobe, all tears—why she, even she—
O God, wipe women from my brain,—threw me over.

LATHERY LITERATURE

1. *Pride and Prejudice* (a discussion of the modern problem, the safety versus the old-style razor)

2. *All of a Twist* (the story of a young man trying to find something to shave)

3. *Shavings* (a whimsical comment on the problems confronting beginners in tonsorial torture)

4. *The Spectator* (hints on ridding one's self of the troublesome onlooker at the time of the morning shave)

5. *The Perfect Tribute* (one of the finest eulogies ever written to a little shaver)

6. *The Conqueror* (story of a man who successfully shaved a week without a false slice)

7. *Tom Sawyer* (a treatise on the agonies of a dull razor)

7. *The Crisis* (story of a thrilling race between a perilously sharp razor and a quantity of fast-drying lather)

9. *The Great Stone Face* (story of a heavy beard)

10. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (story of painful moppings of a cut chin and the final supremacy of blood)

11. *The Masque of the Red Death* (horrible dream of a tortured shaver. A gripping fantasy)

We once met a man who was doing porter's work in the corridors of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane at Norristown. He was a harmless patient, had some degree of liberty and was useful. We, let us explain, were also harmless, paying a brief and voluntary visit to the physician in charge. Now this patient had informed us on the preceding day that he was Julius Caesar. So trying to be agreeable, we greeted him:

"Good morning, Julius Caesar.'

He drew himself up with an even five feet of dignity. "My name," he said, "is not Julius Caesar. You have made a blunder. I am Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Ah, I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I thought you told me yesterday that your name was Julius Caesar."

"And so I did, sir," he explained. "But that was by my first wife."

—*Ex.*

"Well", sighed Adam as he espied a fig-tree in the offing, "I guess it's about time for me to turn over a new leaf."

THE HEIGHT OF NOISE: Two skeletons doing a clog dance on a tin roof.

THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION: Jumping from an aeroplane with a lighted cigar in your mouth, thinking you are a comet.



Sing a song of football
Backfield full of gains
Line among the strongest
Quarter stocked with brains.
When the holes are opened
Backfield plunges through
Now, isn't that a pleasant sight
For the wearers of the blue?

When the English profs took their classes to Boston to see "Hamlet" why didn't the geometry profs take theirs to "The Follies" to study figures?

HEARD AT THE GAME



Her: Don't you think Mutt is a dear?
Him: Yes, he's just A. Darling.

Awl this nu fus bout spellin seams
Tu me a lott of bluf.
I klame if yew kan rede theez wurds
Thair speld kwite gud enuf!

1st: Hi, Treat.
2nd: Sorry, but I'm not Treat!
1nd: Who are you then?
2nd: I'm his brother.

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Once a fly with graceful flutter
Stopped to rest upon some butter,
It was soft
As 'tis oft—
Thereupon he floundered madly
Wanted to escape so badly
But was stuck—
Horrid luck:
Cook reached over, threw the butter
In the frying pan to splutter;
Fly was fried
'Till he died!
Underneath the steak he rested
And by someone was digested,
How unkind!
Never mind—

—Ex.

Little drops of water,
Which we used to think
Were only good for chasers
Are now the whole damned drink.

—Siren

'23: Why is a soldier in ranks like a Caesar pony?
'22: In-formation, I suppose.

THE



END

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STAGE MANAGER: All ready, run up the curtain.

STAGE HAND: Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?—*Froth.*

PARADISE

"And," said Pat writing home, "they give money away here in America, all I have to do is to carry bricks up to the fourteenth floor, and the men up there do all of the work."—*Widow.*

ANGRY WIFE (*Time, 2 A. M.*): Is that you, Charles?

JOLLY HUSBAND: Zash me.

ANGRY WIFE: Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh! Charles, how can you?

JOLLY HUSBAND (*bracing up*): Shtanding on your head on t' shtairs! Jenny, I'm shprized! How can I? By Jove, I can't. Two hours, too! Strornary woman!—*Virginia Reel.*

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PROF. (*calling roll*):: Smith!
SMITH: Here.
PROF. (*to whole class*): Are you all here?
SMITH: Practically. —*Punch Bowl.*

There is a cat in our home,
And it is wondrous fat;
It don't have any kittens 'cause
It ain't that kind of cat.
—*Flamingo*

"And have you a father?" asked the charity worker of the urchin.
"Nope", he replied. "Pa died of exposure."
"Poor man! How did it happen?"
"Another guy snitched and they hung him."—*Tiger.*

A man named Du Bose met a girl
Who lisped thro' her teeth of pure pearl.
"I'll hug you or kiss you," he swore with an oath.
She cried with surprise, "Oh, Mr. Du Both."—*Tiger.*

SCENE

She is stopping at the mountain house
But great seclusion seeks;
She always dresses in the dark
Because the mountain peaks.
—*Jester*

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF HOSPITAL ATMOSPHERE

NEGRO VISITING HOSPITAL: Ho's Sam today?
NURSE: Why, he is convalescing, now.
N. V. H.: Well, I'll just wait here until he is through. —*Widow*

ADVICE

SENIOR: This cold weather chills me to the bone.
SOPH.: You should wear a hat.—*Octopus.*

"Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college."
"Howsat?"
"They say he used to put quicksand in the prof's hour-glass to shorten that hour."—*Brown Jug.*

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ANDOVER STEAM LAUNDRY

Johnny tried to climb the fence,
Out stuck an angry nail,
John's foot slipped at the very top
And thereby hangs the tale.
—*Virginia Reel*

"The perilous pow'r of the skunk
Is mere mythological bunk,"
Said one Mr. Slater,
But just a week later
He sold his new trousers for junk.
—*Lampoon*

Watch for

Announcement of the Mirror

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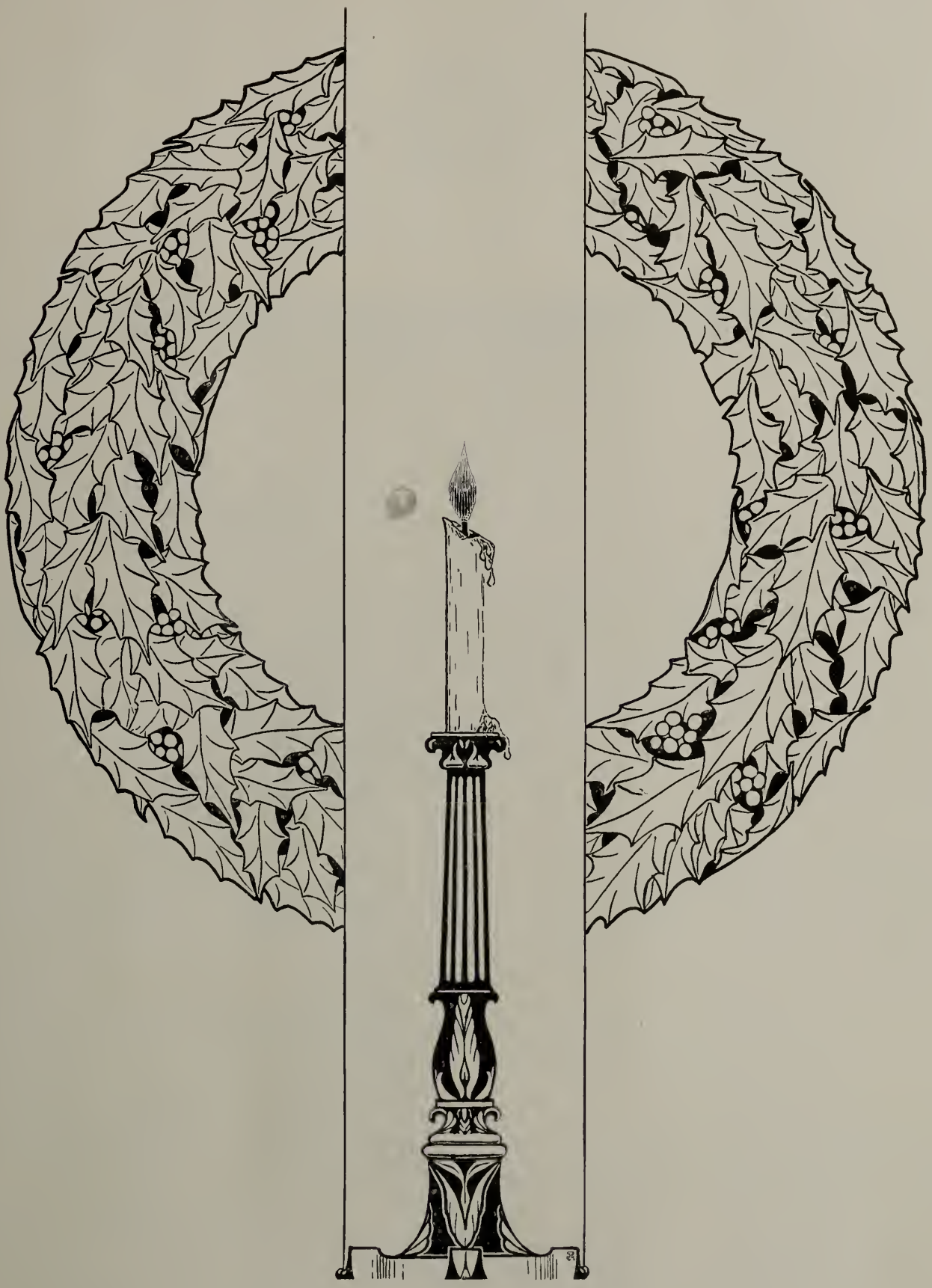
In Memory

of

George Bowen Case, Jr.

and

Allen Keith





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For sale at Phillips Inn, Grill, Bookstore and O. P. Chase; twenty-five cents.

Any member of the school becomes eligible for election to the Board of Editors by having three successive literary contributions accepted and published, or three long, original articles accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three groups of four short, original humorous contributions accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three successive artistic contributions of one half page or over accepted and published, or three groups of two artistic contributions of one-fourth page or larger accepted and published.

Subscribers who fail to get their copies will confer a favor by reporting the fact at the Mirror office, second floor, Main Building, as soon as possible. Push slip with name and address under door if office is closed.

Date of publication of this issue, December 14.

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VOLUME LXVIII DECEMBER, 1921 NUMBER III

The Mirror takes pleasure in announcing the election of Gardner Cox, 1923, and Charles A. Clough, 1923, to the Editorial Board; Robert R. Cookman, Jr., 1923, and Macauley Smith, 1923, to the Senior Business Board, and T. Scott Riggs, 1924, and G. Frederick Vanderschmidt, 1924, to the junior Business Board, all subject to approval of the Faculty.

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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

EACH year as thoughts of Christmas begin to creep in the minds of young and old, I take down from my bookshelf a well-worn copy of Dickens's "*Christmas Carol*"; and read and reread it, always finding some new truth in its brilliant pages. There is probably no piece of literature in the world today that is so imbued with the magic spirit of Christmas; and there isn't one of us but would profit from its well-known pages more than from many an eloquent sermon.

What is this spirit of Christmas? We hear the phrase on almost every tongue, yet how much does it really mean to each one of us? Christmas is two-fold in its nature: it is a time for devotion, and a time for festivity; a time for devotion due to its sacred name and origin, and a time for festivity because it is the greatest day of joy in the whole world.

At the Christmas season an air of good-will towards all pervades the atmosphere. This is true this year, more than ever before in the history of the world; for the vital message of Christmas, "Peace on earth, good will to men" seems about to be fulfilled. If every one of us can get only a little of this spirit into his heart, what a wonderful Christmas it will be! As we go to our homes, and see our families once more; as we give remembrances, and receive them; as we join in all the merry associations that Christmas presents; and as we kneel in our various churches in honor of the Saviour's birth, let us try to keep in our minds those oft-repeated words, but never too often repeated, from that wonderful little book of Dickens's.

"I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around, as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, though it may never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

C. A. C., Jr., '22

COMPETITIVE CHEER LEADING

ON the campus there has been no little amount of talk about competitive cheer leading, and not only have we heard this talk among the members of the undergraduate body, but we have heard faculty members discuss the question, and all seem to think that a change is needed in the present system. A subject that attracts this much attention surely cannot be a mere breath of gossip to be ignored; a subject that meets with the approval which we have heard on all sides must have some solid foundation to stand on, and it has.

We shall make no assertions about the quality of the Andover cheering this past fall, for, personally, we were not in a position to pass judgment on it. But aside from that, is it logical to believe that just because a man happens to be an "A" man, a captain or manager of some major sport or other, that he is a good cheer leader? We say emphatically no. It may be that the man with the biggest positions in school is the best cheer leader, but that does not necessarily follow. And again it may be that the best cheer leader is a man of few positions who never gets an opportunity to show that he is the best.

In our mind a cheer leader is as much a representative of the school as a member of an athletic team: in a certain sense we compete with other schools in that essential part of a sport, and it would be considered an unheard of thing to appoint the members of a football or baseball team because of other outside activities in which they were successful. Competitive cheer leading is not an unheard of thing: it has been tried with success in many of the schools, colleges, and universities of the country and has proved successful; furthermore there is more than a mere probability that Yale, which at present has the same system that we have, will institute a cheer leader competition next fall.

We believe that this is a proposition that is worthy of any student's thought, and if any action is to be taken we believe that it cannot be too soon.

WHEN all the trees are burdened low with ice,
When all the world is glistening in the sun,
Then all the twinkling rainbows of the sky
Go dancing up and down the world in fun.

When naught save branches, crashing to the ground,
Can break the silence of the forest white,
Then all the twinkling rainbows of the sky
Go dancing in their rhythmic rays of light.

When all the pines droop downward to the Earth,
As if to hang their tired heads in shame,
Then all the twinkling rainbows of the sky
Go dancing in their dashing jets of flame.

When on the storm-torn, open, wind-swept fields,
The sun and wind no longer shine and blow,
Then all the twinkling rainbows of the sky
Go dancing to a home we do not know.

H. G. R., '23

CONTEST RESULTS

This year has been unique in the annals of the *Mirror* through the holding of one of the most successful Christmas competitions on record. Ever since the first announcement of the contest in early November rivalry has been animated and insistent, and accordingly the work in all four departments of the competitions has been of a much higher standard of excellence than the wildest hopes of the authors of the project could have conceived. The whole structure of a publication like the *Mirror* rests on the foundation hypothesis that Andover has enough real literary and artistic talent within its bounds to provide a living spring of effort, of which the magazine is merely the means of tangible expression. This assumption has received definite vindication in the contest which now comes to a close, and it is with a feeling of genuine gratitude to all the contestants who made the competition possible that the *Mirror* now makes the announcement of the winners of the contest.

The judges were chosen with a view to their impartiality and literary ability, and for this reason two were chosen from the *Phillipian* Board, George B. Atwood, the Editor-in-Chief, and Charles H. Willard, Assignment Editor. The *Mirror* takes this opportunity to extend to these two men a hearty thanks for their kind coöperation. The other three judges were members of the *Mirror* Board, Waller B. Booth, Editor-in-Chief, George O. Riggs, Managing Editor, and Joseph V. Reed, Associate Editor. Upon the basis of genuine literary and artistic merit these five judges have awarded the prizes, silver facsimiles of the *Mirror* Board charms, to the following men:

For the best cover design, Gardner Cox.
For the best literary contribution, Joseph S. Little.
For the most artistic contribution, Worthen Paxton.
For the best drool, John D. Munger.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Armistice Day 1921

O Thou, whose mortal name was lost to us
When from this earth was borne thy deathless soul,
This day before thy tomb a nation bows,
In love to honor thy great sacrifice.
Thou art but one of that most noble host
Who died that we who live on after you
Might make this world a holier, better place.
O Thou, who art unknown, yet known to all
Who seem as dead, but yet forever live
God grant that those high thoughts we have today
May their fulfillment reach, not die within
Our hearts; and everlasting peace may reign
That you who died, may not have died in vain.

C. A. C. '22



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS



RED OLDHAM hated Christmas. Accustomed to a life which made few friends and fond of his solitude, the approach of the day of joy and thanksgiving caused even more hatred towards his fellow-men to spring up in his wild, untamed heart than ever before. He had never understood the spirit which governed the matter, and far from wishing to, always trod his path of loneliness, thinking of no one, and desiring no one to think of him. He watched the customary Christmas bustle for days, always with anger and contempt in his heart for these foolish people who all appeared to be striving in behalf of a weakness that he considered himself far above — the love of his fellow-man.

Christmas Eve found him more sour than usual. Some ineffable longing always seemed to come over him at this time, although it was coupled with his grosser senses of contempt and hatred. He hated the feeling that everyone was happy but him; that everyone was finding gladness in anticipating the morrow except himself; and that probably in all the world he was the only one spending that night alone. Rage mounted to the heart of Red Oldham at this last thought, only to be overcome by that strange, softer feeling that of late he had felt was consuming him. Resolutely he jumped up, put on his hat, and passed out into the outer world.

It was an ideal night for Christmas Eve. It was snowing, but not hard. The big, white flakes seemed to be floating along in the air and never to fall, while out in Central Park, which Red could just see at every block, the snow had frozen and was clinging to the trees, gleaming like silver in the calm, radiant light of the new moon. A man was hurrying by with a bundle under his arm. Red stopped him. "Why is everybody so happy?" he asked.

"Why, man!" exclaimed the other, looking at him in surprise. "Tomorrow's Christmas. Wake up!" And with a cheery slap on the shoulder he was gone.

Red meditated a long time over this answer, after he was left alone, and found it unsatisfactory. What was it that made people so joyful at the approach of the Yuletide? It could not be because they thought of the presents they would receive on the morrow. There was some deeper feeling involved, some motive that he did not understand, and which he was now for the first time in his life trying to understand.

He stopped another man, this time determined to force from his lips the answer to the question which was troubling him. "Beg pardon, sir," he said (he went at it very humbly) "could you spare me a few minutes?"

The stranger turned and looked at him in some surprise. He was a man of medium height, with grey eyes and a pleasant expression. With his soft felt hat and dark grey overcoat he looked like thousands of other New Yorkers who were walking the streets at that hour. "Why, yes," he answered, after another glance at his interlocutor. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to understand about Christmas. Why does its coming make people so happy?"

The stranger gazed at him with his keen, penetrating glance, saw the longing and hunger in his eyes that had been brought on by years of loneliness, and then spoke again. "It's the joy that comes to a man in giving," he said quietly.

Red looked at him in surprise. "What do you mean?" he said. "How can anyone enjoy giving away things? I always thought people gave presents because they had to — because if they didn't they wouldn't get any."

"Some people do," said the stranger. "In fact a great many do. But the vast majority — those that really get joy and gladness out of Christmas—why, they don't give in that spirit. Do you know who will get the most pleasure out of tomorrow? The man who will voluntarily and from his heart go down and help the poorer classes; who will bring the happiness of the Yuletide into at least one home. Listen, my friend. Just you do one good deed tomorrow — no matter what it is — and I'll wager you'll feel better than you ever did in your life." He laid a hand on Red's shoulder. "You have led a hard life. Remember that tomorrow is the day of thanksgiving when everybody is happy." And with a parting word of good-bye, he, too, was off into the night.

For a long time Red remained motionless, unmindful of the cold, and of the steadily increasing snow-storm. The words of the kindly stranger had found their mark and had sunk in deep. For the first time in his life Red found himself desirous of doing somebody a favor, of partaking of the true Christmas spirit. He wished he had some friend to whom he might go. Never before had his loneliness pained him so acutely. He heard dimly the clock strike eleven and waited until the last chimes had died away before he spoke. "One more hour till Christmas," he heard himself repeating again and again. And then he tried to throw off this feeling so new to him and become his former cynical self. "I'm a fool," he said aloud. "A weak, doddering idiot to stand here listening to the childish babble of an old fool. I'll be believing in Santa Claus next." A low, raking laugh seemed to wake him completely from his new mood, and briskly, with the air of a man with a definite objective, he turned his steps towards that section of the town where he dwelt.

The streets were now entirely deserted, not even the

monotonous pacing of a policeman walking his beat breaking the silence. Red wondered why this was so. Was it because it was Christmas Eve, and they thought that no one would dare to commit robbery on this night of all nights? A sneer sprang to his lips. He'd show them. To his right an iron fence surrounded a patch of smooth ice, beyond which Red could see the dim outlines of an open window leading into a dark room beyond. A quick glance about him, and then he was over the wall, past the slippery ice, and this so strange man, who but a moment before had been virtually impressed by the words of an utter stranger on a subject that he had always hated, passed through the window with the intention of robbing this family on the night before Christmas!

Red stepped inside and listened attentively. Not a sound penetrated through the darkness, and encouraged by this, the thief stepped still farther into the room. Dimly voices from the floor above reached him, while the moon, intruding on the scene to cast its silvery light over the scene, threw enough of its glow into the room to enable Red to see plainly an old safe in the corner. His eyes gleamed. Safes were his specialty, and this one did not appear to be a hard one to open. He kneeled down to it, worked the dial back and forth to get the feel of it, and then began to work. Ten minutes and the welcome click was heard. Red swung open the big door. Inside were several smaller compartments. He opened them one by one. To his disgust he found that they were either documents in which he had no interest or else stocks that he knew were not negotiable. Then he opened the last compartment and started back in surprise. Inside, spread out so as to be fully exposed to the glorified light of the moon and the no less ardent gaze of Red Oldham, lay a pearl necklace, which even his inexperienced eyes estimated at once as surely worth several thousand dollars. As his ecstacy passed, Red's mood changed again to one of contempt. That so valuable a thing should be left so carelessly as this, exposed to any chance sneak-thief. What was the matter with these people? Did they too suppose that the so-called Christmas spirit, would prevent a man from accepting an open offer to steal? He laughed aloud. No longer was he the soft, thoughtful man of but a half-hour ago. Had he but known it, he was fighting his better self, fighting it with all his power, striving to keep away from himself the slightest hint of sentimentality. And his better self was fighting a losing fight at present.

He heard voices coming down the stairs and dropped behind a curtain. The sound of their conversation drifted over to him. They were evidently the master of the house and his butler. "Are you sure she doesn't suspect?" Red heard, and then the soft, well-modulated tones of the servant answered respectfully: "Yes, sir. I'm very sure. She cannot have any idea what sort of a present you have for her, sir." And the cheery voice that sounded vaguely familiar to him: "She'll be pleased, I hope." The butler's voice died away and remained unheard, as the light of the moon fell directly on the head of the master of the house and revealed to the glance of the nocturnal visitor the face of the stranger who had given him advice that night and who had raised sentiments in Red's breast he had never before entertained. There could be no mistake. It was indeed he. And even as he looked again, they were gone down the corridor.

Instinctively Red turned toward the window. It was the matter of only a few minutes to clamber down, to leap over the wall, and to reach the familiar street beyond. Perhaps Red's hurry was due to the fact that he wanted to remove any possible chance of his being caught; or was it because of some subconscious feeling that he had reviled the spirit of Christmas. The sight of this man who had condescended to try to explain to him the meaning of the day was arousing in his breast the same sentiments that he had just reproached himself with having. He touched his pocket and felt — what? Quickly he inserted his hand and drew out something bright and shiny. Then he remembered. The pearl necklace, a present to be given by his friend — why did he call this stranger his friend? — to some member of his family, probably to his daughter. It was usually to daughters that such things were given. A Christmas present! He had stolen the Christmas present of his friend — again that word had crept in. And Red Oldham continued his nervous pacing of the sidewalk.

Somewhere in the distance, a clock began to strike. Red listened and counted twelve chimes. It was Christmas! He stopped his pacing and waited till the last sound had died away. Then he pulled his hat down further over his eyes and began to retrace his steps.

* * * * *

Officer Mullany was happy. To him the tiresome routine of his beat seemed less tiresome tonight, or rather today. For was it not Christmas; when all should rejoice and be happy? Officer Mullany had a wife and two children at home who would enjoy the Yuletide with him. All the world was full of gladness, he reflected. Even the thieves could not want to rob anyone now of all times. And, swinging his club and whistling a tune, he turned the corner of the street and began walking in front of the residence of Cornelius Sanders, millionaire, and descended from a long line of ancestors who could trace back to the first inhabitants of New York. Mr. Sanders was very lucky to have a home like that, thought Mullany as he glanced up at it. And very foolish to have a window open like that, an almost irresistible temptation for a seasoned crook.

What was that? A dark figure had sprung over the wall and was trying to get in the window. Officer Mullany acted immediately and, blowing his whistle, sprang over the wall himself after the culprit. There was no struggle, but the prisoner turned a rather tear-stained face toward his captor. "Take me in," he begged. "Let me tell the man that lives here something."

Officer Mullany was kind-hearted, and besides, it was Christmas. He gave in. Up the front steps they marched and the Irishman pressed the button. The sound echoed through the house, and presently someone was heard descending the stairs. The door swung open and Mr. Sanders

himself stood revealed, fully dressed. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

Mullany touched his hat. "I caught this man trying to rob your house, sir," he said.

Then Red interposed. "Wait a minute," he cried. "Mister, whoever you are, I didn't come here to rob you. I came to put back what I took my last trip here. Don't you remember me? You told me about Christmas. I didn't believe you, so I robbed this house to prove I didn't. Then something happened, and I—I heard twelve o'clock strike, and I knew it was you that lived here, and I felt sorry, somehow, and — and I came here to put back this." And Red Oldham, second-story man and notorious crook, broke down completely as he handed the necklace to its owner.

For a long time there was silence. Then Mr. Sanders spoke. His voice seemed strangely gentle. Red raised his head. "I think I understand," the rich man was saying. "You wanted to do your one good deed."

"Y—yes, sir."

"And you have. What evil you did in stealing this necklace, you have fully accounted for by returning at the risk of your freedom to give back my Christmas present for Helen. Helen is my daughter. This was for her. Had it been taken I should have been deeply hurt." He paused, and Red looked down again. "Officer, release this man."

Mullany, who had listened in silence, touched his hat and departed. Red still lingered, as if waiting for something. "I want to say now, sir," he said, "I — I understand the Christmas spirit now. And I want to thank you." He held out his hand and Sanders grasped it firmly with his own. Then they parted and Red saw stuck in his palm a folded piece of paper. He opened it. It was a check for $500.

Red looked at it a minute and then shook his head. "I can't take it," he said.

"Why not? It's a Christmas present. It gives me more pleasure than it does you. That's the meaning of Christmas."

Red folded it and put it in his pocket. "Thank you sir," he said, "and — Merry Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS

'Tis Christmas eve; the night is chill.
The wintry stars unclouded shine
Against the sable foil of night
Like lamps aflame in a distant shrine.

The moon in solemn grandeur takes
Her course among these orbs of light,
And floods the earth with silver beams
That glisten on its mantle white.

In yonder church is warmth and light,
And through its windows rich, the glow
Sheds mystic colors bright in hue
In odd designs upon the snow.

Tall candles on the altar blaze,
And tinge the priest with sacred flame,
While to the vaulted roof is borne
In burst of song the Saviour's name.

Tonight before His holy crib
All souls, of high or low degree,
In adoration humbly bow;
No tongue on earth shall silent be.

In one grand hymn the whole world joins
In honor to the Saviour's birth,
"To God be glory, reverence, love;
Good will to men, and peace on earth!"

A WAR  PRODUCT

HE'S a better dog than I am a man," said Bob Haskell of Double D Ranch. "He got the Croix de Guerre and deserved more. I first met him in No Man's Land, where he gave me the aid that saved me, and I've tried to make up for it."

I looked at this dog that was spoken of so highly. He sat at his master's feet gazing into the fire. His gaze was one of thought, probably of deeds of the past, perhaps of loyalty of the future. I may say that he was the only shepherd dog I had seen in that part of the country. Though they used to be called German Police Dogs, since the war they have been distinguished from all types and now have purely the American spirit.

Fags, for so he was called by his proud master, was a monster for his type. Though far from being bulky, he claimed the height of a St. Bernard and the speed of a wolf hound. However, as tremendous as were his physical abilities, I truly believe that his mental powers were the biggest part of him. He might have been following the conversation, for when Haskell finished speaking, Fags got to his feet and placed his forepaws on Haskell's shoulders and gazed directly into his eyes.

He seemed to say: "Pal, you've more than made up for it."

Haskell continued after a short silence, "His first achievement in this country was in New York. At this time, as always, he had his peculiar sense of danger. At first I was taken aback by his sudden action but he cleared it all up in a second. It was up in Central Park where the nurse-maids get together to talk, and incidentally take care of the children. An automobile was coming down one of the drives at quite a speed, and of course I didn't know what got into Fags when he dashed out in front of it. But in a second he was back on the walk again with a little two-year old girl. He had hastily snatched her by the dress and dragged her to safety. The maid, of course, tearfully thanked us, but Fags took it with his usual dignity, and thought he had taught her a lesson."

"That is one thing I am thankful for — his absolute dependability at any time. To illustrate to you now, just ask me to tell him to do something."

I looked around and saw a cat sleeping peacefully on a cushion in a chair.

"Well," said I, "have him bring that cat to you."

I said it in a purely joking manner, but Bob took me seriously and sent Fags on his curious errand. At first he could not believe that he was directed correctly, but upon a sharper word he instantly took the cat by the nape of the neck and deposited it upon Bob's lap. Although surprised, the cat took it good naturedly.

"Tomorrow," Bob thoughtfully reminded me, "will be Christmas."

I followed his example and went to bed. I knew he had some of his charitable ideas to be carried out the next day, and that meant a hard, long trip over the snow.

Before I jumped between the covers, I noticed that it had stopped snowing and the moon was shining clearly and coldly across the northern Wyoming sheep plains.

"Wake up there, lazy Jim! You missed Santa Claus entirely." It was Bob's voice. Suddenly Fags' stately head appeared before me and the next instant the covers were torn from me while I was left freezing in the cold.

"That's Fags' idea of a good joke — he's trying to get you up."

After breakfast we put several packages on a boy's sled and started off on our day's trip. We were to visit three neighboring ranches, all of which were inhabited by poor families.

About half past ten we had finished two of our errands and started for our last at a brisk pace. Fags was enjoying the eight inches of snow as much as his dignity would allow. He would dash off on the trail of a rabbit and then reappear in a short time. Twice he found the animal and gave it a vigorous race, but the snowshoe rabbit finally outwitted him.

Once, when he was topping a little ridge off to our right, I had an excellent chance to study him in action. With his ears back and his tail straight behind, he was covering the ground with gigantic strides. His elegant silvery fur gave off slight flashes as those steely muscles rippled easily under the tough hide. His nose near the ground and eyes straight forward gave him a hound-like appearance. I admit I shuddered. This dog might be all right when the atmosphere of a quiet evening and a lazy, warm, log fire has its effect upon him, but when he gets those blood-thirsty notions about him, God pity the aim of his intentions.

"This is the same kind of a day that old Fags fought the fight with the wolf," said Bob. "You've heard of the Lobo type, of course. Well this was new country for Fags at the time and he didn't know that there was a bigger example of dog life than himself, but he gained a great deal of knowledge along many lines that day."

"He also made his reputation and won the admiration of every rancher within gossiping distance, which means the length of Wyoming. The sheep were being bothered in their winter quarters that year to the great disgust of all of us ranchers. This was just two years ago, and at that time everyone thought that the Lobos had disappeared. The first time one was seen, was the last. I never knew how Fags caught him, but it must have been a masterpiece of a job. A Lobo is never caught napping, and is very hard to outwit.

"As I was going around the corner of our farthest sheep-shelter, I saw these two in an easily recognizable death-struggle. It was silent, and therefore the more magnificent. Soon, I had called all our boys together and we watched in silence. At the time, I was doubtful of Fags' fighting powers. Of his mental fear, there was no question. He had not been afraid even of the things he could not see, and now he was in his element, fighting something he could catch hold of.

At first, he could not grip the Lobo, but as the anger of both increased, Fags' wits began to win. The first real slash ripped open the wolf's breast. Finally after a terrible effort the great Lobo fell into the bloody snow with his jugular cleanly cut. To my surprise, not to say to the fear and excitement of the men, Fags slowly and with a last tired effort placed his fore feet on the wolf's body and with upturned muzzle, uttered that spine-twinging howl of the savage conqueror."

Shortly we came into view of our destination. We were to eat with some people the bounteous meal which we were bringing to them. At the same time Bob and I noticed that everything was not just as it should be. I saw three men hurrying in the opposite direction, half carrying and half dragging an object which I could not make out. Bob had noticed Fags' immediate warning of danger. We set forward at a much faster pace and came to the front of the house, somewhat out of breath. Just outside the door, a struggle had taken place, as the signs in the snow showed.

Upon opening the door, I saw a sight which made my blood run cold. It was the "sitting room" which we entered, although it was in a very roughed-up condition. In one corner, a man was tied to a couch. He was absolutely unconscious. His head was bleeding from what must have been a terrible blow. Not far from him was his wife who was securely bound and gagged. On the other side of the room a little fellow was also tied up.

We quickly freed the woman who told us what had just happened.

Three men had loudly knocked on the door. The husband had gone to see who was there and as soon as he had opened the door, a man struck him with a heavy piece of wood. Then they entered. Of course his wife was not able to offer any resistance, but the daughter had boldly struck them as best she could.

These three men were half-breeds who had caused a good deal of trouble in the neighborhood for the last six months. They were suspected of horse-stealing, but no evidence was definitely found out about them. At this particular time they were all drunk, and the leader was in a towering rage. After tying everyone but the girl they wrecked the room just for the pleasure of it. They did not make any search for money, probably because the people had the reputation of being quite poor. They finally left with the daughter, who was putting up a good scrap.

More than angered by this, we told the woman to be ready for our return. Fags had been in the room when she was telling the story and almost knocked me over trying to get out of the door. Once outside, we made extremely good headway, despite the fact that the snow was deeper up in the valley. Those drunken half-breeds would surely have outdistanced us if it had not been for Fags. Racing ahead, he stopped them immediately.

Although they had realized that they were pursued, they had not expected a raging beast to fly at their throats at the very start. When we arrived, one man was dead with but a single wound while another had fled for safety. The leader was the only one who remained. He used the girl as a shield. This was baffling Fags to a great extent, and made him very helpless. He was just beginning to get the best of the rather slow attack when he saw us. He then dashed in the direction that the missing man had taken. The leader quickly dropped the hysterical girl and picked up a short knife which had been useless against the wolf-like enemy. Now he jumped at us like one who knew his business. He did. Before I was through I was very glad that it was two to one! I was the first ot fall, but soon after that Bob landed

one of those straight lefts which he has a right to be proud of. We tied up what was left of the half-breed with the heavy cord which had held the girl's hands. Bob hastened after Fags who had downed his man not far away after a brief struggle. Just before Bob got to him, Fags uttered that nerve-racking howl of victory with forefeet planted firmly on his victim and nose turned skyward.

* * * * * * * *

That night around the fire, less was said. Fags, as usual, was not sleeping,but gazing into the fire with that far-away, dignified expression. I could scarcely believe that this was the same beast that I had seen doing such murderous work that very day.

"Well," said Haskell, "I think we have earned our Christmas dinner, don't you, Fags?"

Just after I had blown out my candle that night, I shivered slightly when a long wolf-like howl was sent across the snow-covered plain by the war veteran and peace hero who so gallantly played the part of a gentleman.

Again I shivered.

THE PASSIONATE PROFESSOR

(A story for people who think)

THE former professor of yiddish in a thriving university sat, seated, at his desk. His patent leather fountain pen, scratching audibly in the dark light of the waning autumn day, brought peace and quiet to every occupant of the room.

"Turn the lights on, James," he hissed. James was the butler. He was a tall, good-looking man, about the age of thirty-seven, with bushy side whiskers. He stood, hatless, beside his charge.

"The lights you said, sir?" he inquired. James was hard of hearing. Ever since his boyhood days he had been this way.

The professor did not reply. He was a tall good-looking man of about the age of forty-one. He knew he was handsome. James, the butler, knew it. Everybody knew it. A swift glance at his protruberant forehead, hooked nose, and projecting chin impressed it indelibly on the minds of everyone who had the agony of seeing him. His deep-set eyes, one of which was glass, left no doubt in anyone's mind as to his manly countenance.

The Professor looked up from his work. "James," he said. "bring me a drink."

"A drink, sir?" questioned James. The latter was hard of hearing. He had been this way since boyhood. The professor did not reply.

James pondered for a moment and then went out. As soon as he was gone the professor signalled his fellow-conspirators. They came out from all possible concealed places. One came out from behind the door, another from behind a curtain, and still another from under the bed.

James returned with the glass of water. With a gasp of satisfaction, the professor gulped it down. He staggered under the effects of the stimulant. His brain reeled. James returned to his post at the desk.

The professor yawned. "Throw him out," he said indifferently, pointing to the butler. Willing hands threw him through the window. James was puzzled. What could this mean? He would ask the professor.

The latter strode tranquilly around the room. Seeing one of his fellow conspirators, John Polatowsky, a tall, good-looking man, about forty-two years old, he dashed madly at him, throwing a string of passionate words into his eager ears. John was a very sensible man. He, like the professor, was very keen-witted and wise. He held out his throbbing hand to the lovesick professor. The latter kissed it, sucking the flesh with great gulps. He would have swallowed the hand then and there, but for the fact that Izaac Spondolavictch, another fellow-conspirator, came up. He struck John heavily across the mouth with a shoe-horn. John laughed. He had always had a keen sense of humor from the time of his boyhood days. The third conspirator, who had been playing mumbletypeg under the Persian rug, now strode upon the scene. He grabbed a pen-knife, sticking in John's leg, and jabbed the professor viciously in the coat tail. They all laughed. Their good-looking, jovial faces were a contrast to the dying embers of the fire. The fourth conspirator, who had been swearing at a flea, comfortably situated in his hair, now came to the front. Hew as a tall, good-looking man of about the age of forty-three. His high intelligence had won him the respect of all. He was the brains of the crowd. He had many wonderful theories which astounded everyone. He was a *thinker*. One could tell, by a quick glance at his small head, that it was abounding with knowledge. Questions which astounded his friends such as, two and two make four, or do cats like onions, he answered with the great speed and alacrity of the well-trained mind which he enjoyed; in short, he was a genius.

As he approached, silence fell on the other four. "We must act at once," he croaked. Like a flash, mechanically, the dim realization came to all the other conspirators. They must act! They strode into the neighboring room. It was then that the keeper decided he would have to separate them, for the padded cell was getting too small for five men.

THE MISSING MYTH

Imperial Gratian rose. The deed was done.
A single stroke of plumed pen had closed
Forever all the temples and the shrines.
The pontifex had cast aside his robe
Of office and had bade the priests depart.
The emperor glanced about. A Christian host
Before him knelt and offered prayer and praise.
But pagan lords and fear-struck senators,
With togas rent, departed one by one.

Now high above the plane of man, upon
Olympus' peak sat Jupiter, the king
And father of the gods. His eyes were fixed
With angry gaze upon the potentate
Of men, the Caesar Gratian. Black his brow
And awful was his livid countenance.
"By Cronus' beard, this puppet dares to mock
The power of gods! Unhappy one,
Dost think to grasp my sceptre from my hands?
I mind me once the Titans this did seek;
And now they howl in Hades' hollow vaults.
Audacious man, I'll rive thee with a bolt!
A flash of flame shall strike thy heart in twain.
With thunder in the heavens and with fire
Upon the earth, avenging Jove his might
And power shall proclaim!" And saying thus,
He reached behind him for a thunderbolt.
And groping, grasping there his fingers naught
Encountered but a frightened cloudlet stray.

"Ho, son of Maia! Come attend my wants.
Go fetch me Vulcan. I am short o' bolts.
Where art thou? Cyclops' eye! I swear that ne'er
Hast thou so poorly served me. (Like as not
The foolish boys are wooing Vestals fair;
And some young shepherd lad has caught the love
Of all the girls. Victoria e'en is gone!)"
Up sprang the god from off his throne of gold,
And down the mountain-side he strode in search
Of those whose wont it was to do his will.

Upon a rock Queen Juno sat, and Jove,
Descending from above, beheld her face,
A mirror of his own. "Thou wretch," she cried,
"Ne'er did I form a crafty plan but thou
Did'st interfere. O cruel! To leave me here
On this hard rock without my cloak of cloud
My Iris or my waiting maids. Fear not
When next I find thee with someone so fair
I'll more than pay thee for this dreadful hour."

"But now, my dear," began the troubled god,
"By dragons' teeth I swear I know nought of—"

"These many eons have I slaved for thee,"
Continued she, "and served and loved unchecked
But thou, unmindful of thy Juno's name,
Dost e'en prevent her doing for herself
The duty thou shouldst do. Release me now;
And give to me a flaming weapon swift,
That Hera wronged may soon avenged be."
"None have I now; my stock has gone entire.
I was upon my way to Vulcan's forge
When I espied thee here,—Tartarus' flames!
Look yonder where crawls Neptune up the cliff,
Why comes he thus? See how he puffs and pants!"

The ruler of the deep upraised his voice,
"Hail Jove, what whim besets thee now, that thou
Depriv'st me of my kingdom? By my couch
And trident, which did vanish from my grasp
And with them my two steeds and chariot,
Like shadows on the clouding of the moon,
What means this? Do you break the contract sealed
When we did portion out the world by lot?
I sweat, I do declare, I who am wont
To be so cool. 'Tis ages since I climbed
This mountain thus, and I was younger then!"

"Poseidon, brother, 'tis no will of mine
That thus thou walk untended, I but now
Was hasting to berate old Vulcan, who
Has failed to send me thunderbolts I need.
Come seat you here. This matter will bear thought."
He scarce had said these words when o'er the rocks,
With stumbling gait, came Hermes, messenger
To Jupiter, his feathered oarage gone.
His feet with drops of bright red blood were flecked
Where hard, cruel flints had pierced the tender flesh.
He raised a hand of greeting from afar.
"What news, my boy?" cried Jove. "Thou has been slow
In coming and I have been waiting long."
"Ah, father, we have had our day. No more
Shall gods in plenty feast. No more shall your
Resounding thunder roll. No more shall I
Upon your errands speed. The emperor
Hath so decreed. And mighty is the sign
With which his written will is sealed. The earth
The sky and sea and all that in them is
Henceforth shall Nature rule. Of all the gods
The youthful Cupid only holds his power.
One thing alone is granted to us each:
The choice of station in a mortal life."

And soon the other gods had gathered there
The fateful news was told them. Parting words
Were spoken, sad farewells were given then.
So chose they all their future place in life,
And parted from the mountain one by one.
The royal couple, last to leave the place,
Descended to the plain. From thence they came

To wooded hills and golden shore. And there
Did Jove, with strength and skill, construct a house
And home, and there did Juno cook and sew
With unaccustomed fingers. Thus it was
That in the service of the other, each
Renewed a long forgotten love. The years
Rolled on and brought them peace. And when at last
A son was born great joy to them did come.

Oft times when winter's storms outside did rage,
Around the fire they talked of former days,
While white haired Neptune, in his corner, played
With little Jove or when sweet sleep o'ertook
The boy, the sea-god gently held the warm
Young body cradled to his barren heart.

THE MIRROR CALENDAR

Dec. 1. — Morning chapel bell rings 111 times. Free cigars given out. New prof takes a third and wonders why class is not there. Students roused. Declare profs are too lax and free about cuts.

Dec. 2 — No dogs in chapel this morning. Excited student claims Burns put a noticeable crease in his trou. Charges admission. Many disappointed as crease does not withstand the concentrated stare of incredulous eyes. Collection taken up to buy gold socks for the soccer team.

Dec. 3 — Abbot vs. Bradford at field hockey. Heavy betting. Abbot trainer expects rough game. Carries 14 extra hairnets. *Pot-pourri* to have dark blue cover this year, says board. Among the new books received in the library are five copies of the latest Rover Boys' adventures which were secured at special request of the English department.

Dec. 4 —Sunday. Students all appear in their other suit. No one asleep in chapel and no buttons or yen in collection. Student body aghast. Need of drastic action.

Dec. 5 — Beanery serves enticing new dish. Grill crowded. Library closed all day. Students complain of nothing to do.

Dec. 6 — Longest prayer of year at chapel. 5 minutes flat. Preacher may make All-America team. School picture today. No serious casualties.

Dec. 7. — Senior class meeting to set date for pink-eye epidemic. Radical element tries to change to influenza. Action postponed but to be taken soon as infirmary must know plans in order to be prepared.

Dec. 8. — Pink-eye question up again. Pink-eye wins on its own merits. Official ballot: Pink-eye 47; Influenza 2. Prof praises foresight of class but suspects dirty politics.

Dec. 9. — Faculty meeting. Hot debate almost ends in fist fight. Participants thrown out. Pearson and Main clocks agree at 11.22 A.M. Third time in history of school.

Dec. 10. — Archaeology building crowded as usual with spectators viewing relics. Rifle club practice. Decide to use blanks in order to economize on targets. Wireless club gives tea to commemorate new aerial. Aerial collapses.

Dec. 11. — Sunday. Preacher says "Some call it evolution, others call it God." Students strike for variety. Scandal sheet of Boston American eagerly read after church service, thus proving conclusively Newton's principle that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Dec. 12. — Burns has profit sharing sale. Dave and Bill share profits. One linen handkerchief given absolutely free with every ten dollar purchase. Rosenberg and Langrock salesmen meet on street. Police finally separate them after using ammonia.

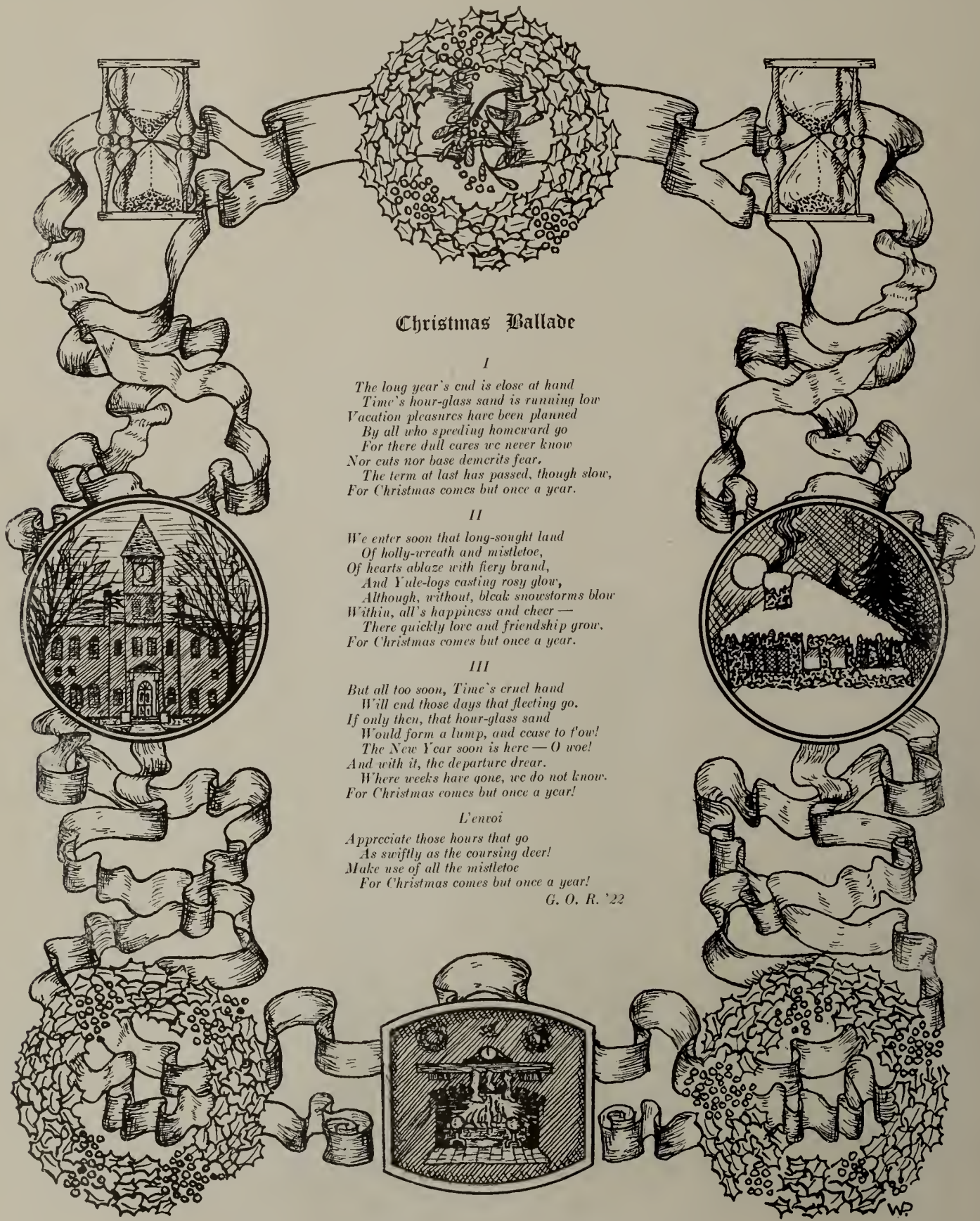
Dec. 13. — Playroom at Williams Hall re-decorated with Mother Goose wallpaper. Bookstore bills appear today. We make no report of reception of these by students as our slogan is "All The News That's Fit To Print." (adv.) Students Hand Laundry collects dirty clothes.

Dec. 14 — Students Hand Laundry returns dirty clothes. B. & M. trains only fifteen minutes behind schedule today. *Dependability* is their motto. First student through exams and off for home today, due to oversight of Faculty. Special Faculty meeting to see that no one else gets out early.

Dec. 15. — Christmas spirit very apparent. All with charge accounts buy liberally. Philo debate about reality of Santa Claus indicative of the rise of realistic attitude of school. *Phillipian* plays novel joke on heelers. Editors laugh uproariously as heelers are fired.

Dec. 16. — 180 students in chapel this morning. Preacher's voice only one audible above sound of organ. Bookstore, Burns' and Chase's close until January 4th.

J. D. M., '22



Christmas Ballade

I

The long year's end is close at hand
Time's hour-glass sand is running low
Vacation pleasures have been planned
By all who speeding homeward go
For there dull cares we never know
Nor cuts nor base demerits fear.
The term at last has passed, though slow,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

II

We enter soon that long-sought land
Of holly-wreath and mistletoe,
Of hearts ablaze with fiery brand,
And Yule-logs casting rosy glow,
Although, without, bleak snowstorms blow
Within, all's happiness and cheer —
There quickly love and friendship grow,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

III

But all too soon, Time's cruel hand
Will end those days that fleeting go.
If only then, that hour-glass sand
Would form a lump, and cease to flow!
The New Year soon is here — O woe!
And with it, the departure drear.
Where weeks have gone, we do not know.
For Christmas comes but once a year!

L'envoi

Appreciate those hours that go
As swiftly as the coursing deer!
Make use of all the mistletoe
For Christmas comes but once a year!

G. O. R. '22

THE MIRACLE

LONG ago, in the distant land of Russia, lived a boy named Stefen Grenovitch, the son of a disreputable peasant couple, Ivan and Stritchi Grenovitch. Stefen's last recollection of his father was when Ivan dropped dead of a heart attack, following a fit of madness brought on by too much vodka. Stefen could well remember how his father, deathly pale in the flickering oil light, lay sprawled at the head of the stairs; how a dull, numbing pain spread through his own back as he lay on the dirty floor below, hurled there by the very man who lay so quiet on the upper landing; how a big, friendly, black-bearded man, whom his mother had called a "doctor", came in and pronounced his father dead and told Stritchi that he, Stefen, would be a cripple. At the time he did not understand the situation, but now he realized everything. Even on thinking on it, no sense of anger towards his father for blasting his life crossed his mind, for there still lingered in his mind the dim memory of a time when his father had not been a slave to vodka, but had loved him and caressed him with the same hands which later dealt such heavy blows.

Stefen's mother, Stritchi, died about six months after Ivan. The neighbors said it was because she could not stand the lack of kicks and beatings. Even though she had been a harsh, rude woman, Stefen had loved her and still cherished the memory of her, for often she had protected him and his little sister Stella from the buffetings and blows of Ivan, mad with drink.

All this, however was changed. Stefen and Stella now lived with the village priest, a kindly, loving, generous little man called Father André, who endeavored at all times to be a faithful shepherd to the rough flock which constituted his parish.

Stefen had just passed his ninth birthday. There had been no celebration, no beautiful cake with its shimmering candles, nothing of that sort, but something far greater. His beloved Father André had promised to take him and little Stella to the great cathedral in St. Petersburg on Christmas Eve. To him that seemed much finer than any material gift. It seemed too good to be true, but surely if Father André promised it, it would come to pass. Why, hadn't the little priest promised that almost unattainable gift of land ownership to Galto Bortnantsky, and hadn't it been fulfilled? Surely they would go.

At last the long looked for day drew near. The trip was to take two whole days and a night, and they were going to travel in a carved sleigh, just as the royal lords and ladies did. All this had Father André promised. What a tale this would make to tell the other village children who had never been more than a day's journey from the village, for all were needed by their families to help in the fields. Surely such a trip was worth even more than to be rid of that wracking, throbbing pain that he now so frequently felt in his back. What did that matter? With golden promise in view, he could stand anything, providing Stella might share his pleasure.

Finally one morning they started. Over the crusted snow they flew, Stefen and Stella, wrapped in warm fur robes the like of which they had never known before; Father André, bundled in furs; and the strong, harsh-looking man who drove the coal-black horses and ever urged them on with the crack of the whip. It seemed like a dream to the children.

At night they stopped at a small tavern. Here marvellous sights greeted them. Here they ate, not the customary black bread and porridge, but meat, fish, pasties, and all the things that Stefen had dreamed the court people, who could do or have anything, ate. After their wonderful meal, a beautiful lady, a great admirer of Father André, dressed as Stefen would have liked to have seen his mother dressed, in a soft white shimmering gown, with a gold chain set with dazzling stones around her neck, came over and talked with them for some time. When she left she gave them each a silver kopek. Stefen's joy knew no bounds, and he vowed he would keep his always, no matter what happened. In the midst of all this excitement, the boy almost forgot that harsh pain in his back. Only when about to go to sleep that night did he notice it, and then he prayed that it might not become so severe that he could not go to the cathedral, for he had heard that same black-bearded man who had pronounced his father dead say that such might be the case.

The following day they arrived in St Petersburg. While visiting the great cathedral in the afternoon, Father André told them the legend of the beautiful golden statue of the Madonna which stood in the centre of the church, as follows:

The statue had been there ever since the cathedral was built. None could remember a time when it had not been there. Every Christmas Eve for centuries it had been loaded with gifts in an attempt to cause the statue to perform a miracle which tradition had prophesied would take place: namely, that if a gift were laid at its feet in a true spirit of self sacrifice the donor would be rewarded in a fitting measure. The old verger of the cathedral said he remembered hearing his grandfather tell that in his boyhood, the miracle had once been performed, but he couldn't remember anything of the story or the situation.

That night even the emperor, with many of his courtiers, came to the service, and formed the head of a procession in which high and low, rich and poor, mingled, all bearing gifts to lay at the feet of the statue, each secretly hoping that he would be the honored one to bring about the miracle.

After midnight, when the last person in the line had presented his gift, and nothing out of the ordinary had happened, the organ started a final hymn, and the congregation sang praise to Him who, centuries before, had been born on that day. Suddenly an ill-clad little cripple was seen dragging himself towards the Madonna. Every inch of the way seemed to cause him pain. Arriving at the foot of the statue he laid at its feet his all — one kopeck — and fainted. Before aid could reach him, a cloud enveloped the spot. When it lifted — neither statue nor child was to be seen.

Out of the awesome silence which had fallen over the congregation came the cry of a little girl: "Oh! Father André! He's gone!"

Christmas: The Chimes of St. Thomas' Church, New York

St. Thomas' Bells!
St. Thomas' Bells! . . .
Sombre and warm, old silver-sweetened bronze,
Singing that ancient Christ's time is arrived,
Perennial welcome of the snowy vision, —St. Thomas' Bells.
So brave, oh, braver, storied tones
Never the weary heart illumed with flame of hope,
Nor the boisterous spirit saddened with a still Romance,
Nor the sunk, cynical, sophisticated mind
Kindled to dream of dear, gone, passionate ghosts . . .

So swing. . . swing. . peal and peal:
Music of God; — the graying year's best song!

Bells of St. Thomas!
And is there an extra exultant note, a thrill and tremble
Swelling the crystal chime to many voices' chant? .
Echoes of voices that the world must hear:
"And there shall be no shell-fire in the sky, of nights,
And groaning ships, no longer quivering down
The sea, shall lay their bodies on the sunless ooze
And there shall be no lung-bled Youth and heart-bled Age.
And War shall have his muscles cut and fangs ground down.
And old grim Captains are departing, and the banners fall.
And War is dying — dying; long live — oh long live Peace!"

So swing. . swing. . peal and peal:
Lo, Christ's morning creeps. . . on the soft, rose snow

St. Thomas' Bells!
Singing the ultimate hope, the unfeigned faith;
Singing the casement and the fairyland forlorn;
Singing, withal, the sweet dream-wine of High Romance;
And the lyric air and the smooth clear cheek and the clean-limbed mirth;
And Youth and tinkling laughter and gusty shout.
For this is Christ's day, and our Christ was all of these.
. . . Singing our Lord, bells dying on a charmed world.
St. Thomas' Bells!
St. Thomas' Bells!

ALMOST A HERO

"ELEVEN o'clock is zero hour!"

The headquarters runner passed for the second time, and all was silent, save the distant booming of the big guns five miles away.

The sector was a quiet one, and, except for a couple of erratic five-minute machine-gun duels, the morning had been uneventful and dull. The leaden winter sky was releasing an unsteady drizzle of sleety rain, and at times, a chill gust of November wind sent ripples across the muddy water-filled shell holes.

An attack was to be made exactly at zero-hour, following a heavy bombardment by 55's and 4.7's, while a barrage of all available artillery would immediately precede the attackers. The runner had passed a half-hour before, giving orders to attack at zero-hour, and as all of D-company anticipated a night assault, when zero hour was announced for the ungodly hour of eleven in the morning, the men thought there was certainly a screw loose at headquarters.

By Private Harry Randall alone was the order received joyfully for only yesterday had he received the following letter:—

"The days that have been running along so uneventfully for so many weeks past have suddenly taken a turn tonight. When I came out of the Red Cross room this evening—so tired, so sick of bandages and war, so bored—and found myself alone in the twilight, through which the smoldering leaves sent up their streams of dull grey smoke, I suddenly realized that life was for me a failure. I can never describe to you the loneliness I felt as I stood there watching the smoke vanish into the air. It was so endlessly quiet—so monotonous.

"But, Harry, suddenly the heap of leaves that I was watching broke into a burst of flames. Harry, life is still all ahead of me, and I know now that I must be like those leaves—I want to break forth into flames.

"Heaven knows that I've tried to stay by that promise that I made almost two years ago—but it was spring then and the future looked so gay—but, Harry, it has been twilight and smoldering leaves long enough.

"Yes—I have broken faith. Harry, I love you still, and I always shall, but the lonesomeness and depression of it all have changed me. I can't go on having you my soldier boy, when life is calling me on every side and when I find you in just the place you were when you sailed away. I'm weak and selfish Harry, I know, but unless you can in some way *distinguish* yourself and help me to rise—we shall both have to forget the promise of two years ago. God bless you-and good bye,

Helen."

Distinguish himself—forsooth! Hadn't he personally rescued a wounded member of his squad, under a veritable hail of machine-gun fire, only a week before? Just because he had not been officially rewarded for the act, must she think him a coward? But now his chance had come at last! He would make himself conspicuous in the attack if he had to kill himself in doing so.

Ah, yes—he could see himself after the signal had been given, leaping over the parapet, his Springfield grasped tightly, charging on toward the Boche trenches. He cleared the clump of barbed wire in a single bound and leaped into the first-line trench. A burly Prussian accosted him with levelled bayonet, but Harry, with a quick thrust to the breast, immediately dispatched him. He ran down the trench until he came to a dugout door. There three Boches confronted him, but at the sight of his rifle, threw up their hands, and with hoarse cries of "kamerad", delivered themselves as prisoners to the American trenches. Meanwhile Harry became unduly reckless. Instead of following down a comunication trench, he vaulted out of the trench, and ran back on the barren ground between the German first and second lines. But a sudden burst of machine-gun fire halted him. There he stood, outlined clearly against the sky, and not fifty feet away was a German machine-gun nest. Quick as a flash, he threw a Mills-bomb into the nest, and it was temporarily silenced; then running up to it, he finished off the job with his rifle. And now, he had arrived at the second line, which he calmly jumped over, now he leaped into the third line, and hastened up to a dugout, which, as it was more elaborate than the others, he thought must be a staff office of some kind. This proved to be the case, and he entered it. Inside were several officers and two men, and one of the officers bore the insignia of colonel—this could be nothing less than a regimental headquarters! All threw up their hands but one "Hauptmann", and he drew a Luger instead. Harry smote the weapon with his bayonet, just as the Boche fired sending the bullet into his shoulder instead of the heart as intended, and then he thrust his bayonet, catching the officer in the throat, and sending him, pitched forward on his face. After escorting his ten prisoners to the rear, he was received with jubilation by his company, which had taken up a new position six hundred yards in advance.

Yea—six months later he was walking up the steps of Helen's residence, his arm in a sling, with the Medal of Honor, D. S. C., Croix de Guerre, and the rest, dangling from his breast. He rang the bell . . . he waited breathlessly as he heard a light familiar step in the hall . . . . . the door opened, and————

"Hey you, Randall, wake up! We go over in three minutes! Where in hell do you think you are?"

He awoke from his day-dream, and hastily adjusted his sling, fastened on his bayonet, and stood poised, rifle in hand, one foot on the fire-step, awaiting the whistle signal. It seemed hours, until he saw his platoon com-

mander looking at his wrist watch, the whistle pressed to his lips, and—

But nay, gentle reader, I would that I might again relate the heroic exploits of Harry Randall as he crossed no-man's land, but Fate will not permit it! For, just as eleven o'clock rolled around, the Armistice went into effect, the war was summarily ended, and Private Harry Randall, U.S.A. must always remain——*almost* a hero!

THE PRELIMINARY LIST OR A TRAGEDY OF NAMES

A HUNTER pushed his way through the Kimberley (S. Africa) Bush in search of the wild Gray Fox, and was at the same moment being tracked by the Wilder Wolfe of the Woods. A White Owl peered forth drowsily from his diurnal hiding place in a Plum tree as a Greene Jay noisily announced the arrival of the human intruder. At sight of its Wyley Gray foe, a Partridge decided that the discretional Wing was preferable to the valorous Foote, and the "Boum-a" of its flight vied with the shrill "Tre-e-eat" of the Jay to disturb the silence of the Forrest.

Down at a Ford in the Watters of a Marsh, a wild Turnbull wallowed in the Reeds in a vain effort to rid himself of a pricking, tormenting Burr lodged in his Ham. In his Paine, he was utterly regardless of the delicate Blossom of a rare orchid; he crushed the Posey relentlessly in his Haightful distemper. An Eddy marked the frightened haste of a member of the Finney tribe, diving deep into the Brown muck of the swamp.

A mile or two away, a Bonney Scott kept watch over his lonely Shoop, while a "Doggett," the African name for our collie, Brace-d himself to Blunt the Keen ambition of the flock to wander away from the Heath toward a deep and dangerous Glenn. The Shepard was a Yung lad, with something Gay and yet tragic in his Look. His cheeks were burned to a deep Rose and each Lyne of his face and movement of his Broadhead denoted his Noble spirit. But what, will some little Byrd tell us, May have brought this youth under the tropical Sun of this Wilder-Ness? The chiseled Flint features of this Curlee-haired youngster are surely far from their Loveland. Whether people's Holmes be in Flanders or the Cornish coast, it requires much Goodwill to live the Daley life away from them. A Mann is much like a homing Dove in this respect. Besides, there is often some Thorn in the Hartigan, some Christie or Constance who puts meaning in the expression of the Moon to a Yung Goodman and draws him east or Wuest with a Strong and compelling force. He pines, grows Moody and becomes an altogether different and Newman, as a Husband does when his breakfast is five minutes late. Howe, then, shall we explain the strange Case of this young Bruce, or Douglas or Stuart, or whatever we May call him?

But "Look, where it comes again!" The Wolfe, maddened by the failure of his attempt to stalk the Hunters, leaps with deadly accuracy at our young Lochinvar and fells him at a blow, while the Shoop scatter in a panic. The Doggett's attack is easily overcome by the great tawny beast, and the Wolfe begins to gorge on mutton. What has become of all our surmises about our young Lochinvar? All are fruitless, except perhaps that his Look of tragedy was foreboding of evil to come. His past must remain a Blank.

Oh, he was lord of the castle, of the freeman and the slave,
And his was the law of the mighty, to torture or to save;
But where is his strength and his power, his right to maim and to kill
His majesty throned in glory; have they fled, do they stay with him still?

For his course is run, his Day has come,
God's judgment awaits the stricken:
All earth-ties fall, eternities call,
And he goes as the shadows thicken.

* * * * * *

Once he was young and had not yet the rule of that fair wide land,
And he liked to play 'mongst the summer's hay, and build in the glittering sand:
And he never sought, nor cared to seek, after riches, and power and wealth, —
Oh, would that he'd died, had been stayed by the side, of life, with greed and its stealth.

The years pass'd by; he was king by now, and ruled with a heavy hand:
His word was law, but, surrounded with awe, he did not oppress the land.

Then slowly, but surely, an o'erpow'ring lust for gold and for wealth seized his mind,
And he haultered and slaughtered the people, where once he'd been gentle and kind.

Now the plague has grasped and disease has touched the despot, the tyrant, the master;
The lines are cut, the doors are shut, Death follows him faster and faster;
Each hour takes its toll of his moments on earth, the seconds fly, dreadfully fleet;
The sun with its light, passes on from his sight, and his heart at last ends its beat.

Oh, he *was* lord of the castle, of the freeman and the slave,
And his *was* the law of the mighty, to torture or to save;
But where is that strength and that power, that right to maim and to kill,
That majesty throned in glory? They have fled, they stay not with him still.

For his course is run, his Day has come,
God's judgment awaits the stricken:
All earth-ties fall, eternities call,
And he goes as the shadows thicken.

The Phoolipian

PHILLIPS ACADEMY
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ARGIVES TROUNCE ISREALITE ELEVEN

Greeks Smash Yids 20-0 by Heavy Line

THE LINEUP

All-Hellenic	All-Hebrew
Ajax, (Sinon) le.	le., Cain
Agamemnon, lt.	lt., Esau
Hercules, lg.	rg., Samson
Atlas, c	c., Bildad
Polyphemus, rg.	lg., Solomon
Menelaus, rt.	lt., Jacob
Poseidon, rt.	lt., Abel
Odysseus, qb.	qb., David
Achilles, fb.	fb., Job
Hermes, rhb.	lhb. Balaam
Apollo, lhb.	rhb., Balak

Referee: Zeus

Extract from the Athens Da'ly Gazette

Yesterday afternoon in the stadium at Olympia, before a large crowd, the All-Hellenic team defeated the All-Hebrew aggregation to the tune of 14-3. The Greeks outshone the Hebrews at every stage of the game. The Hebrews' only score came in the second period when Job made a beautiful drop-kick from the 45-yard line. Odysseus' field-generalship was the feature of the Greeks' offense, while Achilles and Hercules were mainstays of their defense. Job played the best all-round game for the Hebrews. His punting was superb.

(Continued on Page 173)

New Main Building

ThoSe whO wish to be excused from the efficiency tests in the next few years should report for laying bricks for the Main Building. At least 43 bricks should be laid by each man. Provided that everyone cuts gym (if you can find him) for this new exercise, the building should be completed by our third generation.

STAMPS AT POST OFFICE!

The Post Office recently received a large shipment of stamps, in assorted shades and scents. Show your school spirit. Wouldn't it look nice to send her a letter bordered with blue and white stamps? Don't let Exeter beat you in this respect; they are already sending out all their letters with *red* stamps. Or, if you prefer, put on stamps to match her eyes or hair. Consider the effect that a combination of yellow, green, and heliotrope stamps would have upon her.

Andover Male Co., Inc.

Harvard Scrubs Victims

In a hard-fought battle today at the Yale bowl, Harvard Fresh lost to the Yale Yearlings, 80 Yale men getting their W's. It was quite some clean-up for Yale. The game suffered from lack of spectators, for in the first half it was announced that "The Queen of Sheba" was now showing at a local movie Twenty thousand were killed in the rush. Undertaking journals please copy.

Lost and Found

Lost: A pair of pants while crossing campus.

Found: We have found that the above was lost.

HARDING SAYS "NOT TODAY"

Chinese Galosh Makers' Strike Imminent

McSWINEY GROWING WEAKER

When asked by the Phillipian's special correspondent what he thought about the boot-legging in Northern Venezuela, the President replied with his customary firmness "Roxyzabe!!?" Terence McSwiney is said to be sinking. He is breathing more heavily than yesterday.

The Chinese Galosh Workers are threatening to strike for more work and less pay. The employers are firm.

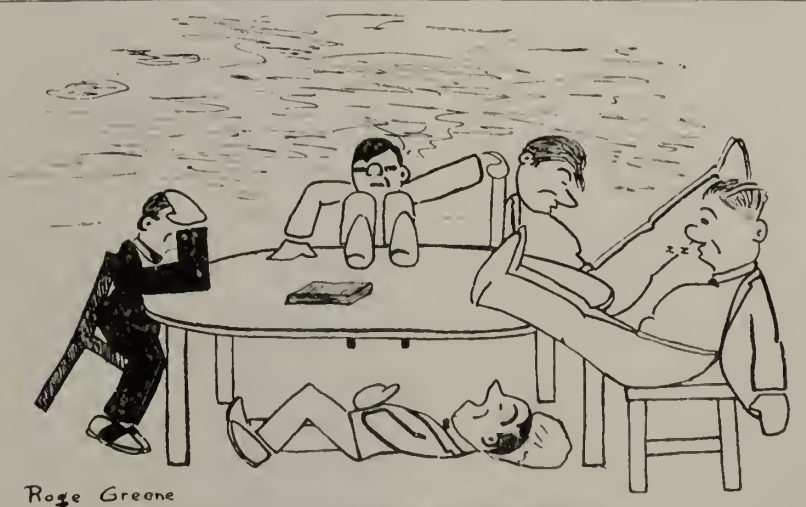
Terence McSwiney is said to be sinking. He is breathing more heavily than yesterday.

Mayor Assassinated

Mr. Le Galley, the well known cheese manufacturer, is in deep mourning over the loss of his dog, Camembert, which was immediately run over and killed.

Our Daily Slogan

Rain means wet weather.



LATEST PICTURE OF THE PHOOLIPIAN BORED

The Phoolipian

BOARD OF EDITORS

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F. T. Squirrel, '27

Published every time the heelers condescend to take the proofs down.

Notice to Advertisers

We advise you not to advertise—no one reads the ads, anyhow.

THE PHOOLIPIAN incites excommunication, and will not assume responsibility for anything published herein.

This issue in charge of G. B. Batwood.

In Memoriom

W. Grunt	E. Whack
N. Camera	G. Hansum
J. Snory	W. Boner

eDITOrIAL

The Blue Book

Fellas, what we need for a Blue Book is something on the order of the Book of Knowledge combined with La Vie Parisienne, that is to say, something snappy, cheerful, and yet interesting and instructive.

Otherwise, how is a poor prep to know why Gorton's Codfish have no bones, the correct apparel for the classroom, and similar subjects?

IVAN AWFULITCH, 1923

Note of Thanks

The Andover Police Force wishes to thank the students for the subscription to the Police Gazette which they have so kindly given him for Christmas.

Weather Forecast

The weather last week was pretty bad. We don't know whether it was Monday or Tuesday, but it was pretty bad. Sometimes it is pretty bad and again sometimes it is pretty bad. Usually it is pretty bad.

New Books at the Library

Everyone who has not passed their sufficiency tests will report on or before today. If you cut the rope, climb the high, jump the half-mile, swim the belly grind, a record will be made of this in the office. Five cuts on one person are pretty serious.

Descriptions for the Red Cross will be taken up tonight. These inscriptions will have to be paid before holds the record in the fifty and one hundred yard dashes.

12-Year Old Lad Composes Blank Verse

The combined musical clubs will hold their annual meeting last night. They rendered the "Bubble Song" from "Lux" after which it was voted to give each member a lead piano case for charms.

List of World's Greatest Men

Cleopatra
Flo Ziegfeld
Sandy Hook
Irene Bordoni
Coles Phillips
Haig & Haig
Hart
Schaffner
Marx
Pat. Pending

The following is a list of the library periodicals:

Little Folks, Harper's Young People, John Martin's Book, and, for Seniors only:—The Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, The Boy's Magazine.

Jokes

Two convicts were talking together one day. Said convict number one, "I'd like to get out of here!!"

C. No. 2. "That's easy!!." C. No. 1. "How come?" C. No. 2. "Why, catch the measles and escape."

--Exchange.

ABBOT ACADEMY
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A Female Seminary For Girls. Catalog on request. Miss Take, Prin. Founded 1798.—*Adv.*

BOINS COMPANY, Inc.

Sporting and Mufti Dress for every Occasion

Straw Hats & Baled Hay

Outfitters to gents and Students of Phillips Academy

(Continued from Page 1)

It was perfect football weather, and before the fourth watch the stadium was thronged with eager fans. A large business was done by the Hebrew ticket-scalpers outside the stadium, some tickets bringing as high as thirty shekels (or 50 drachma in our coinage.)

Shortly after the bell had sounded the fourth watch, the Hebrew team trotted onto the field, led by Capt. David, and ran through snappy signal practice. They were followed by the Greeks with Capt. Apollo at their head. The Hebrews winnning the toss, chose to defend the north goal. Achilles kicked off to Jacob on the 30-yard line. Jacob fumbled and Hercules recovered. The Greeks immediately began a series of line plays from the Attic shift. They made a steady march down to the Hebrews' 10-yard line. Here the defense held for two plays, but on the next play Hermes, aided by perfect interference, raced around the end to a touchdown. Achilles kicked the goal.

Then the Hebrews stiffened up a bit, and in the next period, Job made his great kick. From then on until the fourth quarter neither side had much advantage. With five minutes to play Samson recovered a Greek fumble and dashed off toward the goal line. However, on the 10-yard line, he tripped on his beard and fell. The Greeks then held for downs and got the ball. On the next play Odysseus hurled a wonderful forward to Hector, who with one minute to go, dashed to a touchdown.

The game was marred by much rough playing. Ajax was put out for tackling Job by the beard. In the third period, Achilles was laid out when Samson tackled him by the heel, and his playing was much im-

(Continued on Next Page)

Billy, the monstrous hippopotamus of the New York Zoo, startled his audience by turning a complete somersault. Rev. Izzie Living explained that this strange action was due to the team was on the field early and on was meat the the and early field

College Notes

The Youngstown Yuniversity tiddly-winks team defeated the Yypsilanti Aggies 7-up and 11 to go. Bohunck of Youngstown starred. He tiddled a wicked wink during the whole match.

The intercollegiate embroidery contest resulted in a tie between Milwaukee Institute of Technology and Montana State College.

Last Sunday the school minister announced that the drive to aid the crippled caterpillars of Crimea netted $33.33 and one leather button. Dr. McGoof of Kalamazoo Kollege was the preacher. His text was "Rend your hearts, and not your garments."

Phillipiana

Archie Bawled '19, captain of quoits here in 1776, is manager of the Ethiopian polo team at the International Correspondence Schools. Archie played third bass and shortstop on the choir. Is expected to win his "Q" next fall.

Roger Peet, ex. 1910,-'11-'12, etc., who graduated from Dartmouth in 1913, is to be congratulated on his admittance to the Freshman class of club in the gym this afternoon.

This week's train from Boston which left Saturday night, due yesterday at 1.06, is expected to dock today at Wharf 2, Parker's-on-the-Shawsheen.—Busted & Maimed R.R.

The Handover Crook Store

Have you read "He flunked out at Andover?" If not, send a copy to your kid brother. Read what Aloysius P. Criddick says in the Boston *Telalie*: "Mr. Fuller Bunke, the author of *He Flunked Out at Andover*, has Horatio Alger, G. A. Henty and all the other great masters of the English short story beat a mile." Buy a copy while they last. We only make 200% per copy.

Clowning, Bing & Company

Our representative, Mr. O'Shannigan, will show at 3 Main Building next fourth of July.

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Our hats, in the latest 3-button models, are made by a famous burlap manufacturer.

Neckties: —The latest lace-edged and fur-lined cravats will be found at our show-rooms.

Le Tripotage



About This Time of the Year

He entered a drug store on a corner. He wanted to buy a shaving brush. Standing near the counter as if waiting for some one, stood a young woman. She was beautiful, he thought, and she seemed familiar to him. Where had he seen her before? He made his purchase and went out, but for the rest of the day her wonderful face haunted him. During every leisure moment he thought about her. He had seen her somewhere, but where? Oh! Where? That evening he went over names and faces in his memory, trying, ever trying, to place this wonderful woman. Finally after a long sleepless night of wondering and thinking, he rose and started to shave. And then a great light seemed to break over him. *Now* he knew who she was! She was the woman he had seen standing near the counter in the drug store when he was buying the shaving brush.

Each With His Own Trot

A Latin Class, then English,
A Trig class, Bible at twelve,
German, followed by French,
  Through each with a trot I delve;
  Then a sense of needed haste,
  More trots I bring to the fore —
Some call it Concentration,
  Most of us call it a Bore.

  Like empty casks on siding,
  Appear my zero marks.
  Into my heart comes a yearning,
  (Common to all of us sparks);
  'Tis this, God would that learning
  Came to me as to those gone before.
  Some call Learning easy,
  Most of us call it a Bore.
(With apologies to W. H. Carruth.)

P. K.: What does avoirdupois mean?

H.P.: In French, it means, have some peas!



"It's bad form to drink out of the bottle."

"But it's good taste."

"E—"

The shades of Caesar were falling fast
When through the Latin class there passed
A youth who swore mid groans and sighs
An oath mixed with the strange device
I Flunked!

His brow was sad — his lips beneath
Trembled like an autumn leaf
As like a brass trombone rung
The accents of that well known tongue
You Flunked!

The old man said, "Try not to pass"
"The prof will get you all at last
"The Latin course is hard and long."
But replied that clarion voice yet strong,
I Flunked!

"Oh study," his roommate said "and rest
Never, while you're here unless —"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye
But again he answered with a sigh
I Flunked!

"Beware the McKay Caesar trot
Or to Flunk will be your lot."
This was the professor's last injunction
But sad to state this didn't function
I Flunked!

At break of day as heavenward
The pious boys of Phillips' ward
Were uttering oft-repeated prayer
A voice cried through the startled air
I Flunked!

A student by his prof profound
Half buried in his trots was found
Still groaning in a broken voice
Those oft-repeated words of boys,
I Flunked!

There in the twilight cold and gray
Alive but hopeless there he lay.
And from his lips serene and red
A voice was heard as from the dead,
I Flunked!

The greeting in

The Scotch

Used to be

Whisht man.

Now it's

Hootch lad?"

The air was tense
And he was dense
While she was hot and red
As he paused in indecision
D'je want 'em boiled or fried? she said.

It was a dark wintry afternoon; snow was falling in thick heavy flakes. Inside one could see two men—one a small middle-aged man faced a cruel murderous looking being whose hands were red with gore and whose brow, thick and darkened with scraggy eyebrows, half concealed tiny beady eyes shining with criminal intelligence. The small man pointed timidly to a gruesome object, and was startled to hear a sickly half-snarl, half-laugh coming from the hairy throat of the other man who, with a cat-like motion, his eyes never leaving the smaller man, picked up a curved blade crimson with offal. With a horrible greedy look in his tiny eyes, the heavy browed man ran his thumb over the blade, and with a snarl lifted the weapon high over his head, and with merciless stroke brought the blade down——

"Wait!" cried the little man in a frenzy, "Don't! It's a mistake, I want liver instead!"



C. Clough (*in English class*). **"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt."**

A Tragedy in Three Acts

ACT I
In the woods

Little kitty so pretty
Let me pat
Whew — scat!

ACT II
Behind the House

Dig on little spade, dig on
Of better use, you'll find none
I tried to pat kitty who looked so darned pretty
Hold clothespin, I guess kitty won!

ACT III
On the Bowery

Second hand hats
Second hand clothes
It's not quite all vanished,
Though I used the hose!



"My house Prof just came up to my room and gave me Hell."
"Did he read you the riot act?"
"No, he had it already memorized!"

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NEW YORK

Two girls who knew very little about football were watching a game. One team had been held for three downs on its opponent's fifteen yard line. They then made a field goal. "Oh, the foolish boys!" exclaimed one girl to the other, "Why didn't they think of doing that before?"

Under the spreading mistletoe
She stood — she knew it, too!
Could I resist her?
Or should I have kissed her?
I'll bite, what would you do?

"That's a hell of a note!" cried the First Mandolin, as his A-string went out of tune at the Rogers Hall concert.

LADY: I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face.

DOCTOR: You'll have to diet.

LADY: I never thought of that, what color would suit me best, do you think?

An eccentric young dame from Malacco
Was forbidden the use of tobacco
One day her old man
Caught her smoking a ham
And gave her a terrible cracko.

A. Do you think this comb is clean enough for me to use?

B. Sure that's all right. Everybody uses it.

A gloomy explanation of the tired-eyed waitress to the would-be diner, who had noted and commented unfavorably upon the quiet and deserted aspect of the dining room. He asked what was the matter, that he sat there and nothing happened.

"Dinner's all over," said the waitress.

"All over what?" said the diner, trying to be facetious.

"All over with," answered the waitress, thus closing the conversation and hope.

—*Boston Herald*

After the christening of her baby, a friend of Mrs. King's came up to the beaming mother and asked her how she had happened to give such a queer name to the boy. Mrs. King explained the matter: "You see," she said, "John and I couldn't decide on a name for the baby, but last Friday I was riding on the train, and as it stopped at some little station or other, I saw a pair of swinging doors, and on one door there was printed 'Nosmo,' and on the other 'King,' so we named the baby Nosmo."

There was a young snake from Bordeaux,
He took his best girl to the sheaux,
They got along fine;
Till he said, "Do be mine."
She said "Most decidedly neaux."

I'd like to see something cheap in patent leather shoes.

Just a second, I'll call the manager.



The End



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PRODIGAL HUBBY: I've been sitting up with a sick friend.

DUBIOUS WIFEY: Why, was he losing?

MRS. PROF.: Do you think Wednesday would be a good time to hold a shower for Beatrice?"

PROF. (*dead to the world*): Any time she needs one, mother.—*Banter.*

HE: Where did you do most of your skating when you were learning?

SHE: I think you're horrid.

—*Octopus.*

A sweet Southern lady named Lynda,
Took a seat by an open train winda,
When a wink of her eye,
Brought a nod in reply,
She said, "Suh, it's not you; it's a cinda."—*Juggler*

Say, where's Jack working? I heard it was at a moonshine place.

Sorry; I can't tell you, it's a secret still.

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Year after Year

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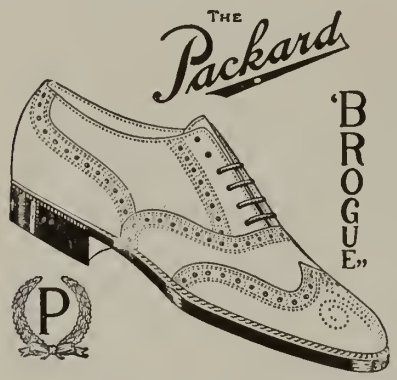
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Askem! Did you get much of an allowance this month?
Telem! No; she only permitted me to her hold her hand.—*Stanford Chaparrol.*

THE SIGN LANGUAGE

"What," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "did Samson kill a thousand Philistines with?"

No answer.

The teacher tapped his jaw.

"With the jawbone of an ass," shouted the chorus.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

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MULTI MILLIONS: Is your son home from college?

WELL THYE: I presume so. I haven't seen my car for a week.

—*Orange Owl.*

EURELIA

As the train slowed up for the stop at Eurelia, the conductor came in one end of a car and announced: "Yur-a-liar." A moment later the brakeman entered the other end of the car and yelled: "You-rely-are!"—Ex.

PATIENT: Doctor, I'm feeling worse.

DOCTOR: Did you follow my instructions? Did you take your medicine the first night and skip last night?

PATIENT: Well, I took your medicine the first night but didn't have much luck last night. The darn rope would always get tangled up in my legs.—*Jester.*

LOUIS HUNTRESS

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ANDOVER - MASS.

If you want to be sure of photographs for Christmas, plan your appointment as early as possible.

Now is the best time

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GRAY, ABBOT HOUSE

It was on the subway at forty-second street. A very hurried business man was getting off, but while he was waiting for the train to stop he trod on a Scot's toe.

"Hoot toot, mon, hoot toot, cried the Scot in pain, "canna yer see where yer goin"?

"Hoot toot yourself, replied the business man, I'm a gentleman, not a Ford."

THE PHILLIPS INN

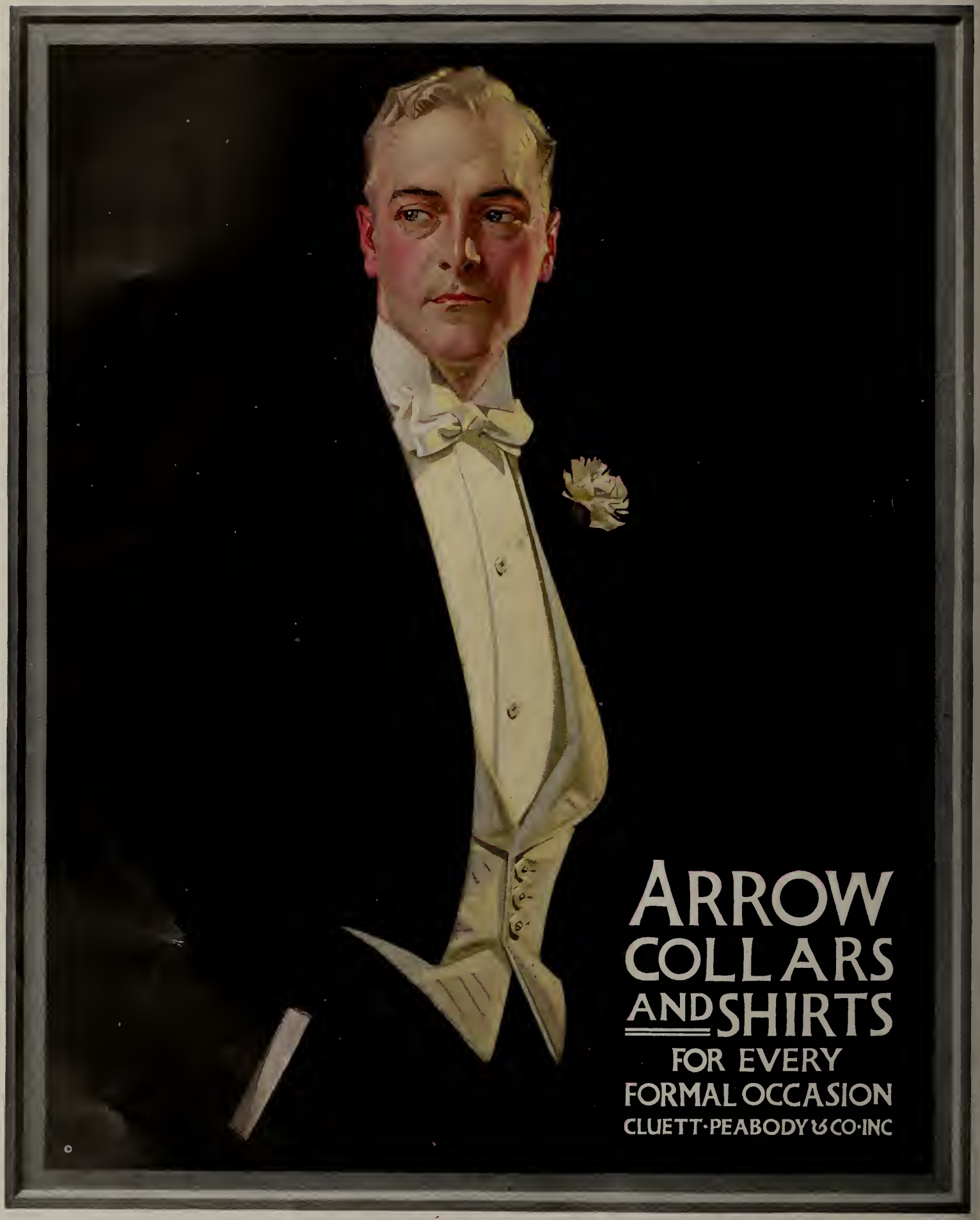
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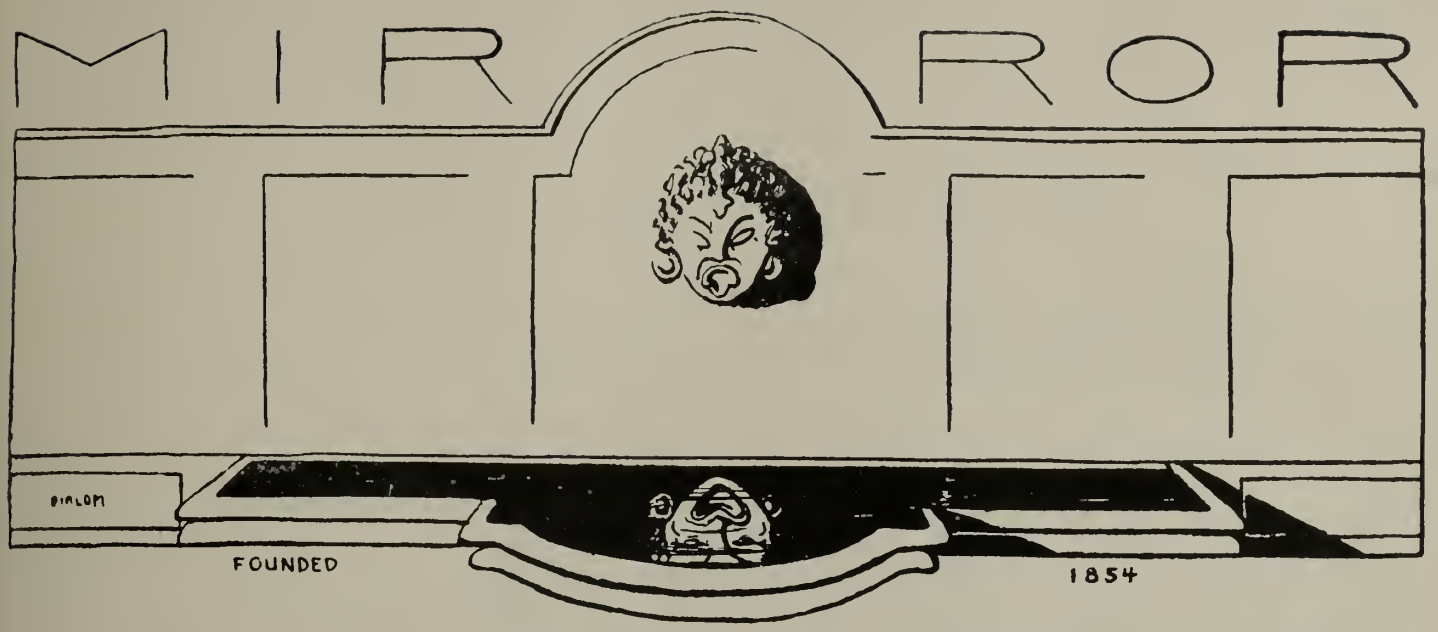
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We've been thinking—yes, we really do think sometimes — of what wonderful institutions life and Phillips Academy are. The Prom is here and Spring will be rapping at the door before we know it. As the Prom is the nearer to us, however, we shall concern ourselves with that. We have been known to criticize unfavorably but perhaps the thought of the pretty girls who will soon be amongst us softens our hard editorial heart, for our criticism is going to be favorable this time, and maybe a little disconnected; who could think calmly and sanely at a time like this.

The dreary monotony of the winter term is broken, is broken, is broken; we think—we're doing it again—that too much credit cannot be given to the Upper Middlers of last year, some of whom are still in school, for their perseverance and their untiring efforts to secure a prom for us, and for their capable management of a trial project which coupled with the gentlemanly behavior of the fellows in attendance are the sole reasons for our having any proms this year. We believe that it is only fair to the members of the school for years to come and to the leaders who have worked so hard to obtain us this privilege for those who go this year to acquit themselves as well as their predecessors did last year so that—

Though fellows may come
And fellows may go,
Our proms will go on forever.



THE STONE HENGE MYSTERY

HOW often had I read and wondered of the famous "Stone Henge" of England, the remnants of a forgotten religion, Druidism. Well, here it was, nothing but a circular line of massive stone pillars. The thrill of anticipation had been forced to yield to the disappointment of realization.

The professor, on the other hand, was in ecstasies over it. Standing beside one of the rocks he exclaimed, "What a mass of knowledge these rocks may hold! Of what long-forgotten scenes may they have been the silent spectators! Marvelous! Just think; here some crafty old Druid priest may have lifted up his knife to — ,"

"So he may have," I answered dryly, "but at present that one fat black ant appears to hold full sway over the whole place. Let's go home."

"But ——!"

"Well, 'but' what? Nothing but a pile of rocks! I'm going home."

There I made a mistake, for the word "home" immediately connoted America, my family, yes, and even all that stuff about "the little house set on the hillside," etc. You may think that is all rot, but if you ever have to travel around with a crabbed little professor of archaeology, whose soul is inspired only by defunct objects, you will know how I felt.

What home denoted was a little cottage, perhaps "shanty" would more aptly describe it, the home of a Cornish miner (or somebody with a brogue) with whom I could carry on nought but a sign language, though the professor conversed freely with him, and actually appeared to understand him.

When we reached this abode, after a meal of cold porridge, tea and cheese, we gathered around an open peat fire, which, owing to faulty chimney construction, suffused into the one room which served as kitchen, dining-room and parlor, great clouds of acrid smoke. "O tempora! O mores!" To think that I, who had heretofore prided myself on my good judgment should have given up a summer with my family to follow, or rather to lead, this inquisitive professor through the driest and deadest parts of England. When we retired to bed, I was further vexed. Heretofore I had only read of straw pallets; now I was forced to undergo the ordeal of sleeping on one.

All too soon, a rusty voice broke on my ears. "Say! Let's go to the Stone Henge again." None but the professor could produce that tone.

There was a full moon, and, as we neared the place, my watch said quarter of twelve.

"I thought it would be a great sight in the moonlight," said my companion.

It *was* rather an awesome spectacle: those massive stones rearing up towards the sky, casting long, obscure arching shadows over the plain. For some unknown reason, it made chills run up and down my back. Suddenly I drew the professor back into a shadow.

"Look," I whispered hoarsely.

Seemingly from one of the stone shafts, there emerged a procession, ghostlike, in the flood of moonlight. First came half a dozen children, dancing, and waving branches of oak leaves and mistletoe; then came a tall figure, dressed as a priest, in flowing robes; following him came four young men, carrying a struggling human being, tightly fettered; lastly came a group of women, weeping and wailing.

The procession passed by not ten feet away, but failing to see us, marched straight to the center of the Stone Henge circle, to an altar-like rock which lay on the ground. On this was placed the body, strongly bound, which the four men had been carrying. The children kept up a weird chant, and, dancing slowly around, struck the now motionless figure with fronds of oak and mistletoe. The women, still weeping, prostrated themselves on the ground.

The young men, impassive, took places behind the priest, who with a demoniacal expression on his face, raised his hands and appeared to invoke some deity. Suddenly the moonlight was reflected from a slender object in his hand! With a yell, I rushed from the place of our concealment, jumped, and landed squarely on the motionless figure — of the professor!

"Ye gods!" rasped the familiar voice; "Is this the way to wake one?" (My dream figures vanished in a mist.) "Well, as I am awake, and as it is daylight, I think I shall revisit the Stone Henge. Will you come?"

"Yes, by all means."

An hour later, standing beside that altar-like rock, I soliloquized, "Just think; here some crafty old Druid priest *may* have lifted up his knife to ——"

"So he may have, my boy, so he may have," cackled a harsh, but not altogether unfriendly voice behind me.

AN UNSPOKEN TRAGEDY

THE silence of a December evening lay with a chilling horror over the snow-muffled Maine landscape. Shadowy limbs of gaunt forest oaks stirred restlessly under the impetus of a scarcely perceptible breeze, and among the balsam firs, laden with inches of fluffy whiteness, a dismal whir of air betokened a feeling of nervous apprehension common to the untrodden wilderness. Only the occasional sharp report of an exploding witch hazel nut, sending its seed-projectile out over the snow, broke the penetrating stillness of the hallowed hour; all else seemed tensely expectant, as though the stage were set, the actors ready, and everyone awaiting only the signal from the footlights to draw aside the curtains on some tragedy of tremendous import.

A bank of gloomy clouds was rapidly disappearing in the east — the last remnant of the season's first feathery snowstorm. As the rear guard of the clouds approached the horizon in its hurried flight, its edge began to be illuminated with a delicate radiance of whitest silver, and in a moment, a vast, battered old moon made its appearance. Detaching itself from the sombre cloud garment, it soared slowly and steadily toward the zenith, drawing aside the curtains of darkness and apprehension to reveal an illuminated woodland stage, literally teeming with life.

Out of nowhere there appeared hundreds of small, active creatures, all busily occupied and working with a feverish haste that contrasted sharply with the dragging monotony of the hour before. A soft crunching in an evergreen tree told of the presence of a grey squirrel, gnawing away the scaly armor of a pine cone and stuffing his cheeks with the brown seeds that lay beneath. A cottontail ventured forth from a snow-banked horsebriar thicket, and as he hopped about in search of a few tender morsels of bark and buds, he repeatedly sat up on his hind legs and sniffed the air timorously, ever dreading a sudden attack on the part of one of his numerous foes. A chipmunk seemed, on the contrary, carefree and unwatchful, but he scuttled to his hole in a fright when a careless step dislodged a pile of fluffy snow from the branch along which he was running almost on the back of a ruffed grouse, sleeping half buried in the snow. With a deafening *whr-r-r-r* the bird rose and flew off to a more secure abode in a hemlock, with visions, in what imagination it possessed, of the talons of a snowy owl in its back. All nature was seized with a morbid uneasiness tonight; a nervous premonition of evil gripped all the forest creatures, and the ordinary perils and escapes from danger seemed only a prologue to some impending disaster.

A weasel, as relentless in pursuit of his prey as is the judge who wears the weasel's coat of ermine, in pursuit of injustice, watched with his glittering eyes the brown streak of the chipmunk disappear into its burrow, and followed like an arrow shot from a bow. The chipmunk, conscious of a new source of danger, scampered through the hole and out the other entrance. As the weasel followed, only about two leaps in the rear, a swooping shadow suddenly foretold the accuracy of a winged messenger of death, and the prints of a large bird's wings were left on the snow as the weasel was carried off, struggling, in the talons of one of the forest's silent nocturnal hunters. However, the little animal was released and allowed to escape when, through the night, there came a sound which sent every creature within a mile into the deepest hole, the inaccessible treetop, or the densest thicket — a sound as ominous and horrifying as the cry of a human being suddenly gone insane. It resembled no normal sound in nature. Through it there ran threads of sullen triumph, with even a tinge of remorse to render it more awful and intangible. A second time it came, beginning with a whining pettish wail, growing in intensity to a frenzied howl of anguish and hate, and subsiding in a tremulous, distracted whistle of thwarted hopes. The very air seemed to quiver in horror at the ghastly suggestion of the sound, and the appalling silence which followed it only served to accentuate its awfulness. The minutes seemed to drag into hours. The nervous tension was such that even the creaking and moaning of branches was enough to bring forth little squeals of terror from the fastnesses of hollow trees.

Suddenly a terrible crashing noise nearby became apparent, but it ceased as suddenly as it began, and another moment of shuddering silence ensued. Then a similar crashing across the slight natural clearing was followed by an answering snorting roar, and without further preliminaries two great, brown, ungainly creatures charged heavily into the moonlit arena from opposite sides and shocked together with the earth-tremor of a mediaeval tournament. In a moment they separated and began to circle stiff-leggedly for an advantage, like Spartan youth in a wrestling contest. They were bulky, queerly proportioned creatures with huge shoulders and large heads bearing magnificent branching antlers with flattened prongs. They emitted a kind of whistling snort, not unlike their horrible summons to combat, from their nostrils as they fought and the greenish moonlight cast a weird pallor about their awkward forms as they strove to butt each other back and forth with their horns. They were bull moose, monarchs of the north woods.

Meanwhile the cause of the queer contest arrived on the scene. A heavy-shouldered, ludicrous appearing beast with-

out horns unobtrusively pushed into the edge of the moonlit area and meekly watched the duel with mild, liquid eyes. She — her demeanor betrayed her sex — drew back in timid fear at each terrific lunge of the infuriated beasts, but otherwise betrayed no sign that the contest immediately concerned her.

The battle was raging with a frenzy hard to describe. The snow flew in clouds about the two steaming, snorting creatures, and in falling plastered their heaving sides with a coat of lather which seemed to gleam in the moonlight. With heads lowered before them, tossing their antlers furiously, they successively rushed madly against each other and drew apart, pawing the snow as they turned for a new onslaught. Skillfully they fenced, warding off each thrust with a massive antlered head, all the while seeking to penetrate the opponent's flank with a goring thrust, which, if successful, would throw him, whereupon quick applications of antlers and hooves would soon destroy the victim or render him incapable of further fighting. But no such aim was fulfilled, for they fought on relentlessly, neither able to secure an advantage, until signs of fatigue began to be apparent in both. Still they struggled, their breath becoming more and more labored; they had long since ceased the snorts of passionate rage which characterized the earlier part of the fight. Now they crashed together with a jarring impact, now separated, and anon the concussion of a new onrush jarred the vicinity. But what was this? A desperate wrenching and twisting of heads suddenly took the place of the frenzied parries and lunges. Fear, blind unreasoning fear, was written in every move of the exhausted moose as they dropped to their knees and tugged madly away from each other! Their antlers were hopelessly jammed together — *permanently interlocked!*

Blindly, desperately, they struggled. It was inconceivable that these magnificent specimens of Nature at her best should come to so ignominious an end. They rolled over and over in their writhings, ever hindering each other's attempts to secure freedom, and ever showing indications of greater exhaustion. Once they rose to their feet, and for a time the timid cow-moose was induced to withdraw to the security of the massive trunk of a giant hemlock as the colossal thatch-haired bulks tugged with all their remaining strength, all to no avail; for one lost his balance and fell, dragging the other down with him. As they sank to the earth, breathing painfully, their ponderous antlers, two hundred pounds of bone, fell against a granite boulder with a jar that stunned them both temporarily. A few moments they lay there, and then began to move, rather dazedly, as if to determine the extent of their injuries. Suddenly with a bound one was on his feet — but what a changed appearance he presented, as the gray light of approaching dawn began to appear in the east! The same massive shoulders, to be sure, and the same disproportionate neck and head, but what a difference! The majesty of the moose was gone — those magnificent antlers were broken off close to the skull! He drew up his head with an absurd attempt at dignity, and gave vent to an exultant, wavering yell, then was off with the cow at his heels and became lost to view in the depths of the forest.

The other moose, crowned with two heavy burdens, could not long endure the combined vigors of cold and wild animals, and eventually must become the prey of some roaming hunter, human or animal. He never succeeded in getting more than a mile away from the scene of the tragedy, and wherever he went, he was followed by a whole flock of feathered scavengers — from eagles to Canada jays all intent upon participating in the final gruesome feast. After two mortal days of hopeless misery he was brought down by a snarling, snowshoe-pawed lynx, and a great assemblage of cowardly scavengers proceeded to their horrible task, in the end leaving only a ghastly suggestion of the once proud king of the forest. Only those majestic emblems of a tragic fate, a splendid pair of interlocked antlers, remained to grace some hunter's study — silent as death in tribute to an unspoken tragedy.

ODE

The Lounge-Lizard

Apollo and Adonis both combine
In one god-like but truly mortal shape
To cause to be a form almost divine
Yet after all — the intellect of an ape.

The Grind

Endowed by Juno with a massive head
Omniscient, stocked with brains of potent mass
Well versed in all the literature that's read
But with the sociability of an ass!

The Human

No perfect, clean-cut chiseled featured beau
Nor homely sage with lamp of learning lit
Would I be, but may Hermes here bestow
A sense of humor and a soul of wit!

THE VALLEY OF POND'S EXTRACT

A mighty huzzah came from the throats of the angry mob. Their voices rose as one man above the noise of the great city. What is the subject of their acclamations? There he stands! When his voice booms out all throats are stilled. He was a powerful man. His muscles stood out like celluloid handcuffs. When asked one day by an admirer what was the secret of his great strength, he told modestly and confidentially the secret which he had held all his life in his heart. It is stated here free of charge at a great expense, so that it might be of some help to the reader, in case he is interested in developing his body in the right way.

"All my life," he said, "I have played checkers and ping-pong. I attribute my prodigious strength to these strenuous sports."

The remarkable thing was that there was only one weakness in his whole physique. It is mentioned here because all popular heroes have their weaknesses. However, since it was such an infinitesimal factor it did not put any blemish on his strong character. This weakness was in the brain. Through this weakness he had battled his way, until now he was president of one of the largest doorknob factories in Hoboken. His theory, which was greatly commented on and doubted by the leading thinkers of his time, was that if a man did not wear suspenders his pants would fall down.

The people loved him — they loved him for his simplicity. He was so easy to see through. In short, he was bowlegged.

Silence reigned. In fact, it was so quiet you could hear a crowbar drop. Shouts of "lynch him," rotten cabbages, and other friendly greetings filled the air.

The president was thrilled. He moved each person up one, mentally, on the waiting list for president. There was a rush as thousands of his admirers thronged around him. He was dragged away. When they got through with him his face looked like the battle of Bunker Hill at sunset. The mob saw that one of his eyes was not black. Five hundred fists as one remedied the oversight. Some sympathetic and kind-hearted participants threw his remains into a neighboring sewer.

But who is this? The tall form of Dago Frank now holds the mob's attention. He was the idol. The crowd always recognized him by his breath. One whiff of his garlic tinted air-pipe was enough to knock the Woolworth into Ohio. He had a mannerism of breathing through his nose while thinking. As both were very unusual, they need not be mentioned in detail. His policy, which was on the lips of every student in Christendom, was free ice-water and Paris garters. In short, he was desperate.

He moistened his parched lips, mechanically, with a sponge. He bit viciously into a stick of chewing gum. That was his weakness — chewing gum. It was inevitably dragging him to defeat and ultimate ruin.

As he stood there the hearts of the people beat like a wrist watch. The old maids, and secretly the married women, pictured mentally in their minds' eye, themselves with him in paradise. Not only these but many others were in love with him. Everybody loved him. The dogs were crazy about him. He was popular with all animals. In his spare moments, he would go off in the woods and spend many happy hours playing with polecats and other gentle and playful animals — insects loved to play hide and seek around him. They knew they would be secure. Colonies came and settled. They were as safe on him as on a dog's back. In fact the migrations to him were so frequent that he could not take care of them all. He made arrangements to gain avoirdupois to accommodate these hords of summer colonies which were coming so ruthlessly to his shores.

This has been dealt with somewhat at length to impress on the reader his great popularity, and also to show the secret of his success; namely, the favorite of the people.

At last with an effort he broke the silence. His sincereness touched the heart of every member of that throng like a knife thrust. Gigantic tears rolled down his face. The summer boarders were getting restless. At length they could stand it no longer. The great migration began. He pleaded with his friends to stay, promising them better conditions. But with stiff upper lips and anxious faces, they left him forever. This was the first great tragedy of his life.

He broke the silence. "We must have it," he sobbed hysterically. "Think of what it means — free garters!"

At this stage he was so overcome with sobbings and waters that he sank to the floor. Several people in the front rows adorned raincoats. One thoughtful man had brought a canoe along. *Little did he know that it leaked!* A terrified man rushed out angrily, and, with a terrible oath, took Dago's chest expansion. Fifteen inches — Normal. Thank God for that!

He went on with difficulty. But it was too much — after five people had been drowned, the wisest decided that the meeting would have to be adjourned. Midst a blare of trumpets, Dago swam away. This was a great event in history. It marked Dago's first experience with water. Soap was yet to come into his young life. The die was cast. God grant it will come out in the wash!

THE MIRROR CALENDAR

FOR

THE AFTERMATH PERIOD

Jan. 4. Returning student gets off wrong side of train. Thinks it is not Andover. Gets on again, and is still on missing list. Morrissey officially opens the 1922 taxi season with great hilarity.

Jan. 5. First chapel remarkably successful. Only disturbance during prayer; numerous students uneasy because of no lessons to prepare. A radical change in grill. Jim Reilly announces positively no charges allowed this year. Only 34 allowed today.

Jan. 6. Rumor that there will be a prom. Heavy blizzard, yet preps insist on going without hats. Old men make sarcastic remarks.

Jan. 7. Rumor that there will not be a prom. Many preps with colds. Many more remarks. Hockey team practises in gym on roller skates. Student who got off wrong side of train returns.

Sun., Jan. 8. No rumors today. Many preps in infirmary with colds. Old men start going without hats. Choir in harmony at both services.

Jan. 9. Prom said to be all arranged. Class elections. Socialists after hard campaign carry school. Debs sends felicitations. Republicans claim ballot-boxes were doped. Phillipian scores scoop, being first newspaper to have election returns.

Jan. 10. Prom said to be called off. Swimming team has special signal practice in Archaeology Lecture Room. Bookstore announces new "Tom Swift" book. No studying in Williams Hall tonight.

Jan. 11. Last copy of Christmas "Mirror" sent off today. Harvard Glee Club appears in full dress. Students awed.

Jan. 12. Wireless club has macaroni banquet in honor of Marconi. Fencing club has time trials. Grill-hounds elect officers.

Jan. 13. Prophet predicts rainy day for Exeter baseball game. Date immediately changed. Candy Kitchen opens Greek tutoring school.

Jan. 14. "The Sheik" reaches 60th edition today. Eight preps go in Grill for first time today. Grill-hounds extend invitation to come again.

Jan. 15. The day of funny papers, ice cream for dinner and divers other Sabbath institutions.

Jan. 16. Almanac says the first part of February is liable to be cold. A shopper in the Bookstore wonders why the students *must* have those dirty old second-hand French books just covered with marks.

Jan. 17. Two stags, happily innocent, exchange dances for the prom. Anniversary of Volstead act. Bootleggers declare national holiday.

FABULA ROMANA

When Romulus, founder of ancient Rome,
And his trusty comrades, in search of a home,
Gave a theater party on Palatine Hill
The Sabine women the seats did fill.
The stage was formed of trees and grass
Of oak, and pine, and sassafras.
The soft green turf the seats did form,
And Phoebus Apollo the earth did warm.
The eyes of the men on the women were turned,
And each for a maiden rapaciously yearned, —
Till one he spied who pleased him well
With whom in the future he might dwell.
And, then, when the show had come to an end,
Each man for a mate had to boldly contend,
Now just as the dove flees the eagle at sight,
And the lamb from the wolf shrinks because of its fright,
Thus some of the maidens hurriedly fled
While tearing their hair with horrible dread;
While others great fear had caused to remain
Who called to their mothers, but the call was in vain,
The cheeks of some from fear grew pale,
And loudly their fate did they bewail.
E'en tho' the captive resisted her mate
He bore her off in spite of her hate.
Soon Cupid became the ruler of all
And Romulus the lord of this earthly ball.

ONE OF TARZAN'S EVERYDAY ADVENTURES

Chapter I
THE IVORY RAIDERS

Carelessly lolling along on the upper terrace, Tarzan, perched high on the back of Tantor, his jungle playmate of former days, was in no mood for hunting, having just eaten a juicy meal of grubs and a portion of Bara, the kangaroo, whom he had fatally pierced with his trusty rope. He might have been more careful had he known that even at that moment his passing was scrutinized by 390 fierce little eyes. Suddenly with nothing more than a slight rustling of autumn leaves, 390 dirty black feet hit the ground. With a terrible shriek, Tarzan hurled his fist straight at the foremost of the oncoming foe, 390 black. two legged women. Tarzan was in danger of capture.

Chapter II
THE SLAVE DEALER

Mustapha Gut, shriek of a small tribe of Arabian Arabs was even at this moment dashing at the head of his men across a small clearing where the Jarzliri, a tribe of Ethiopians, had planted their annual crop of tomatoes and radishes. Mustapha Gut was a dark, bushy eye-browed scoundrel with a long drooping nose suspended from which hung an emblem, token of his favorite sport, African golf. He had heard the bestial struggle going on in the dark jungle and, having drawn his trusty Colt, was even then rushing through the impassable thicket. After him piled his two faithful tribesmen, (the other having been, as before mentioned, killed by the frightful goring of Numa, the fish). Suddenly all noise ceased and Gut, ordering his men to fall on the ground, proceeded to remove his rather sweating derby (which he had had sent to him from Raymond's Bargain Basement by Mail Order) and mopped his freely watering brow with a bright, black bandana handkerchief which he had lifted from a travelling salesman who had recently endeavored to sell Gut's tribe tooth brushes. His people will always remember when they brush their teeth, just at bedtime what the poor white trash of a salesman called them before they had tossed him into the boiling soup pot in the centre of their little hill homes.

Chapter III
THE CHASE IS ON

Suddenly Tarzan appeared dashing as a man doing the 100 in 10 flat ("even as you and I") closely followed by 390 little crosseyed women.

Mustapha Gut, springing lightly to his feet aimed (ah! too true!) at Tarzan's heart and having pulled the trigger (Pat. 1908, 1910, 1915 Pat. Pending) 26 times was in no small amount surprised at seeing the jungle King sway and then gently flop to the ground, a beaten carcass.

The reader will now be referred to the saying, "A man may be down but he's never out!" (see the Salvation Army poster, Main Building). You will not correctly surmise that Tarzan, King of the beasts, lord of the jungle, to use a slang term, was "playing possum." Gut, to his own misfortune, Alas! upon rushing up to fish the reclining form was hit by a hurtling mass of hairy flesh, (he afterward discovered that it was Tarzan's fist,) as the dear reader has probably fathomed. Even to this day will the colored warriors, as they sit around their camp fires, eating midnight spreads and gargling their war ditties, all to the praise of the great white ape who gave the wicked shriek after having rooked some of his woodland enemies, (who the reader will readily realize to be Tarzan, the white baby, son of the lost explorer Lord Greylock, nursed by Kala, (pronounced Cailler) the ape lady.)

Chapter IV
TARZAN IS STILL KING

"After the battle was over," the wild women unanimously voted that Tarzan swung the wickedest fist that they had ever seen. Early the next day the girls set out for their private city, after having each given her card to the king of the apes of Kerchuck (pronounced Curchöok.) He later learned that they lived in a crumbling stone metropolis less than 16 moons distance, called Crobar, once a mining center for a long-lost race living in ruins of Sahara desert.

END

P. S.—The story shows how the thin veneer of civilization will wear off when man is left in company with animals which Darwin explains that we generate from.

The further exploits of Tarzan among the ladies of Crobar are explained in a book entitled, "Tarzan, King of Crobar." "On sale at every reliable druggist's."

SUNSET

Azure ol livion,
Tinting mountains,
Kissing heights;
Darkness hovering,
Herds grazing,
Birds in flight.

Drowsy flowers,
Languid Morpheus,
Cooing doves.
Distant tolling,
Weary plowman
Homeward moves.

Fainting twilight,
Clouds and hillocks
Fade from sight;
Moonkissed angels,
Softly chanting,
Bring the night.

CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE-SMOKER

There comes a time in every man's life when he must make an important decision for himself. At the mature age of seventeen I felt such a call. Sad to say, I chose the wrong path and fell, or nearly so. (Some kind soul caught me as my head was about to hit the floor.) May others profit by my experience.

One wintry night we were gathered together, talking of Heaven only knows what, when some sinister-minded person suggested we have a smoke. Though I had been brought up to look upon playing cards as the devil's testament and tobacco as his sceptre, I, who had never profaned my childish lips with even a fleeting kiss from Lady Nicotine, accepted (in a moment of insanity) a brand new pipe with a cherry-red bowl on which was imprinted this cabalistic symbol, DDD. I first though it was a fraternity seal, but later found out that it was the maker's mark. I'm looking for that man yet.

Well, to proceed with the story, someone drew forth a blue tin can, curved to fit certain portions of the human body. Just about this time I began to have some misgivings as to the course of my conduct so, to stall for time, I asked to be allowed to peruse the packet. To my great edification I found it was labelled "Peace and Good-Will Tobacco." The packers admitted that it was a joy to every smoker, that no home was complete without it, and that it was smoked by the elite of every nation from the North Pole to the east side of the Ganges. At this point someone hollered to open it, which, having neatly slit the blue stamp in accordance with the request of the United States government, and inwardly taken my vow never to attempt to use the aforementioned box for tobacco again, on penalty of fifteen years in jail, I did.

We loaded. Allow me to say that of the two, I had rather face instantaneous death from a loaded "45," than the lasting torture from a loaded DDD. I made a false start by singeing an eyebrow and burning one finger, but once the task of lighting was mastered I puffed as hard as anyone. To be sure, I coughed more than any of the others, but this was due, no doubt, to a "slight cold."

About an hour later the smoke was so thick that on my seventh load I couldn't see whether the tobacco was going in the pipe or not. 'Twas when this pipeful was half consumed that I suddenly bethought me of a post card that I wanted to put in the six o'clock mail. My comrades hastened to assure me that it was already six-fifteen. FOILED. Slowly, very slowly, the windows, with DDD on each pane of glass, started a game of "follow the leader." Needless to say, I grew restless, but when the chandelier and the fire-tongs, followed by the rest of the furniture, got in the game, I became alarmed. In the excitement of determining whether the lampshade or the morris chair was ahead, I bit my tongue. For the first time I noticed that it tasted like a porous rubber sponge. Suddenly, against my will, I seemed to join the procession. We traveled faster and faster, but my stomach always seemed to reach the place ahead of me. It traveled in leaps and bounds. When this had continued for more than half an hour, I became frantic, and rushing from the room, I hurled much more than the accursed pipe from me. As I sank in a heap, some kind (?) soul kept my head from crashing on the stone floor.

When next I peeped forth from the windows of the Rippem and Squashem Infirmary, the lilacs were decking the landscape with their purple and white blossoms. The little birds were twittering their songs in a nest close by. Then did the vow pass my lips — never again till I should have passed my forty-third birthday. J. S. L., '23

FLU

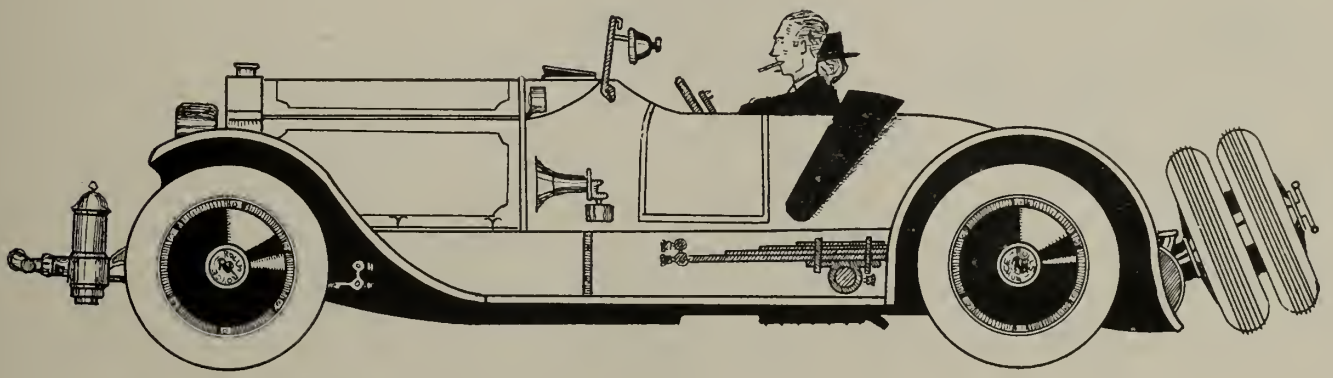
Hence loathed joy-despoiler — haste away!
Begone! Your presence here is not required.
Destroyer of fair dreams of night and day
Detested by the world, by none desired.

As sly and guileful as the wily snake
That doth approach its victim bent on death
With purpose planned, and havoc bound to make
As scorching as the dragon's fiery breath!

You seize us unawares, and drag us low
Beneath the depths of vast Charybdis' yawn
Then spouting forth, a few of us, let go
Of life, and having fed your lust you're gone.

Wrecker of families, you've done your worst
You hit Andover like a deadly bomb.
You fell within our midst and then you burst.
But though you tried, *you couldn't stop our Prom!*

Le Tripotage



NOTICE!!!!

All those who don't see this issue please call at my office and receive one. No questions asked.

Bizness Manager.

SENIOR: "Whatcha gonna be when you get through Andover?"

Prep: "An old man".

CHAUFFEUR (*after accident*): Are you hurt?

BUTCHER BOY (*excitedly*): Where's my liver?

"Papa is the captain of our ship and mama is the pilot."

"And what are you, my little man?"

"I s'pose I must be the compass; they're always boxing me."

"Jimmy," said the boy's mother, Your face is fairly clean, but how on earth did you get such dirty hands?"

"Washin' me face," answered Jimmy.

A man once drank some bad booze
And almost jumped out of his shooze
It tasted like pins
And made him see twins
And he felt as tho out on a crooze.

Sweet YOUNG THING: (learning to drive) "If I see two headlights far apart, how will I tell whether it's two motorcycles or a Pierce Arrow?"

INSTRUCTOR: Drive between them.

Waiter, waiter you've made a mistake
Just see what you've done here
Why, I asked for a pot of Pekoe Tea
And look, you've brought me beer!

PROF.: "Jones, your figures are terrible. Look at that eight, anyone would take it for a three."

JONES: "But it is a three, sir!"

PROF: "A three? I could have sworn it was an eight."

Therew as a young man named Rabbitt,
Who was certainly fond of Welsh Rarebit,
He put in some beer,
And some whiskey, I hear,
Now in jail he repents of his habit.

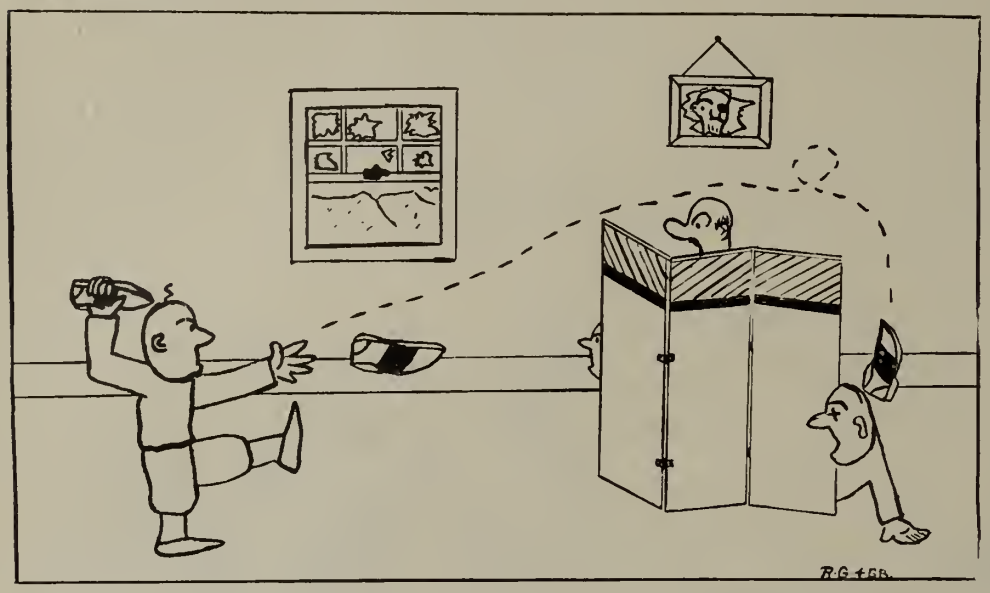
At the Prom



SOMEBODY: That girl won a loving cup last year.

ANYBODY: Who presented it to her?

SOMEBODY: Some of the more experienced fellows.



W. L. Douglas pegging shoes at seven years of age.

DEAR BILL:

I am come to Andover as perscribed by hon. parent and have started out to work with much praiseworthy ambition. Hon. captain of swim team visit me last night, and following dialogue ensue.

"Why are you not come out for swim team. We have need of every man who we can secure," hon. captain demand.

"I did not know of swim team, but will do my duty for school with pleasure," I convulse nobly.

"That are good," he wallop. "I desire all men of school was so full praiseworthy ambition. What race have you best ability in?"

"It makes no difference," I respond generously, "but I have preference for human race." After we both have good laugh over my brilliant sally, he, with delighted smile on face, fade from view. Bill, I am doubt if I have given wrong impression. I am pretty sure that I can swim fast, but I have never yet attempt artful art. I hope hon. captain will forgive my not mentioning this trifle. If not it may bring hard feeling.

Hardly had hon. captain's grinning countenance fade from view when there appear a youth red of top who want to sell me sock. After using twenty (20) minutes most valuable time, I succeed to persuade him I do not need latest style college sock, clock extra, as I do not stay for style.

"Be careful to not lose this final opportunity," he crash impressively, "to buy finest sock of cotton sold in America for astonishing small sum of ninety-eight (98) cents." After having deposit him with force in hall and listen to him utter slang and curses, I am exasperate to reply in Japanese, and hon. duel ensue. Finally he grow weak and few of curses and so stamp off with rage. Be it as it may, I have promise to join wrestling, boxing, fencing, hockey, also basketball clubs. I have look these up in hon. dictionary, and are astounded to find all games. Why should school be so serious over games? I have come to hon. school to work not play. Must close now. Have just hear again a damn knock on study door. May be another captain or management. If so, will shut door upon his nose. Write me.

I hope you are the same,

CASHIMORA DOGO.

Quoth the raven "nevermore!" as he flew away from the dead skunk.



Jones smells a Rat.

A man went to a movie show
Like our Colonial here you know
The film he saw was just immense
It sure was worth his twenty cents.
It showed a peaceful seaside beach
A girl on it — she was a peach.
And then to liven up the scene
Some other girls came on the screen,
Observed the waves with languid pose
And then begin to doff their clothes
Our hero watched their little game
Oh Gosh, but he was glad he came.
He — fast forgetting all his cares
The girls — clear down to teddy-bears
And then — oh heavens, what is here?
A freight train drawing swiftly near
It crossed the screen — an awful plight —
And hid the maidens from his sight!
And when it's gone, each little "beaut"
Is standing in her bathing suit.
Well, days passed by, and at each show
Our hero's face was seen, you know.
Then came the guy who owned the place,
A look of wonder on his face,
"I have a word that I must speak
You've seen this show 9 times this week.
Do you just come here every day
To see the lingerie display?"
Our hero spoke, he said not much,
But it was full of hope and such,
He said, "I come and sit, you know,
To watch the bathing beauty show
And well I know that if I wait
Some day that freight-train will be late!"

I don't know what they did to him,
On that my memory is dim.
But this I know and this I've seen
The grass upon his grave is green.

An old Main Hall bench warmer, grizzled in the service, remarked that the Beanery food wasn't what it used to be. He could now confer a great pleasure by telling us what it used to be.

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The following is an example of how "the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley."

A certain man became despondent at the vicissitudes of life and decided to commit suicide. Reading in the newspapers of the many fruitless attempts to accomplish this simple deed, he determined to make it impossible to thwart his plans. He stood on a river bank with a rope, fastened to a tree above, about his neck, a vial of poison ready to swallow, and a revolver held to his head. If the poison, revolver, and rope should fail to function, at least he would drown.

He swallowed the poison, fired the revolver, and fell toward the water. The bullet grazed his scalp and cut the rope, letting him into the stream, where he swallowed so much water that it diluted the poison, and he was pulled out of the water by a farmer a hundred yards down stream.

THE  END



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"Gosh, Mamma, ain't that train running like hell?"

"Bobby, how many times have I told you about using that awful word 'aint'?"—*Yellow Jacket.*

POLITE SPANISH GENTLEMAN: Is there a Signor Jenkins here?

STUDENT: Hell, no, Jenkins is only a Soph.—*Dirge.*

PORTER: This train goes to Syracuse and points West."

OLD LADY: Well, I want a train that gets to Buffalo, and I don't care which way it points.—*Tiger.*

CAPTAIN: Ahoy there, let go the anchor.

SAILOR (*near the anchor*): I ain't touched it yet.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE GIRL: Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?

THE BOY: No.

THE GIRL: Well, we can drive around that way.—*Banter.*

"Is the baby strong?"

"Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?"

"Yes."

"Well, he lifts that five or six times a day."—*Lehigh Burr.*

HE: What do you call that part of your skirt under the lace?"

SHE: "Oh, that's a slip."

HE (*blushing*): Oh, I beg your pardon."

—*Ghost.*

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Students may enter at any time.

Men should be taught as if you taught them not.
And things unknown proposed as things forgot. POPE.

THE PRESIDENT (*a few years hence*): Where's the army?

THE SECRETARY OF WAR: He's gone out rowing in the navy."

—*Cornell Widow.*

"Kissing a man without a mustache may be like eating an egg without salt. But kissing a man with a mustache is ticklish business."

SHE: Why are so many fellows here, "stag?"

HE: Probably from a lack of "doe."

SHE: I just love to dance.

HE: It's vice versa with me.—*Scalper.*

"Well, Margaret is engaged."

"Who's the happy man?"

"Her father." —*Jester.*

Father Goose Rhymes

Nursery Rhymes are out of late,
And I don't want to be too frisky;
But it certainly takes a lot of Jack
To buy a Gill of whiskey.

—*Tar Baby.*



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HE: Passed by your house last night.
SHE (*bored*): Thanks. —*Jester.*

ENGLISH TOMMY (*in poker game*): Well, I'll wager a bally pound on this.
AMERICAN DARKY (*holding four aces*): Ah dunno too much 'bout yo' English money, but I'll bump yo' a couple of tons.—*Purple Cow.*

Two Meanings

HE (*in rage*): That man is the biggest fool in the world!
HIS WIFE (*comfortingly*): Henry, Henry, you are forgetting yourself!
—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Awful accident last night—car turned a corner."
"No reason for an accident, was it?"
"Yeh. There wasn't any corner."
—*Yale Record.*

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree
The answer is surely no riddle,
He was loath to be "Fiddle, D. D."
—*Flamingo.*

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"They called the baby Steamboat because they had to paddle it behind."
—*Mugwump.*

STEW No. 1: Shay, Joe, whersh my hat?
LUCKY BIRD No. 2: 'Son your head.
DITTO No. 1: 'Sfunny, I didn't feel it.
DITTO No. 2: Well, 'snnot a felt hat.
—*Scalper.*

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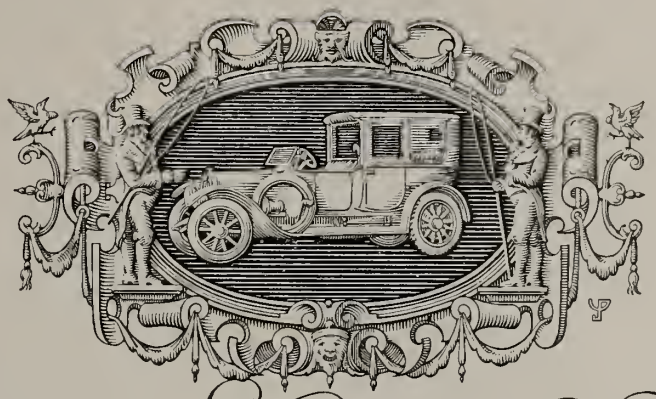
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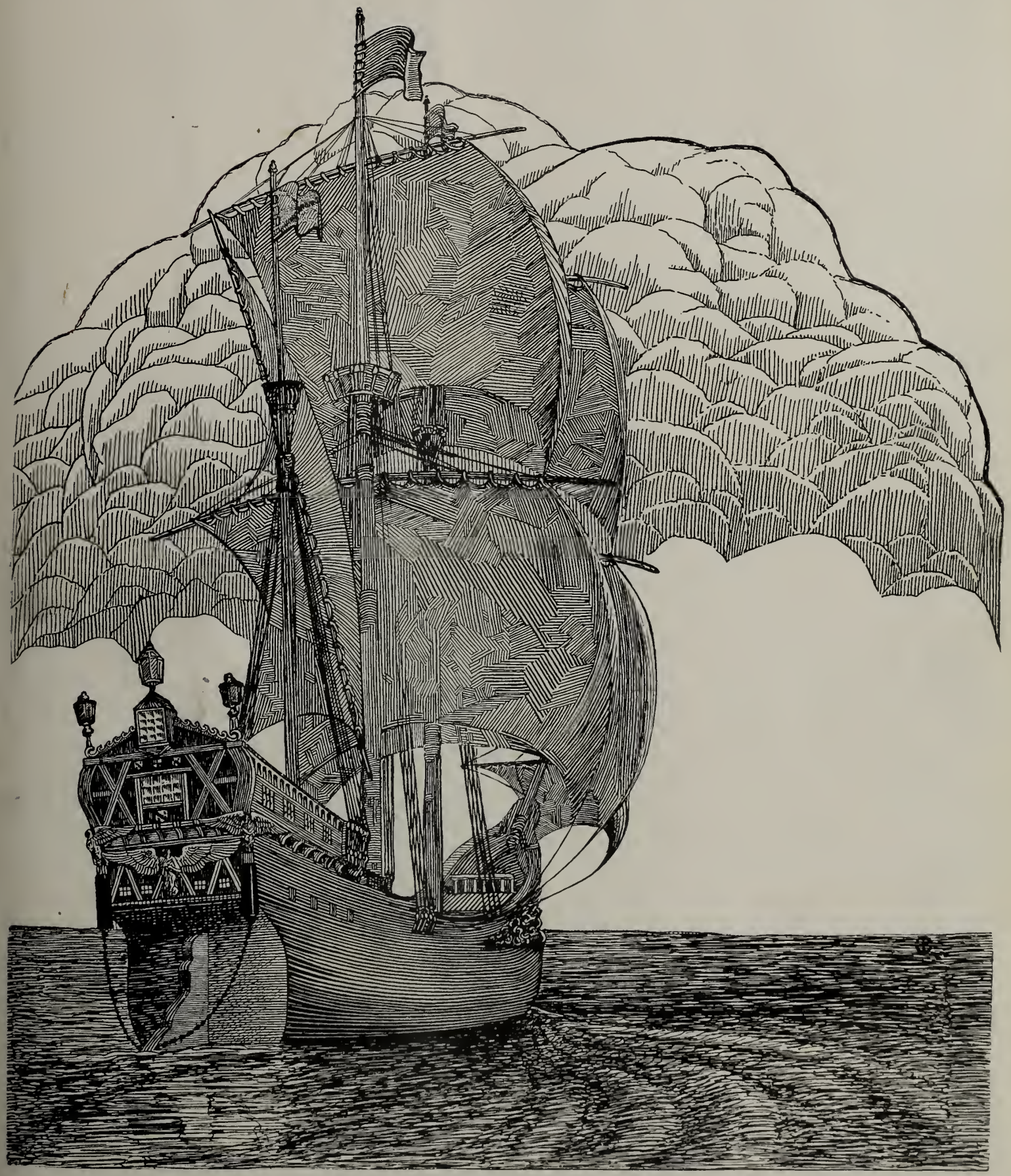
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The Mirror



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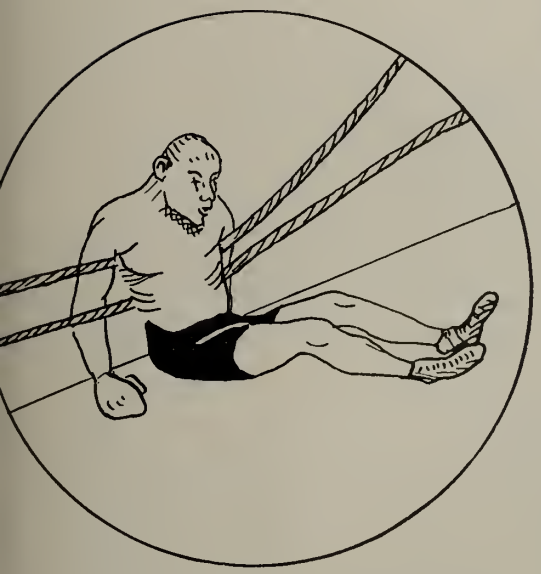


Review

of

Winter Sports

1922











THE MIRROR BOARD, *Publishers*, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS.

Entered at the Post Office at Andover, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

For sale at Phillips Inn, Grill, Bookstore and O. P. Chase; thirty-five cents.

Any member of the school becomes eligible for election to the Board of Editors by having three successive literary contributions accepted and published, or three long, original articles accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three groups of four short, original humorous contributions accepted and published in *Le Tripotage*, or three successive artistic contributions of one half page or over accepted and published, or three groups of two artistic contributions of one-fourth page or larger accepted and published.

Subscribers who fail to get their copies will confer a favor by reporting the fact at the Mirror office, second floor, Main Building, as soon as possible. Push slip with name and address under door if office is closed.

Date of publication of this issue, April 14.

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VOLUME LXVIII APRIL, 1922 NUMBER 11

THE MIRROR takes great pleasure in announcing the following elections, on the Junior, or 1923 Board. This board will have charge of the publication of the remaining three issues this year:

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EDWARD G. EDSON, JR., '24

EDITORIAL

IT is with somewhat of a feeling of sadness that we pick up our pen this, the last editorial for the publication that has become a sort of companion to us on the Board; but the time has come, as times always do come, when the old régime must pass out and leave things to newer and more energetic and capable hands. We realize our shortcomings and we see wherein we could have improved on our efforts; we also see wherein the new board will take advantage of our mistakes and publish a much better and bigger "Mirror," and we want them to feel that we are behind them in their every move and that we will help them at every opportunity.

"The day is done
Our race is run."

And so we lay down our pen. May the new board be a great success.

W. B. B.

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THE STORY OF A LOVE LETTER

The very old man sat lost in thought, while I stretched out expectantly before the fire. I had just asked him to tell me a story. He closed his eyes and for some time was occupied in hunting thru the forgotten memories of his youth. At last he seemed to have found the object of his search and commenced to speak.

* * * * * *

In Boston there lived one of the most beautiful girls in the world. So thought young William Stevens who had been her playmate from childhood, and so thought Captain Bedram Stark of the merchant ship *Hesperia*, who had but recently become acquainted with her.

Upon a certain summer's evening the two young men were both in attendance upon the fair one. Mistress Elizabeth (for that was her name) seemed much amused at the brilliant sallies of the handsome young sea captain, made at the expense of William. The latter was deeply hurt that she could laugh at his discomfort. He couldn't help but admire Stark, however, for having the many qualities he himself lacked. He saw all at once that his dreams were in vain. What had he been thinking of to imagine that Elizabeth could ever love him? How could he hope to contend with such as the captain for her hand? True they had always been good friends and of late he had begun to dream—. But now,—well, he hoped she would be happy with the captain; as for himself, he would not trouble her if his attentions were unwelcome. So presently he blushingly made his excuses and withdrew.

He reached for his hat but that article vanished under the portières into another room. He heard an audible snicker and quickly knew he was again the victim of one of the many pranks of Elizabeth's small brother. His face broke into a smile and his trouble was for the moment forgotten in the mad race after the boy out through the back door into the orchard. Here William quickly overtook his young tormentor, but instead of administering the usual tickling as punishment, he led the way toward the meadow. The boy sensed that something was amiss and raised an anxious face to his companion.

William, who had lived alone with his mother in the little cottage next door ever since he could remember, felt like a big brother to little Charles who returned the affection in double measure. And so it was with an uncontrollable burst of sobs that the younger boy heard of the other's intention to sail away on the morrow to seek his fortune in foreign lands. The older told of the offer of a mission of importance which his employer wished him to make and which he had now decided to undertake.

Just now they seemed very close to one another. At least there was one besides his dear mother who would miss him, thought William as he felt the tight clasp of the hand on his.

* * * * * *

The next morning Stevens informed his employer of his acceptance of the mission, received his instructions, secured his passage, and then set out for home to gather his belongings. But he did these things in a daze, for all the while fair speeches formed and re-formed in his mind, of what he should say when he bid *her* goodbye. Words and phrases rang through his head like the strains of a song. But as he neared the house the song became blurred and the words grew confused. When he arrived not one sentence of them all remained with him and in his thoughts all was turmoil.

So it happened that when he had completed his preparations and was on the point of departure, he had found no solution to his difficulty. Consoling himself with the assurance that he could better open his heart to her in a letter, he drove to the waterside, completed his final arrangements, bade a long farewell to his mother and boarded the *Hesperia*.

* * * * * *

Out on the sea William found a great deal of time on his hands which he used in the construction of his letter. Many were the sheets written but to be torn up in disgust. Words were such poor things, he found, to express all the inward feelings of a lover.

For how could he set down in mere scratches upon a piece of paper all the impulses, longings, desires, and dreams which he felt surging through him at the thought of his love. These emotions had a hundred dimensions and to express them in two, was well nigh impossible.

His labors were interrupted only occasionally by a conversation with Captain Stark. William enjoyed these moments although he was at the same time consumed by an intense jealousy at the thought of this man's future happiness and his own desolation. He eagerly drank in the brilliant talk of the Captain, being held in a sort of spell by the dominant spirit of him. In his blind admiration the boy saw only all that went to make up his own ideal, overlooking the selfishness and worldly-wise characteristics of the other, apparent to most people.

As the boat was nearing the foreign shore, William sought out the Captain. After many hesitations he brought himself to tell of his love and of his resolution not to trouble

Elizabeth further if his attentions were disagreeable. He ended by entrusting his letter to the other, to be delivered upon the return, saying, "If she does not answer me, I shall know,— and she shall never see me again."

The vessel soon docked and all was confusion during which William had no opportunity of another word with Stark. After seeing to his baggage, he directed his steps toward the city and soon lost sight of the ship.

* * * * * *

The great vessel *Hesperia* with her sails furled, rolled and plunged as she scudded before the stormy wind a few hours out from the land, while on her deck paced Captain Stark, ignoring the storm without but torn by the strife within. In his hand was grasped a letter addressed to "Mistress Elizabeth Hardy of Boston, by the courtesy of Captain Stark."

"What was it he said?" Stark asked himself, "Oh, yes, If she does not answer I shall never see her again. Then she would be mine, despising him for his silence."

Thus ran his thoughts, but as often as the evil counsel formed itself in his mind, he would hesitate, his better nature resisting. At last the familiar landmarks of the New England coast made their appearance and the strife within him doubled. His pacing brought him to the rail and there the evil mastered him. With a fierce gesture he crumpled the letter and hurled it violently from him into the sea.

The act completed was marked by a great change in him. His features assumed a mask of calm. Nothing but the cold glint of the eye betrayed the multitude of plans which suggested themselves to him and were accepted in a deliberate and cold blooded manner that tokened the death of his conscience.

* * * * * *

Charles Hardy was a normal boy. The day was hot and he was late for school. What more natural than that he should find his way to the shore with a "companion in crime?" The two youngsters were both good swimmers, Charles being enough better to be the leader of the two. Their destination was a rocky bar which curved out into the sea beyond the entrance to the harbor. Here they were accustomed to swim in the quiet water between the small reef and the shore.

This day the sun shone clear and bright on the waves which still beamed restlessly after the storm of the day before. Having exhausted the ordinary stunts offered by the backwater pool, they were tempted to swim away out into the waves beyond. Charles outstripped his companion and was soon farther from land than he realized. Looking back however he was terrified to see what a distance he had come.

A moment later his fear was relieved by the sight of some pieces of wreckage brought in by the storm. He struck out for the floating spars with the intention of paddling in on them as a raft.

* * * * * *

Elizabeth turned the conversation toward the question which had occupied her every thought since that day, so long ago it seemed, when William had gone away without seeing her.

"And did William send a message to me, Captain?" she asked with a voice of studied casualness which gave no hint of the emotion with which she awaited his answer.

"None." It came and with it black desolation closed upon the heart of the girl.

"Sis! Sis! C'm 'ere." The voice of Charles brought Elizabeth back to realities. There was her brother holding out a dirty, wet envelope on which she could just make out her name and that of Captain Stark. She tore it open and was able to read enough of the water-blotted words to force a glad cry to her lips.

She turned about to the Captain who had leaped up, his face lined with anger. "There is no necessity, Captain, of any explanation on your part. You may go."

* * * * * *

The very old man closed his eyes and smiled his kindly smile as he ended, "and that is how your grandmother's name came to be Stevens, my boy!"

SUNRISE

Dawn!
a great red ball by three fair maidens hissing borne
from out blue Neptune's spacious waste,
awakes the dark and dreary haunts of night.
The horizon gray, bathed iridescently in placid light,
makes lambent shadows
hide, cringe, die in ephemeral finales;
the great bear, ever watchful,
faints.

Dawn!
The vigilant lover, awakened from unwilled sleep,
slinks o'er the dewy lawn with shamed glance;
the student, red-eyed, sick at heart from toil,
buries his head in alleviating dreams.
The great red ball through angry clouds
a clogged pathway combs,
till pink tipped, far-off mountains—all
proclaim the call of day.

ORONTAS

(A dramatic poem based on a well-known chapter of Xenephon's "Anabasis")

Now when upon the road out-stretched before
The army Cyrus led against the King,
That he might overthrow his brother's throne,
There first appeared the traces of an army gone,
The prints of horses' feet and camp fires burned;
Orontas, skilled in war, and crafty in his deeds,
Sought the noble Cyrus, and from his hand
Did beg a thousand horsemen for this cause:
That having lain in ambush, hid from sight
Of those ahead, he might destroy the men
Who waste had brought upon the country fair
By fire; and had wiped out as by a scourge
All the beauties of the rolling hills, and the
Fields of grain that 'neath the summer winds had
Bowed, as the surging deep is lashed about
Beneath the wintry blasts of Boreas' breath,
And low had laid the sacred groves of Artemis;
What of those the awful hand of war had left,
Orontas said he sought to save from harm.

Good Cyrus heard and deemed his counsel wise,
And from each leader's troops he said a part
To him who brought this plan should then be given.
Orontas in his cunning heart rejoiced,
And certain that his plot could never fail
To lead these horsemen to the hostile King,
A letter wrote, and sent it to the sceptered one
By him he thought to be of all his men
Most true; and in it said that he would faithful be
To all the interests of the royal house,
And to its aid with horsemen now approached.
The messenger, a faithless wretch and base,
Sought reward and treasures for himself.
He straightway bore the letter for the King
To Cyrus, and unto him disclosed the plot.
The prince, his face o'er shaded by a cloud
As when across the boundless limits of the sky
The Aegis-Bearing drives the wind swept clouds,
All black with omens of the coming storm;
So Cyrus looked, and bade the herald call
To him the noblest of the Persians in his train
And all the leaders of the Greeks besides,
And last of all to bring before his face,
Bound in chains, the man who sought to do him wrong
This the herald did, and round the tent
He placed a thousand hoplites, trusty guards.

Great Cyrus in the silence of the royal tent
In solemn voice addressed th' assembled host:
"I pray within the sight of Heaven that I
May do what seems before the sight of god
And man most just and merciful in judgment
Of this man, whom first my father gave to me
To be a faithful servant and a friend.
But when occasion came, he warred against
His master and his friend, a fortress took
In Sardis, aided by the crafty king;
And when he saw he had but little chance
Against my arms, to me he came with shame,
And my forgiveness sought in forced humility.
I my pardon freely gave and there
Beneath the boundless depths and wonders of
The starry skies, when all was hushed by night
Before the holy altar set apart to Zeus
I took his own right hand and gave him mine
And there the pledge was sealed that bound us by a
sacred oath."
Then to the captive Cyrus turned and said,
In a voice more full of sorrow than of wrath,
"Orontas, in what way then have I wronged you?"
The captive bowed his head in shame, and answered,
"None."

"And even after this did you again
Against my welfare stoop in sin to plot,
A hireling of the faithless Mysian race,
And in whatever way you could you harmed
My lands and sought by knavish means to work
Me ill; and when you saw your cause was lost,
You came to me alone and kneeling asked
That I forgive you and forget the sin
That you had wrought; and I in mercy heard
Your plea, and raising you with these my hands
And on your shoulders them I gently placed,
I looked into your eyes and called you by
The holy name of friend, and you upon
Your solemn word of honor swore to faithful be,
and O, Orontas, did I not believe you,
And there in silence draw you to my heart
As friend to friend, Orontas, O, Orontas?"
Lower hung the captive's head in bitter shame
And in his breast remorse the ceaseless vulture gnawed,
For in his heart he knew that all was true.
"Tell me then, Orontas, in what way it is
That I have injured you who now again
A third time plot against your faithful friend?"

Silent, Orontas with his foot did scrape the earth
His heart too full for words, although he wished to speak.
After a stillness hushed save for the grating
Of his sandal on the ground, and the booming
Of the mighty deep upon the shore without,

Cyrus, in tone as gentle as the evening wind
Addressed with swelling heart the wretched man:
"O thou, whom once I thought my faithful friend,
Your silence claims you guilty of this sordid act;
And you confess that you have been unjust to me.
Would you even now become once more my friend?"

"O Cyrus, noblest and best of men,
Still merciful to such a craven wretch as I,
Even should I do as you suggest I'd
Never seem sincere or true to you again.
Nor do you now within your heart despise
Me as I do myself, and in my heart
Swell up the fires of remorse that death
Alone can quench. Myself I do condemn.
Now lead me forth to die, and let me with
My blood wipe out the crime I have committed here,
And with the sinking of the day star in
The ocean bed, let my soul forever
Leave this sodden and degraded form of clay.
And may the gods in mercy bless thy soul,
O Cyrus, whom once I might have called my friend."

Thus he spoke, and down his cheeks flowed burning
Tears of bitter shame and all within
The tent arose and seized him by the girdle
Thus condemning him to die a shameful death.
Forth into the last bright rays of Helios,
The setting sun, they led Orontas doomed
To die; and to the tent of Artapates
Was he borne and 'neath its portals disappeared.
Nor was Orontas ever seen again
Alive, or wrapped within the sable cloak of death,
And no one ever saw his lonely grave.

RETREAT OF THE RED GODS

Back behind the bulging ranges,
On the ultimate peaks of Western land,
Driven back to their last wild stronghold,
Remote and misty, the Red Gods stand.
...And oft' when a weary Western climber
Pushes the high-pine brush aside
And sees, like a vision, four valleys over,
Diamond-clear, the mountain-side,
Mayhap, a faint, there steals upon him
Growing,—a dream-sound...savage, strange;
Beating...beating...it fills the valleys...
The sky and the wind and the mountains change.

And lo, the dim primeval vistas,
Fraught with thunder and crimson haze
And tawny shapes that twist and vanish
Into the voiced canyons maze!
And lo, the sheen of bluer heavens,
And lo, the whirr of wilder rain,
And lo, restored to their pristine kingdoms,
The Red Gods beat their drums again!

Still, the enchanted traveller lingers,
Tracing the magic. Still, he seeks
To hear an echo of an answer. And he thinks
There is a sound of wailing on the peaks.

A DISSERTATION ON MASHED POTATOES

Stop for a moment, weary friend, and come with me to explore those secret caverns where nature works, and I will unearth a mystery that you have pondered over all your life, but never solved—the rise of mashed potatoes from a humble heritage to one of the most popular dishes in this country to-day. In other words, I want to say that in some cases, clothes make the man, though my clothes appear in the form of a preparation.

The potato, as you doubtless know, is brother to the Frenchman, pomme de terre, known in our land as french fried. In the old days, he was found to like the ground better than the air, so the old boys let him stay where he wanted. They should have been more far-sighted, for if they had stopped to think, they would have realized that we poor devils that were to come after, would have to clean them off every time we wanted to sample their wares.

But nature had that all planned out beforehand. She's a crafty bird when you come to think of it. She makes us work before we eat the potato so that we won't become a pen full of hogs. Way back there in Adam's time they say everybody was on a par—hogs, fleas and man—one as good as the other. Then, some ate tomatoes and others potatoes. Man ate potatoes—hogs, tomatoes, and you see what resulted. So you see, old nature started something going when she put friend spud in the dirt. In short, money doesn't grow on trees.

Well, then some old bird decided that he could cook potatoes better than anybody else, and what's more, he determined to prove it. So what did he do but open a little shack to the public and show them that salt is better than dirt on old friend potato. (Understand at this time that mash was yet to be discovered). Well, anyway, this fellow was pretty popular, you can bet, and he had some time trying to do all the work that the angry mob wanted him to do. This branch of business became very popular, developing like a fire in a powder factory. Consequently, the competition became too keen in this line, so a few people that had failed as a hot dog house superintendent, began to think that they didn't like the way our friend was served, and they began to experiment. But the time that mashed potatoes were invented was now about to be ushered forth. It was just about the time that old Socrates got frisky and drank what didn't agree with him. But the way they were discovered was this.

Euripides—one of these cast-off hash house keepers—was experimenting in his laboratory on a spud when Mercides walked in. The latter had just been to call on his woman, and she had turned him down flat for his rival, Mercury. (Fahrenheit in Greek). Naturally he wasn't in the best of humors, and when he saw Rip fooling with the spud, he saw a good thing upon which to vent his spite. Grabbing a spud from the boiling goatskin, he threw it at Rip's face, and walked out. The former was not used to these moods, but right then and there he forgot about it. Into his head came a wonderful idea. Since there were no dentists in those days, when a man got to be pretty old and his teeth became extinct, he was out of luck. So Rip saw, as he was picking the mashed potato from his cheek, that in a short time with a little luck he would be a sheckelaire. He would put the preparation before the oracle at Delphi and get a patent.

From that time on, mashed potatoes have been all the rage. All the high society of Rome, Athens, London and Philadelphia has proclaimed this the favorite dish of all. Mashed potato is the acorn from which sprang the oaks of the Ritz and the Waldorf of to-day. But old mash isn't stuck on himself, for even if he'd rather lie on a plate of Louis fourteenth than on a Tim Flynn's special corn beef and cabbage, he never complains, but always gives the same results and always will.

Therefore, reader, never turn your nose up at a spud. Remember that he's got a pedigree that dates back to the time when Euripides picked the mashed potato off his face, more than two thousand years ago.

ON NEW ENGLAND WINTER

King Winter's realm in sport abounds—
To ski, to skate, and more delights.
Nature with hoary mantle clad
Affords a sight more picturesque
Than when it dons the cloak of Spring.
In terms of highest praise the bard
Hath sung New England's glorious Winter.
Yet were my father profiteer,
Or lord of Gotham's towering isle,
I'd seek De Soto's land, where snow
Is not, nor cold. And then, to Hell
With Northern winter; there the snow
Might melt!

Le Tripotage



Oh Florence, I remember,
In a long since passed September,
How there burned a glowing ember
In my heart, of love towards you.

Future life, crowned in the glory
Of a radiant category,
For two heads, not yet grown hoary,
Seemed the only thing in view.

But accursed matriculation
For the best maid in the nation
Received due consideration
From your parents—honor be—

And the awful revelation
Of your college education
Cast me from the radiation
Of your love-embellish'd smiles.

During four long years of learning
You lost your former yearning
For the heart that still was burning
To serve ever none but you.

So despite my first abhorrence
Of the thought, another Florence
Has ensnared me with her wonders,
Do you care my dear,—I don't.

O maiden fair
With violet
Hued eyes, and Hair
As black as jet,
What is your name?
I'm not to blame.
Because we've never met.

Sweet Polarine—
Or Cravenette—
Or Saccharine—
Or Tricolette—
Whate'er your name
'Tis all the same—
I'm sure I'll meet you yet!



"Do you think you could learn to love a fellow like me?"
"If he wasn't too much like you!"



A Hot (?) Pair

It was a dark night with a cold rain and a heavy wind—a night in which all the spirits of evil seemed to be abroad. Even inside there was no sense of rest, in the brilliant light of many lamps a howling mob rushed back and forth—each man seemed to be trying for a death grip. At one side a man, tall, dark and sinister, stood aloof from the crowd which circled about with frenzied movements. He seemed worried, unable to keep his mind upon what was before him, nervously turning again and again to the closed door behind him from which strange weird mutterings and low sounds of distress came. His actions were unusual, he paced back and forth before the mysterious door muttering broken sentences which seemed to ask: "Why can't she get it over with? O Lord, why must I be held in suspense?" Suddenly there was a shrill scream, the scream of a tortured woman. Like a shot he whirled to face the door which had opened slightly. As he looked, a negress slipped from the door and silently handed him a note. With unconcealed haste he ripped it open and read: "Dear Bob: I'm awfully sorry but I must cut this dance. My dress is torn and to make it worse the maid almost stuck the needle thru me a moment ago— Anne."

Dear Bill:

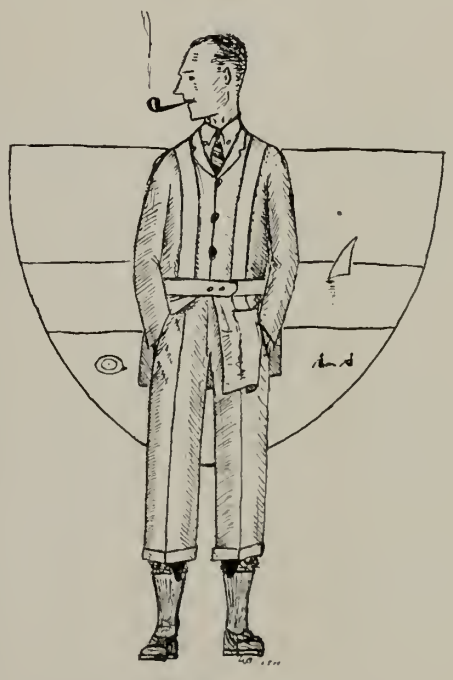
Am now firmly settled as a rock in Mr. Philip's Academy for boys from 12 to 20 yrs. of life, and am compel to confess it has absolute and different way to live than what I have at first suspect.

Have learned to say "High" (a expression for greeting in school tongue) to each boy met and special "Howdy" to prophs (professors) as Tom Swift have inform me. I am in utmost degree grateful to Hon. Tom for obliging manners and ready information. Already by this quaint custom have I achieved big favor with many prophs as result of my democratic way. Bill, I see no use to be snobbish when cheerfulness is just so cheap. The prophs all look up in delightful surprise at my cheery greeting. I feel I have brighten their entire day.

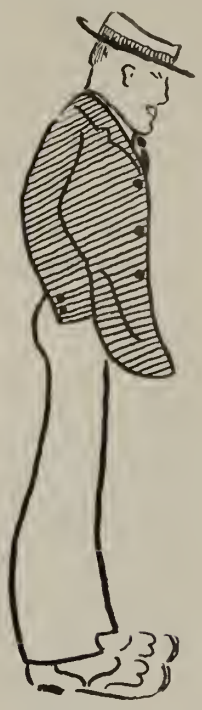
Have encountered many novel and new adventures. Will relate in detailed account my experience at dining Hall, jestingly called "Beanery" at which I had honor of eating. My first meal was delightful surprise, Although I felt very homesick my meal of Japanese chow dog, my favorite dish—have served in a measure to comfort me. Here they call it lamb stew or some other outré (french) name. Have very unique way of serving soup which I greatly admired. Hon. waiter after bringing several plates of hot water sticks thumb in each. This gives soup a peculiar delicate and racing flavor. When I had venture to praise chef in kitchen, I am met with harsh words such as "Get out the hell of kitchen" and such. Just as I go out very fast from kitchen, I bump into waiter with laden tray which he drop and spill over me. Immediately a wild howl of rage break out from sixty (60) odd hungry throats who had seen my disaster. Without waiting to snatch my cap from hook, I ran feverishly from hall and went around twice in entangling folding door before I could get out. I have not dare to go back since.

I have got no class all this week in English as my proph (professor) is very sick with the flu. Hoping this finds you the same.

CASHIMORO DOGO.



A handsome young fellow named Veach
Was a bright social light at Palm Beach.
But the light was put out,
When he wandered about
In pants that his socks wouldn't reach!





What is a progenitor?
Well, if my jenitor was sick, and another man came to clean the building he'd be a progenitor.

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Do You Know How To Behave?

No, this is not a joke. Many people do not know how to behave. Many of the finest gentlemen of Poland, South Nigeria, Sweden, and North Andover are introduced into American society, and astonish the company by eating peas with their knives, and by other characteristic idiosyncrasies and constitutional peculiarities of susceptibility. This causes embarrassment and uneasiness, which can easily be remedied by simply sending for "The Two Volume Set of the Book of Etiquette," which is sent free to you, postage prepaid, unsurpassed and unabridged, upon receipt of five iron men. The purchaser of these two fine books is not obliged to keep the books if he is not excited to a frenzy about them and keenly eager for them, so that he goes into ecstacies of joy at the mere mention of their name.

Do not delay. This may be your last opportunity to examine these marvels of literature, the two wonders of the modern world.

A few of the questions which are answered in these prodigious treatises are as follows: N. B. (*The Publishers reserve the right to ask their own questions*)

What would you do if you accidentally handed your girl a cigarette out of the wrong pocket?

Are melons (*the juicy fruits of a cucurbitaceous plant*) eaten with a spoon, a fork, or a pick axe?

If Camels are Desert-Creepers, are Lucky Strikes to be considered Fortunate Blows?

If finger bowls are used to wet your fingers in, is a napkin a towel?

If the finger bowl is wide enough, is it customary to put in both hands at once?

If you want this supreme enlightener, you can have it, we're giving them away. (*Adv.*)

THE



END



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LIGGETT: They call her "The Girl of the Chesterfield Kiss."

MEYERS: Let's have it.

LIGGETT: Mild, yet they satisfy.

—*Juggler.*

A New Game

WAITER (*at the Grab and Grunt*): Milk or water?

CUSTOMER: Don't tell me please; let me guess.—*Gargoyle.*

They're Speedy Markers

"I hear some of these Profs lead a fast life."

"I doubt it; none of 'em passed me this year."—*Gargoyle.*

A cross-eyed girl may be virtuous, but she doesn't look straight.—*Froth.*

"Do you know that professors do not get any more per hour than plumbers?"

"Well, I think a good professor is worth it."—*Widow.*

DRIP: Have you heard about the new B. V. D. orchestra?

DROP: No, but why B. V. D.?

DRIP: Oh, it's only one piece.

—*Lord Jeff.*

YUMS: There's something free and easy about Marianne.

YAMS: Well, no girl wears them any more.—*Purple Cow.*

"I believe you are kidding me," said the surprised father as the stork arrived with the triplets.—*Banter.*

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ARCHY TECK: Why so?

AL PINE: Because he shrinks so from washing.—*Tar Baby.*

The sergeant had just pulled a bone. He was questioned by the C. O. after the parade.

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S.: Luke Warm.

C. O.: Your rank?

S.: I know it.

I'm in a tight place, said the youth, as he strode into the pawn shop.

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PUPIL: It's a race between a Latin pony and the teacher's goat.—*Widow.*

FIRST PUP: Why are you running?

SECOND SAME: I'm fleeing.—*Wag Jag.*

CLEO: When Bill danced with me last night he kept letting his hand slip down my back.

PATRICIA: I hope you rebuked him.

CLEO: I did. I told him to keep it up.

—*Purple Cow.*

Doggone

"Father, why are the students carrying their books to class today? They never did it before."

"They have examinations today, my son."—*Wag Jag.*

"They say he plays a mouth organ."

"My, what a queer taste for music."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

HE: You girls look much shorter in bloomers.

SHE: But you men look much longer.

—*Lord Jeff.*

FIRST ITALIAN: Oh looka dat a bird on da rubbe plant!

SECOND DITTO: Sure; he gutta perch a.

—*Lampoon.*

"Been to church this morning, Shorty?"

"Do my clothes look as though they had been slept in?"—*Yale Record.*

NO FRUITS IN THE HOTHOUSE

SHE: What a stunning necktie!

HE: It must be,—the salesman got four dollars out of me while I was still dazed.—*Purple Cow.*



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Wednesday, May 3rd.

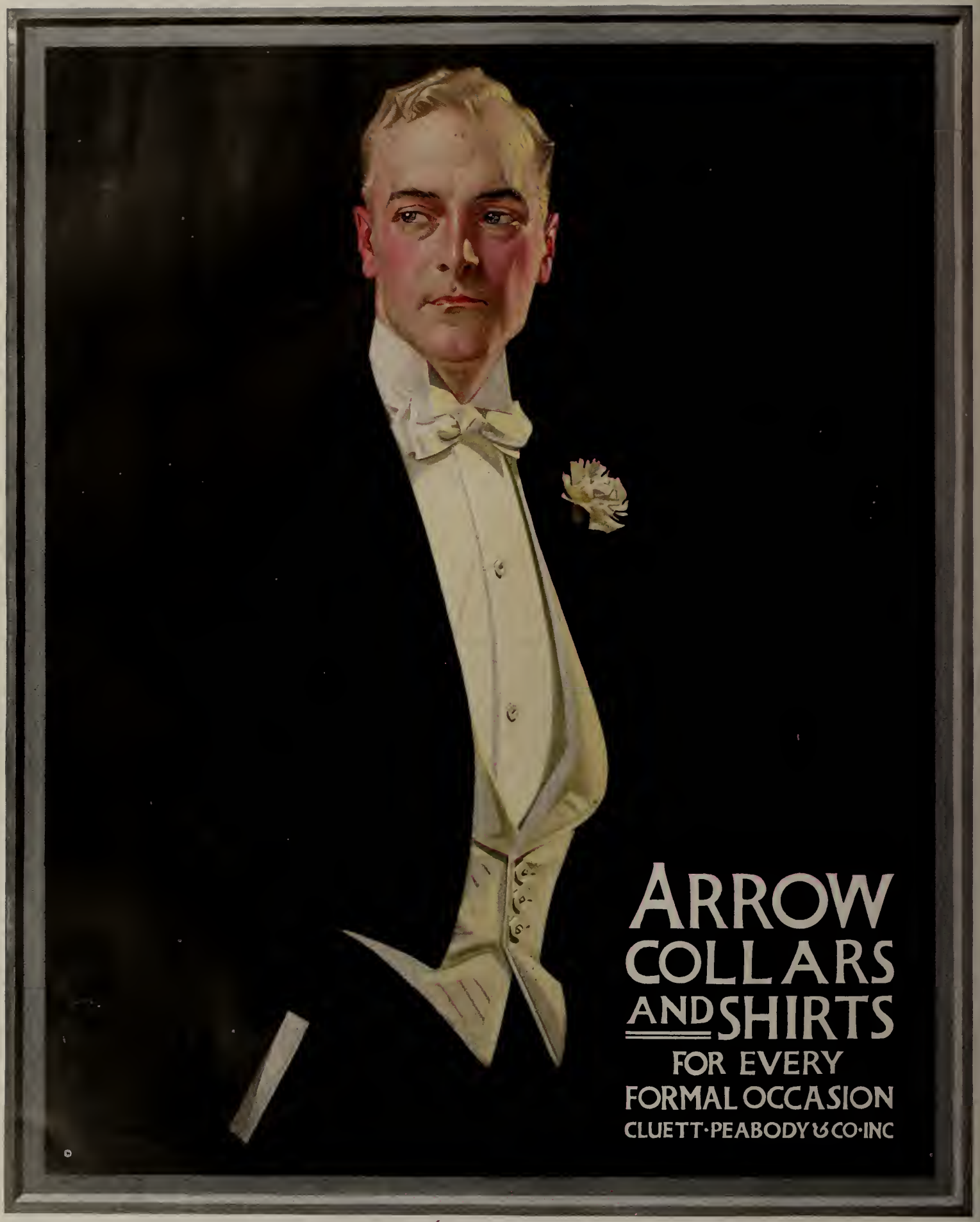
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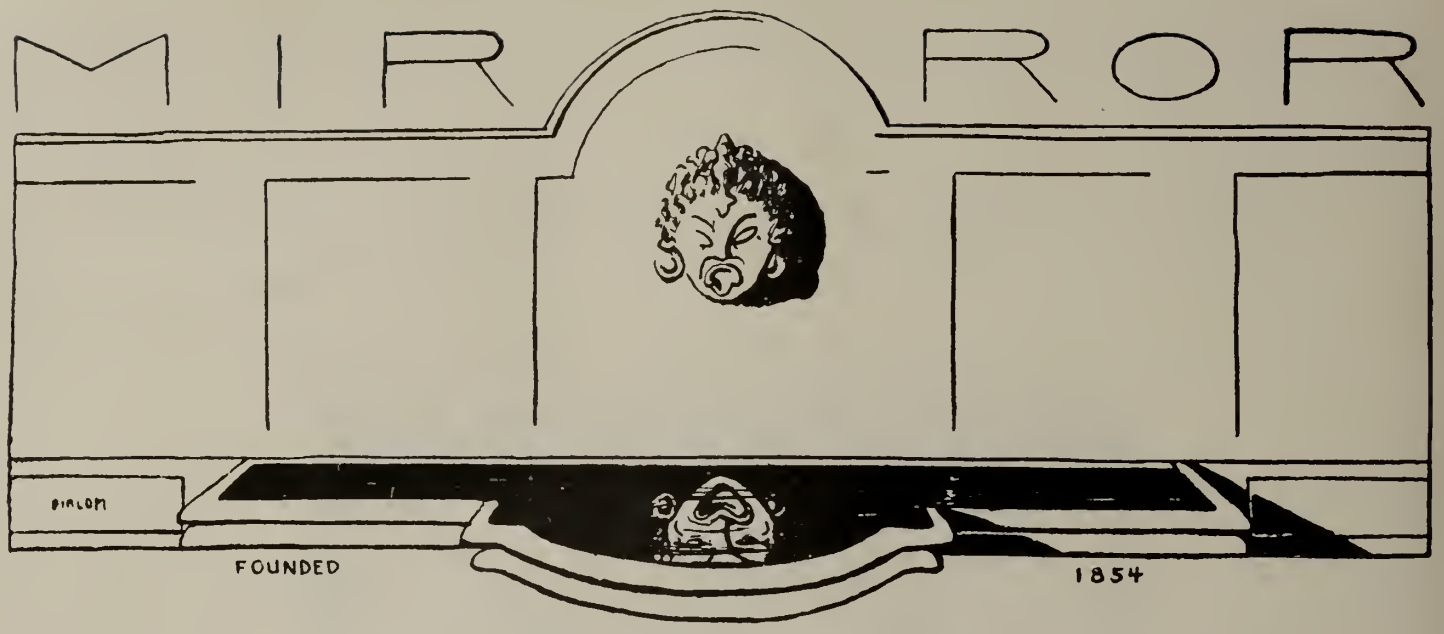
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EDITORIALS

HERE we are face to face again with the most delightful term of the year. Spring! What a pleasing sound that word has. It suggests all kinds of possibilities to us. We perhaps have some little task to fulfill which the gloomy winter kept us from performing. Now is the time to do it, when all our environments are becoming more cheerful and gay. Who is there that can deny that a task is best done when one is in good spirits? Some of us possibly have been a little shy about coming out and showing our talents along different lines. One could not demand a better place to show his abilities along extra-curriculum lines than this, our school. Remember in this school as in life a fellow can not arrive at the top unless he comes out and shows that he has a little initiative in him. We believe that success in one phase of life is measured by the same tape as success in other phases of life; which all goes to prove that the fellow who works his way to the top here in school is going to do the selfsame thing in later life. It is our opinion that there is an abundance of undiscovered talent amongst the members of this school; therefore we are begging each and every one to prove that opinion. Two-thirds of the year has gone by, not a startlingly eventful and successful two-thirds, to be sure; but there is still time to improve the year as a whole. So let's buckle down to our lessons as much as possible, let's back our teams to the limit, let's help every worthy cause in school, let's prove to ourselves and to all concerned that we have the right stuff in us, and, finally, let's try to live faithfully by all the grand old traditions of the best school on earth—Andover!

F. M. C., JR.

IT is our duty, or possibly we should say our delightful privilege, to criticise, but to criticise in a helpful way. We indeed shall always shrink from harmful criticism. In this editorial we wish to say a few words about singing at the games. We venture to say that there is not a boy in school who does not realize how Andover is needlessly surpassed by Exeter in respect to our singing. We of course do have our charming song, "Old P. A.," and possibly there is not a better school song in the country than that. But is one song sufficient? Most assuredly not. Exeter always has at least two or three songs which are well sung. If Exeter has so many good songs, why should not Andover have an equal or greater number? You say we also have our song "Andover Rah." Indeed we have, and that too, is a fine song, but there are so few who make any attempt to learn it that when we come to sing it at a game, the result is that we have a shamefully feeble volume of sound. We deem this to be a very sorrowful affliction. But as there is a remedy for all kinds of afflictions, so is there a remedy for our present trouble. We have a book full of songs, all but two of which have never, within our memory, been sung. Now, Mr. Cheer Leaders, for we feel that this editorial should receive your especial attention, may we suggest that you select from the song book three or four of the best songs, and have the words printed on small cards for distribution. Then request the jazz band to learn the tunes. With this much accomplished and with the aid of a few mass meetings we believe that our singing can be brought to a much higher standard. And by the time of the Exeter track meet and baseball game, we will be able to show our neighbors from New Hampshire that we too can sing.

THE GREATEST GIFT

As the final year of school life draws to a close, each member of the senior class is asking himself what is the most valuable gift that his school course has given to him. We all have to meet this question, and possibly all would answer it differently, but there seems to be one answer that places all the others in the background.

The first consideration that enters one's mind is knowledge—but is knowledge the greatest gift? I think not. Knowledge is, in a sense, artificial, and can readily be acquired by a mind of the average intelligence by persevering and diligent industry. But who really cares for the man that has sought and acquired knowledge alone? I have known men who have secured the highest grade in their studies, but who in actual daily life were the most colorless and uninteresting individuals I ever encountered; they lacked the personality and versatility that come only from the mingling of well chosen and varied interests. From this it can readily be seen that mere knowledge cannot be the greatest gift.

The next answer is popularity and social development. This can be even more readily disposed of than knowledge. Glory of this nature is sweet—delightfully sweet—for the

moment, but it fails to survive the vicissitudes of the passing years. A picture on your study walls, your name in a record, but nothing more; it is as transient as a dream which fades away at the first bright rays of the morning sun. For prosperity is the pedestal of popularity, and when that breaks the figure falls in a shattered and ashen heap on the ground, No,—popularity cannot be the most valuable gift.

What is, then? In my opinion, the friendships that one acquires, during one's course in school. I do not mean the host of passing acquaintances that one makes, but those very few and vital friendships that one forms. Friendships that survive the course of time, the fluctuations of fame and fortune, and that remain firm and unshaken through each vicissitude, whether for victory or delight. The perfect friendship is one soul in two bodies, and it is of this type that I speak.

"It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It dignifies the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellishes it by courage, wisdom, and unity." Many is the number of my acquaintances, but in my whole school career I have formed only two friendships such as this, but I value these two friendships above everything I possess in the world, and for these two friends I would give up all I have, even to my very life. There are many other seniors who have had the same experience, although each one does not make it public. Is there then a rarer, a more costly, or a more enduring gift that a school career can present to the senior who stands upon the threshold of a new world enveloped in the resourceful mystery of the future, than a perfect friendship? C. A. C., Jr., '22

TO A CELLO

Within thy magic soul there lies enwrapt
The majesty and grandeur of the storm
That bursts in sullen fury, tempest capped,
Upon the trembling earth's unsheltered form.
The sweaty toil and scorching heat of war,
The glory of its bloody sacrifice
Thy burning strings in throbbing tone do pour,
And victory doth here triumphant rise.
And yet, so low, so tender are thy notes
That croon the watchful mother's cradle-song,
Or breathe some half forgotten air that floats,
A moaning dirge that mourns for this world's wrong.
Forever shall the wonder of thy grace,
Enchanted hold man's soul in thy embrace.

THE PIRATE

It was in the summer of 1921, in the calm coolness of the evening, when the little white, steam yacht "Dorothy Rose" put out from Dover, England, flying the American flag. As it left the dock the people standing there, a few elderly ladies with white parasols and old gentlemen dressed in the comfortable attire of a warm summer's evening, waved a half-joyous, half-tearful good-bye. A number of handkerchiefs and white caps could also be seen waving from the little yacht across the ever-widening strip of water to the relatives and parents whom these joyous young people were leaving behind. What a beautiful picture it was—this graceful little craft slowly making its way across the harbor among other crafts of all sorts; little sailing pleasure boats, launches, shipping schooners, and a few huge gray battleships, some moving slowly on their way, others, the larger ones, standing still and silent. Over all these the setting sun's soft rays fell placing them in a golden haze and turning the water to millions of sparkling gems.

Thus it was that those standing on the shore saw the departure of Captain Folinsbee's yacht. Howard Folinsbee had brought this beautiful boat all the way from Manhasset Bay, Long Island, where he had kept it for three years moored, except for an occasional afternoon sail, off the shores of his stately Port Washington home. One evening as he was driving home from the golf club with his friend and college chum, George Beckwith, who was coming to spend the week-end with him, George had remarked on the graceful lines of the "Dorothy Rose" which they could plainly see as they drove along the shore of the bay, moored a short distance from them.

"It is a pity," he had said, "that you have not made better use of that boat, Howard. It is far superior to any boat of its type around these parts and you tell me it is as seaworthy as any yacht on the Atlantic shore. Why, Bill Henley, whose boat doesn't compare with yours, took his whole family to Florida and back and he tells me he never enjoyed anything so much before in his life. You could travel around the world in the 'Dorothy Rose' with the greatest ease and comfort and here you keep it riding serenely at anchor except for an occasional trip to New York or Stamford or some place almost in walking distance."

"You are right, George," Howard had replied, "but everything has been so terribly upset down on the street that I hated to leave for an instant. You know how the market has been ever since the war and I have felt every minute that my duty lay at forty-nine Wall. But things are picking up considerably now and I feel I must take a vacation soon. Now that you have reminded me of it, it seems to me a good time to make use of the yacht."

Out of this little conversation between Howard Folinsbee and George Beckwith, well-to-do sons of millionaires, developed, in time, the fateful voyage of the "Dorothy Rose." This staunch little craft left New York in the early part of August with a very jovial and congenial crowd of the younger set of New York's high society on board. They were joined at Dover by several of their friends and thus it is we see the "Dorothy Rose" steaming slowly out towards the open sea.

Helen Beckwith stood alone on the upper deck leaning on the rail and watching the many retreating objects with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. She was glad that she was going on this trip and she knew that she would have no end of pleasure on this lovely yacht with all her best friends about her and her cousin George with her too, and yet she could not get away from a feeling of loneliness. When George had written to her from New York asking her to join Howard's party at Dover she was overjoyed and had spent the following two months in excited anticipation of the trip. But now that it had actually come and she was leaving her home and her mother and father and sailing away towards the dreamy tropical shores of southern Africa she felt just the slightest resentment. Then too, the recent rumour of the modern pirate in the South Atlantic—which, friend reader, you no doubt read of yourself during this particular summer and perhaps felt a little uneasiness if you intended journeying in the South Atlantic or had friends who were journeying there—worried her a little. George had assured her that there was absolutely no danger and had boasted that no country in the world, let alone a silly pirate, would dare touch a ship flying the American flag. He had gone on to tell her how no pirate wanted them anyway. Why should a pirate bother with a little boat like theirs with no cargo whatever when he could just as easily capture huge merchantmen loaded down with rich cargoes? And, "besides," he had said boastingly, for he took a great pride in his chum's boat, "they would have to go some to catch the 'Dorothy Rose.' I'll just wager with anyone that wants to that she is the fastest little boat on the Atlantic. Why if a pirate tried to catch her all he would ever see would be a little white streak going over the horizon."

This swaggering confidence of her cousin had dispelled her fears and she had never thought of it again until the time of her departure.

So now she decided to banish these unpleasant thoughts from her mind and say a last good-bye to England. The boat had reached the mouth of the harbor and was beginning to catch the long, smooth, rolling swells. Her friends, having had enough of good-bye, had left her and

she could hear them laughing and talking from various parts of the boat. She was alone in the stern and she watched the lights begin to flash on from various parts of the harbor and then to blink at her. A bright white flash of light swept past her followed quickly by a bright red flash and then all was dark again. It was the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor. An airplane came out of the sky with a popping hum, lit gently on the water and glided to the shore. It reminded her of a huge bird returning to its nest at dusk. The little schooners were hanging out their lights and the battleships began to blink with great red and green eyes as they flashed signals back and forth. Each of these thousands of lights reflected a little bright, flickering path in the water and all these flickering paths pointed towards her.

Helen was awakened from her reverie by a voice in her ear saying, "pretty, isn't it?" She turned around to find Jimmy Willet standing beside her.

"Oh hello, Jimmy," she said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just a minute or two. I missed you from the crowd and so I went to look for you and found you here."

"I have just been watching all the lights, Jimmy, and you think they are pretty too, don't you."

"Yes, Helen, I think they are very pretty. It is all thrilling and inspiring and it makes me long to take you in my arms and hear you say that you will be mine. You know how I"—

"Jimmy—now stop this instant. How many times do you want me to say 'no' and how many times do you want me to say that 'no' is my final answer. Now please be good and don't say anything more about it on this trip or any time. You know that I like you very much and have known you and liked you ever since we were children but I do not want to marry you. So can't we just be real good friends, always?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he said with a sigh. But he had no intention of letting it go at that.

They watched the lights until the last one had disappeared into the ocean. Then they joined their friends inside where George was playing the piano and the others dancing. Jimmy and Helen danced together for some little time. Everyone had noticed their absence during the past half hour and thought that maybe she had accepted him this time. But finally someone cut in much to Helen's relief.

The next day and most of the following days were bright and full of sunshine. The little craft rang with merry peals of laughter from sunrise until late at night. Helen forgot her fears and misgivings and joined with the rest in all their games and merriment. She even took no notice of Jimmy's proposals and never gave them a thought although he followed her around like a little puppy, as she expressed it to herself, and promised again and again to make her a queen and him her slave to do the slightest bidding. Thus the voyage wore on, each day meaning only another so many hours of pleasure to all on board.

We may take occasion at this point to say that our friends were bound for Natal on the Cape of Good Hope. Howard Folinsbee's father had some gold and copper interests in this region and he had asked Howard if he would attend to some business there for him. Since there was no particular hurry about reaching Natal and the transaction of the business required only a short time Howard had decided to combine business with his vacation and so had arranged the yacht party.

One evening a few hours before sunset, when the "Dorothy Rose" had reached the equator and following the coast had turned due east, Helen and George were sitting alone on the forward deck. For some time neither had said a word. There was something depressing in the atmosphere about them. There was less noise and merriment than there had been at any previous time on the voyage. Was it the overcast day or a sense of impending disaster that dampened the spirits of our friends? Indeed the day was very gloomy, just such a one as we have all experienced. The sun had disappeared an hour or two hence behind a dark bank of clouds which looked as though they might develop, in time, into a bad storm. The air was deathly still and the sea, except for the boat's wake stretching out behind, was as calm and smooth as glass. Nothing could be seen in any direction but water and masses of clouds, not a sign of life or a semblance that any one else existed on this earth but the little group of pleasure seekers. Nothing could be heard but the swish, swish of the water under the boat's stern and a continuous flapping of an awning.

A column of smoke could be seen rising up from the ocean to the north and towards the coast of Africa. It was a welcome sight to those on board; this sign of the proximity of human existence other than their own, and it was something to break the monotony of the dreary scene. So almost everyone's attention was turned in this direction. The smoke drew rapidly nearer and soon four funnels appeared belching forth huge columns of smoke. Then the hull of the vessel rose above the horizon and became gradually larger and larger as it approached the yacht.

It did not take it long to draw near and as it crossed their stern our friends had a close view of this strange vessel. It was long and narrow and built very low in the water and its four huge funnels slanted backwards. It was bristling with guns and looked very much like one of our modern destroyers though built on a somewhat larger scale.

All were watching it intently now and everyone noticed its remarkable speed and apparent fighting ability.

"She's moving right along, eh, Howard?" said George, "and by the looks of her she's got more than that in her. Look at those guns! I tell you, I wouldn't want 'em shooting at me."

"By Jove!!" said Jimmy in alarm," she flies no flag."

Immediately all eyes turned towards the vessel in search

of a flag for each one thought that surely Jimmy must be mistaken. Only then did they realize the truthfulness of his statement. This strange vessel flew no flag. What could it mean? The thought of the pirate, reported by the newspapers to be in just this part of the sea, came into the minds of all. Indeed it was almost undoubtedly the pirate for they were at the exact spot where it had been reported and besides what lawful vessel would be sailing the sea without a flag.

As if in answer to the fearful questions which each one was putting to himself or herself a black flag was seen to run up the mast of the armed vessel. A black flag, yes, but diagonally through the centre of it could be seen a narrow strip of white.

George, who had such confidence in the speed of the "Dorothy Rose" rushed madly into the cabin and rang the bells furiously for full speed ahead. The water churned up behind and the little yacht moved forward faster and faster. The pirate ship which had crossed their course diagonally on seeing this maneuver, made a sharp turn and ran parallel with them. It easily skipped past them and when just a little ahead fired a shot across their bow. This of course struck terror into the hearts of all for they expected to be blown up immediately or taken captives and made to endure tortures and death perhaps, just as the people of old had suffered at the hands of pirates.

When another shot was fired across the bow and much nearer to them the yacht came to a standstill for Howard thought it best to ask quarter since it was absolutely useless to try and flee when the armed vessel was very evidently greatly superior to them in speed, moreover, it would be altogether disastrous for them to resist a battle cruiser. At this, the pirate stopped also and soon a little cutter put out from the vessel and came swiftly towards them.

As it came alongside those on board the yacht saw to their dismay and horror that it was filled with men armed with rifles. A ladder was reluctantly let down to them at their demand and they began to climb aboard. About fifteen men came over the side but made no move until the man who was evidently their leader and who followed them up the ladder climbed on to the deck. The pirate, for so he afterwards proved to be, stood for a moment at the spot where he had come over the rail, gazing about him. At a glance one could see that he was far superior to his men. His keen, steady eyes, his firm-set mouth, in fact his whole countenance showed that he was accustomed to command and to be obeyed. He was a man of perhaps thirty years, tall, strong, muscular, and refined looking. He wore, strange to say, not seamen's clothes but army trousers, a khaki shirt, and on his head an ordinary gray cap. On each hip he carried, in a leather holster, a huge revolver.

With a wave of his hand he singled out five men whom he ordered to go below and bring anyone whom they found there on deck. This they did immediately. He then strode about among the passengers, who were standing tense and silent. Suddenly—he stopped before Helen Beckwith, who at this moment happened to be standing with Jimmy Willett, and stood gazing at her. For fully a minute he stood thus while no one moved or made a sound. Helen seemed captivated by his steady gaze and stood looking into his face with an expression of awe.

Then—without saying a word he took a step forward, picked her bodily up in his arms and to everyone's horror strode towards the ladder with her. George sprang towards him like a madman and was knocked senseless to the deck by a blow from a gun. Howard whipped out a little pocket revolver but before he could fire he crumpled up in a heap on the deck with a bullet in his shoulder. As the pirate climbed down the ladder with Helen in his arms, confusion broke out on the yacht. Women screamed and fainted away. Some of the men, frantic with what was happening, attacked the armed men only to be clubbed bleeding to the deck. At this point a storm—which had been brewing for the last half hour unnoticed by all, so much engrossed were they in what was going on—broke upon them with a loud clap of thunder, a terrific gust of wind and squall of rain.

. . . . . .

When Helen began to come to her senses—she had been somewhat overcome by the suddenness and strangeness of events—and to realize what was happening about her she found herself in a little covered-over sort of cabin of the pirate's cutter. She was being wildly tossed about and she could hear the waves splashing and beating against the boat and the men shouting and swearing. It was pitchy black in her confinement and she felt about her for an opening. She came upon the little hatch but found it fastened from the outside. She hardly knew where she was or what she was doing. The sudden and startling events that had just come upon her had so bewildered her that she hardly knew fear or felt a sense of danger.

Suddenly there was a loud crash and she felt herself thrown out into space and then felt the cold, swirling waters close over her head. Then she felt strong arms about her and the next thing she knew she was being dragged over the rail of the pirate vessel by the man who had captured her. He lifted her, dripping, in his arms and carried her into the cabin. Here recent events proved too much for her and she fainted dead away.

When she came to, she was lying in a warm, dry bed and an old negress was trying to get her to drink some hot broth. She drank this and fell into a long restful sleep. When she awoke she felt very much refreshed and soothed. Now for the first time she fully realized her predicament. She thought of her friends and the yacht. Turning to the old negress who was still beside her she asked her where she was and what would happen to her. The negress told her that she was on the pirate ship "Anonymous," that she herself did not know where they were at present and that her master, the pirate, had told her to have nothing to fear.

Helen, having by this time completely regained herself, was aware for the first time of the indignities placed upon her and demanded that her clothes be brought. The negress brought them saying that her master had ordered her to do whatever his captive desired. After she had put them on and made herself appear as attractive as possible under the circumstances, she said to the negress, "Go and tell this pirate that I have something to say to him." In a very few seconds he came into the room looking just as he did that first day she saw him when he climbed over the rail of the yacht. He took off his cap and came forward saying, "what can I do for you, Miss Beckwith?"

"You can set me ashore as soon as possible at the nearest point where I can get passage for England. If you don't, my friends, unless you have cruelly murdered them or have them prisoners also, will report this outrage and the British authorities will immediately scour the seas until they find you and deal with you as you should be dealt with. Don't you realize that you are bound to be caught sometime. What is more, I will not stay on this vessel. I will kill myself or throw myself into the sea rather than remain here with you."

By this time she had worked herself into a frenzy of rage. Her eyes blazed and she confronted him defiantly.

"Order this vessel to proceed to the nearest port immediately. Give these orders I say. If you don't I will throw myself into the sea. Go! go! give these orders, please!"

When he still remained motionless and only gazed intently at her she started for the door saying, "you shall not keep me a prisoner on this vessel. I will—."

He stepped forward and seized her wrist so suddenly and so firmly that she thought it would crumple in his powerful hands. With a little twist he brough ther to the floor crying with pain,—then released her. She sat there gazing at him spellbound by his stern, brown eyes, her look of defiance changed to one of humbleness and self pity.

He spoke clearly and without emotion. "As to your friends— I let them go unmolested and if they survived the storm they are now safe. They will of course report this incident and your loss, but the British cruisers will not capture me. They would have captured me long since if they could have. I attacked your party with the intention of stranding you on a desert isle and taking your yacht for which I have a particular use. I gave up this intention the moment I saw you. I tell you, now Helen,"—here his voice broke a little—"that I fell in love with you at that moment and that I love you as I never have loved before. I want you and I will have you. You shall remain on this vessel and your slightest wish shall be a command among my crew. I command you to do no injury to yourself and I am accustomed to be obeyed. In time you must learn to love me."

Having said this he turned about and went out. Helen dragged herself over to the bed upon which she threw herself and wept long and bitterly.

It would be too long and wearisome, friend reader, to tell all the events which happened during the several months which Helen spent on the "Anonymous." The pirate captured many more vessels to whose passengers he showed great clemency, robbing only those travelling in luxury. If he desired the vessel itself he always put passengers and crew ashore in the dead of night very near a town or city. During this time the admiration which this strong man had inspired in Helen steadily increased. It rose by leaps and bounds after the pleasant evening which they spent together seated in the shadow of two of the huge guns, in which he had told her of his past life; that he was a graduate of Oxford and came from a good English family; how he had gone to France to fight the Germans as an officer in a British regiment; how a German spy had become established in the British army; made a lot of trouble and succeeded in turning all suspicion toward him; how he had been condemned to die as a traitor to his country and had escaped from his confinement the night before the day set for his death through the aid of a comrade who was aware of his innocence; and how he had fled to Africa where he got together his present crew and succeeded in capturing this vessel from the Germans by a trick. He told her that if he returned home even now he would be seized and shot as a traitor.

Soon, after many pleasant hours spent with him, Helen's admiration for this man grew to love; but still it was not strong enough to confess it to him. He was continually in her mind now and she dreamed of him always. She often thought of how brave and strong and manly he was and how he had risked his life to save her from drowning. And then she would compare him with poor, simple, humble Jimmy Willett who never batted an eyelash when she was seized and carried off.

After Helen had spent seven months on the "Anonymous" her love for this man, whom she later called her pirate, became so great that she could not help but make it apparent to him. When he pressed her for an answer she confessed to him that she loved him. He took her in his strong arms and held her in a long and loving embrace, kissing her again and again. As she snuggled in his arms she realized that he was her mate, her life, and that she could no longer live without him.

We could hardly say "and so they lived happily ever after" just at this point and leave our hero and heroine out in the middle of the South Atlantic on a pirate vessel. So we must add just a little more to wind things up before we can conclude with this ending which has been the ending for most stories since stories originated and which I believe is the only proper ending for any story.

Helen's love was so overwhelming that she was willing to give up home and family and friends for this wonderful man. She made him give up his piratical ways and in a very short time they settled down in a little California town and lived to the end of their days happy in each other's love.

. . . . . .

It still remains a mystery to the world as to who captured the mysterious pirate of the South Atlantic. But you and I, friend reader, know who captured him.

"ROOMY"

I think I can say—just between you and me—
That I know pretty well what a room-mate should be.

The kind of a fellow you like to know,
The kind of a boy with whose friends you go,
Who does the same things that you like to do,
Who reads and who thinks on the same thoughts, too!

The kind of a *boy* who can take a joke
And go you one better, or pay with a poke
In the ribs. A fellow who can't hold a grudge
Whose pleasant good nature you never can budge.

A fellow who'll help when he sees you're in need,
With advice if you want, or by unselfish deed;
And whose bottom coin is yours if you ask,
With a smile and a "Welcome" you know is no mask.

The sort of a fellow whose socks and whose ties
Aren't thrown around as a sight for the eyes!
The kind who will shut off the talk and the noise
When you've got an exam and can't play with the boys!

A fellow who takes your part everywhere
And speaks nought but good of you while he is there;
But who'll tell *you* you're wrong if he sees that you are,
Because he is loyal when near or when far.

In short, a fellow who's true to the end,—
Who is idol, advisor, comrade, and friend,—
That's the kind of a "Roomy" I've got, you see!
It's the kind I'm not but I want to be!

DISTILLED ROMANCE

HE was recovering from a slight attack of pneumonia. Cheerfully he was trying to forget the seven weeks' school work that was to be made up. Situated at brilliant Atlantic City he was very much disappointed in the hotel his mother had selected. Her plea had been, "It is so quiet and restful and the food is so good, Robert dear."

Well, maybe it was. That wasn't the question. He wanted speed and now we find him guessing the ages of all the adults and receiving for an average,—just fifty nine. At least seven eighths of them seemed to be crippled. There were only a few younger people, and these couldn't enjoy his life.

While on the board walk the third morning after his arrival, "Robert dear" bought a very good college comic. It was while reading this magazine in one of the quieter of the quiet reading rooms that he felt, or rather, smelled, a very delightful perfumed person pass before him. He was rather taken aback, but like the brave boy he was, he glanced to his right and with much amazement regarded the sweet young thing who had seated herself at the other end of the very sofa at which he was reading. He focused his attention on the magazine and read the following joke:

SHE: Did you speak to me?

HE: No, but I would like to.

It was after he had finished choking over the joke that he

heard the wonderfully clear voice of the other person in the room directed at him,

"Did you speak to me?" The innocence of the question quite staggered Robert for a moment, but calmly and coolly he replied without thinking—"No, but I would like to."

It seemed that the quiet earnestness of his voice assured the coy, maiden that he was as nice as he looked and wasn't as fresh as he sounded.

Quick as a flash she replied, using her large brown eyes to advantage, "What is it you would say if only one sentence were permitted?"

Not to be caught at his own game (he thought it was his own), he looked perplexed and appeared to be in deep thought for a short time.

"Well, you are as a godsend to this old ladies' home which seems to have assumed an entirely different aspect since your radiant beauty has brought me new life and—."

"Just one sentence."

"It can't be done, but I meant what I said."

"Well, the sooner we are introduced, the sooner I shall find out if your sentence means anything."

The next morning Robert found out that this new "light" was all she looked to be and then some. After walking to the end of the board walk, she thought that she was tired enough to ride back in a chair. The talk was not as light as their introductory conversation, but she made an excellent companion, even in the wheel chair. Here was the very girl he had looked for ever since he knew what he wanted. She didn't seem any older than the average finishing school girl, but her every action showed that she knew just how to carry herself on every occasion. This type of girl was his delight,—she was not the least bit affected, she was very natural.

"I wouldn't give a penny for your thoughts, because they aren't worth it." Thus he was awakened from his quiet dreams of admiration.

"I was just figuring that I have only two more days to spend down here with you, and the probability is that after that I won't ever see you again. I really would like to get your right address right now, if you care to hear from me. I shall be at school till June, and during the summer I am going to work on an ocean liner until I enter Princeton in the fall."

"Well", said Doris, "my address will be somewhat of a shock to you. It is 22 Cleveland St., East Orange, New Jersey."

For a second he was too surprised to say a word. Then quietly he said, "If that isn't the darndest. I've been living right next door all my life, and then I have to leave home to meet my pretty neighbor."

"I've only been living there a year," laughed Doris, "and besides I go away to school."

The next two days left nothing to be desired, mainly on account of Robert's efforts. Doris did not resist any attempts at association, but certainly did not encourage them. Altogether too well she played with him. At the end both were sorry that the delightful vacation was over, but each knew that the best was made of the occasion.

"Isn't it queer how we happened to meet?" said Bob on their last stroll out on the starlit board-walk.

"Does that still bother you? I thought you might see through the reason that I spoke to you. I had just finished reading that very magazine and knew that the joke in question was on the page you were glancing at. It wasn't so clever after all, but it served its purpose."

He clearly saw the sly twinkle in her eyes and noticed how it made her wonderful face light up.

"But to be serious," she went on, "I, too, have to return to school next Monday. I go to Bradford and I never like the trip up. It's in Massachusetts you know."

Did Robert know? Did he say anything to her? He did. He explained carefully that he had to return on the same day and would take the same train. If she would allow him to, he would order two chairs right now. Of course she didn't want him to, but she didn't forbid him to. What matter if he did get to Andover one day sooner than he had planned; the pleasure of going with her would be worth it. It seemed to be quite a surprise to her to find that he was an Andover boy.

A little later they were seated on the train. He openly told her how he adored her, but just as openly she told him to talk sensibly or keep his thoughts to himself. He never knew what they talked about, but all too soon the train came to Boston and the best part of the trip was over. However, he wanted to be satisfied at the end, and somewhat wistfully, he wanted to know if she wasn't going to make any comment at all about him. She admitted that he was a nice boy and seemed to know how to travel very well; she also thanked him for accompanying her on a trip that was usually so uninteresting.

Gloomily he arrived in Andover. Of course everyone was glad to see him. His roommate remarked that all the work he would have to make up was enough to make anyone gloomy, but that he ought to be glad to get back just for a change. Robert knew what the matter was. He had, to use a slangy expression, fallen hard. It was only after another week that his roommate found that out. That was when all feminine pictures over his desk, except one, were removed. That one was very excellent, but even then that wasn't much reason to take all the others away. Robert resented this statement, and with a few warm words he said that she was the best in the world.

Just once a week, he received the glowing letter that meant so much. They weren't letters filled with words of love, but they were very sincere. He had already asked Doris to the June Prom.

Of course something had to happen. Professors were complaining that his work although passing was not up to standard. The make-up work didn't bother him greatly, but he seemed to have developed a peculiar aversion to high honors.

Just one week before the Prom a letter from Bob's brother brought the shock.

DEAR BOB:

Some very happy news is forthcoming. You are among the first hundred I've told. I'm engaged to a charming girl named Doris Starke. She goes to Bradford, so possibly you have met her. She lives right next door to us at home, but it wasn't till I went to Lake Placid last winter that I met her. She has now completely recovered from a long-drawn-out illness.

Well, old boy, isn't it queer where one will meet his next door neighbor. We are to be married after our graduations this June.

Write soon.

Brother Art.

It took Robert a short time to pick up after that. He passed the finals with his old-time efficiency.

At the Prom he had little to say. After congratulating Doris, he apologized for being the fool he had been.

"There is no apology needed," she said. "Your actions are exactly like your brother's, but he is more experienced than you. I want you to be a good brother and treat me nicely."

Three weeks later we find poor Bob leaning over the rail of a liner bound for Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. He was in a sailor's dress, but evidently not on duty. The great moon was making a silver path across the quiet blue stretch of the Atlantic. Its effect brought a little less joy to his thoughts than to two other individuals on board.

"Here I am," he thought, "working harder than ever before, a dirty sailor on the boat my brother chooses to take his happy bride to Europe in. They in first-class passage and me in the steerage! After I discovered the gold mine, it comes rather hard, but who knows, I may meet her sister in Italy."

THE ROMAN-GAUL GAME*

WHEN Caesar's slinger had quickly taken his place on the mound, which, as we have shown above, sloped gently from the plate, Vercingetorix drew up his line of battle opposite to our men. After Caesar had learned through scouts that the field might be invaded, he sent three men into the farthest parts, and ordered Crassus to take command of the first sack, and he distributed other men in a semi-circle behind the slinger. He ordered Sabinus to remain at home and intercept any stray spheres which might come within his territory.

After these preparations had been finished at about the eighth hour, Vercingetorix began battle. In a short time Caesar's men returned to camp safely, and when Sabinus had snatched a stick from the nearest man, he advanced on the plate and smote the advancing orb with great force. He then set out swiftly toward the nearest grain sack, and reached there unharmed. However, when he had proceeded in the direction of home, his course was intercepted by a Gaul of exceeding courage. After this misfortune had been received, he was forced to return to his men in disgrace. Caesar, nevertheless, stood his ground, and when three times the elusive spherical body had passed him, he remained at home. Now, since all our men were depressed, a tribune of the soldiers arose and advanced to save his countrymen. He thoroughly frightened the Gallic slingers and made a complete circuit of the field, although he was worn out by much running. After another of our men had followed Caesar's noble example, we repaired to the fields again. Score, 1-0.

Although it was fought in a like manner until sunset, Caesar's followers returned to camp victorious. Final score, 3-0.

* Translated literally from the "ROMAN MORNING GAZABO" by the "Interlinear Classics."

WHAT MEN WILL WEAR

THE gents of fashion will probably notice the abrupt change in the style of the new year's wearing apparel. To be sure, the change came about midnight, December 31, 1921. This was the date set by our fashion leading city of Yonkers, and the change from the old style, pretentious and showy, to the more simple adornment is indeed welcomed by the model red-blooded American.

Morning

We have come to recognize and respect the dressing gown and slippers as an acid test of one's character, but in this new epoch, it becomes simply a matter of taste. A popular choice of bed-room moccasins is that of a very reserve color scheme, such as orange and olive-green mosaic straw. The ideal lining is of genuine perforated paraffin, with a sturdy sole of copper. Dressing robes come in varied variety, mostly purple. After purchasing one or the other of the before-mentioned shades, it is customary to redecorate with either (or both) frozen fur or glazed mosquito netting. The defect is quite desirable. As a headpiece, the old dutch gold helmet again comes into use although in a more fascinating manner. A charming cigar holder of brightly hued India rubber is quite the climax of this comfortable though styleless garbage.

Afternoon

It is the custom to wear nothing of notice directly after luncheon, so that one may prepare for the heavier and less encouraging though more inspiring sack coat made of itchy sack cloth originated at Saks. A pair of very thin but scarcely transparent corduroy knickers with gracefully hanging, crosscut, twilled, pig-skin is the snobby gentleman's selection. Of course it is not entirely wrong to add to this smart costume some sort of under garment of the negligee type, preferably of a pinkish-cream pigment. Socks or stockings are entirely out of mode and the shoes must be constructed of a very heavy material such as *papier mache*. Garters are very gripping affairs this season, consisting solely of a single strand of barbed-wire, but in such a case as this where no stockings are used, the garter becomes a bracelet, and without question is one of the most becomingly worn ornaments of the present day. This combination is one suitable for all kinds of noon wear, including classes, dances, teas and Boston.

Evening

The manner and poise with which the evening garments are worn depends to a goodly extent to the social heights one shall attain. The present dress is quite extinguishing and is far from what it ought to be, although it is much more manly than anything that society has yet appeared in.

Its feature is a very, very low back. All edges are luringly fringed with a mellow shaded crepe. The skirt, for such it is, is long enough to be called a train. The colors are bright enough, certainly to be extremely popular. They consist of those in the rainbow and a few that are not in it.

With these fashionable hints, it is quite impossible for anyone who obeys them, not to make a screaming hit.

I. M. Trim

DRIFTING

I tossed about in fleecy space,
Into a bank of poppies fell,
How long I lay I cannot tell,
I dreamed of lands and love and grace.

Of waters pouring over cliffs,
Of magic castles, silent forms
Of fleeting maidens—ships in storms,
Of wind-full sails o'er skiffs.

I dreamed of mists..and what beside?
Of fairies, silken hair unfurl'd....
My roving soul was pacified,
Its vision drifting through the mists.

I lay in cozy dreams enwrapp'd,
Until a soft pervading smell
Of wistful poppies kissed my cheeks,
Like songs in minds that ever dwell.

Le Tripotage



Bow: When ah dies ah's not gwine to heaben.
Tie: How'zat, niggah?
Bow: Ah'ze done heard so much 'bout Hell's belles.

First Stude: I got A minus.
Second Ditto: In what?
F. S. : Drag in the office.

Student translating Cicero: I-er, I-er, I-er.
Prof: Don't be so egotistical.

Stu: Is the noun "family" abstract or concrete?
Dent: Abstract.
Stu: Well, suppose you see a family come walking down the street, how can you tell whether it's abstract or concrete?
Dent: Depends upon what kind of a street it is.

Mirror Madness

The only time that a person can stand praise is all the time.

* * * *

You may not be able to judge a magazine by the cover, but you can always judge a woman by the cover.

* * *

A short time ago there was a great run on coffee at Child's restaurant in New York. It was ordered in thousand gallon quantities by all the leading dye works in the country.

* * *

The Jersey Ice Cream Company failed in their attempt to establish an ice cream agency at the north pole. That's nothing—one man had the nerve to try to start a pawn shop in Palestine.

* * *

Women hate to talk George Washington never told a lie, either.

* * *

All laundries now send the wash back C. O. D.——clean or dirty.



"Where 'yo get tha hat?"
"I got tha hat on my head."



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DIPLOMA—A skin you love to touch.

You don't have to go to Spain to see the bull thrown.

A man went down to the sea shore for a change and a rest.

The waiter got the change and the hotel got the rest.

"You take life easy," said the convict philosophically as he eyed the electric chair for the last time.

"You are a perfect bundle of nerves," said the dentist, as he wrapped up the week's extractions for the experimental laboratory.



Trying to make both ends meet.

SHE: Were you ever married?

HE: Yes, I've marched twice to the tune of Mr. Mendelssohn's little joke.

Familiar Haunts

GYMNASIUM—Doctor Page's Dancing School.

INFIRMARY—Phillips National Bank.

DINING HALL—Reincarnations in the Fifth Episode.

PEABODY—Beanery third Course.

CHAPEL—Study Hall and Sleeping Quarters.

ADMIN. BUILDING—Main Agency of American Railroads and Bante's inferno.

YOUTH TO MAN: Your son has quite a growth of hair covering his dome of thought, hasn't he?

MAN: Yes, his capillary appendages are extremely prolific.

PROF: "What's the most memorable date in History?"

WITTE: "The one Anthony had with Cleopatra." —*Exchange.*



I saw a big fight last night.
What was it?
The waves were beating up on the beach.

SHE: What do you do for a living?

HE: Stoke fires.

SHE: My, what a hot life.

SHE: Do you like ice cream?

HE: Yes, that's the fondest thing I am of.

THE



END



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H. E. Miller - - Proprietor

"Jack says he just loves to play with my hair."

"Then why don't you let him take it home with him?—*Drexerd.*

What The —?

JOHN: My wife was a marvelous pianist. My heart was won by her beautiful arms.

JEAN: Mine was a toe dancer.—*Log.*

Faunally Speaking

"What's all that loud talk in the dining-room, sister?"

"Father and mother are swapping animals."

"Swapping animals?"

"Yep. She passed the buck to him and got his goat."—*Judge.*

This Will Tickle You

DUMB: Why did you crack Jones in the funny bone?

BILL: Because I wanted to hear him laugh up his sleeve.—*Lemon Punch.*

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BOOK REVIEW

"SAINT TERESA" $2.00—Houghton Mifflin Company

"Saint Teresa" by H. S. Harrison, author of "Queed," "Angela's Business," etc., is a captivating novel of the present day which is expected to be the most popular book of the year. It is a book which at the very start gains the reader's interest and keeps it to the last page.

Dean Masury, a New Yorker, who has no other occupation than writing for periodicals, through the influence of his dear friend Lucy Flanner, procures a position as an office efficiency expert for the Whitestone Steel Company, owned by Teresa DeSilver.

Teresa De Silver, who had been conspicuously in the eyes of the world for ten years, had the reputation of being a woman who hated love. She seemed to have a peculiar aversion to mankind in general, except in business connections. Having just come into the ownership of the Whitestone Steel Company, she immediately closed the firm's great shell plant, being a firm disbeliever in war. Then rose threatening charges of pro-Germanism. Just at this point Dean Masury begins his work for Miss De Silver, having taken the position more out of curiosity than anything else. He soon gains the respect of his employer. However, between the two there is a strange spirit of antagonism not usually found between man and woman.

As the book works towards its great and startling climax, Saint Teresa, as she is called, gains the hatred of the world. Reports are even spread abroad that she is secretly making shells for the Germans. Consequently, since Dean Masury and Lucy Flanner stand by Teresa, they, too are practically ostracized from society. Steadily increases also the struggle between Saint Teresa and Dean Masury, the latter always trying to show that he, as a man, is Teresa's superior. Masury even attempts to get the controlling interest in the Whitestone Steel Company so as to authorize the reopening of the shell plant. But Teresa foils him, having already bought enough of the company's stock to gain the controlling interest and keep it for herself. Here, as always she shows herself as his superior.

In the end after their last great struggle he finally wins her love and so ends happily Mr. Harrison's newest and greatest novel.



PROF: "What instrument produces foot notes?"

FROSH: "Shoe horn."

—*The Panther.*

The Bear Cat

ANXIOUS: "Where is Nellie tonight."

HUMOROUS: "She caught colt in her bear calf and she's too horse to speak."

ANXIOUS: "I believe your lion."

—*Punch Bowl*

"Do you believe in eating clubs on the campus?"

"Naw, nor chewing toothpicks either."—*Purple Cow.*

OSSIFER: Here, man—pull yourself together and go home before I have to call the wagon.

HICASTER: Hic—My Gawd—hic have I come to pieces?—*Mugwump.*

"Does Bill go out and smoke between acts?"

"No, he goes in to watch the play between drinks."—*Virginia Reel.*

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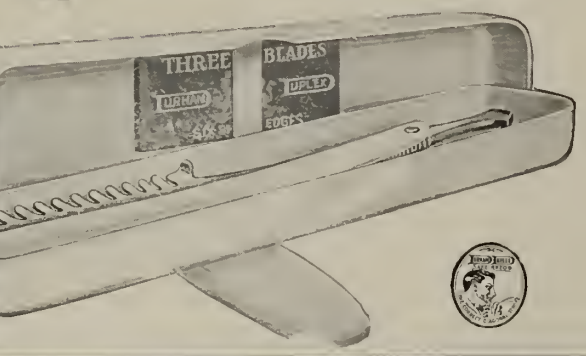


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"I'm helping out these poor Eskimos by buying their pies."—*Widow.*

Going Up

CHLORINE: "You say the new chorus has very beautiful legs?"

BENNIE: "I can speak very highly of them."—*Frivol.*

"I've given up my eating," said the seasick passenger.—*Orange Owl.*

Fashion Note

The latest style is called, "The Prodigal Skirt." It brings out the fatted calf.—*Judge.*

GRACIOUS CONDUCTOR: "'Sall right lady, you can ride on your face."

PURSELESS LADY: "Thanks, but I'd much rather sit down."—*Voo Doo.*

SHE: "Basketball is a deadly game."

HE: "What makes you think so?"

SHE: "I was watching a game the other night and one of the players shouted to another, 'Shoot yourself.' "—*Lord Jeff.*

FROSH: "I worked at that problem till almost five-thirty this morning."

SOPH: "And did you get the idea then?"

FROSH: "It began to dawn on me."

—*Ghost.*

"I am having a new dress made but my heart is not in it."

"Is it as low as that?"

—*Drexerd.*

TOOTSIE: "I think I'll marry a doctor so I can be well for nothing."

WOOTSIE: "Why not marry a preacher so you can be good for nothing?"—*Mugwump.*

HANK: "The moon is much more useful than the sun."

LANK: "How's that?"

HANK: "Well, the moon shines at night when it's dark, but the sun shines in broad daylight when it's not needed."—*Purple Cow.*

"I shall carry this with me to the grave," said the pallbearer as he raised the coffin.—*Chaparral.*

The Niblick, Please, Boy

"Don't try to tell me those moth-eaten things are golf socks."

"Yes, they are. Look at the eighteen holes."—*Widow.*

LECTURER: "And the pangs of hunger can be allayed momentarily by tightening the belt."

VOICE FROM THE REAR: "But what is a poor girl to do?" —*Chaparral.*

LAWYER BROWN: "Has Ah gained mah point, Yoh Honah?"

JUDGE JOHNSON: "Yoh has, Niggah, shoot the half."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

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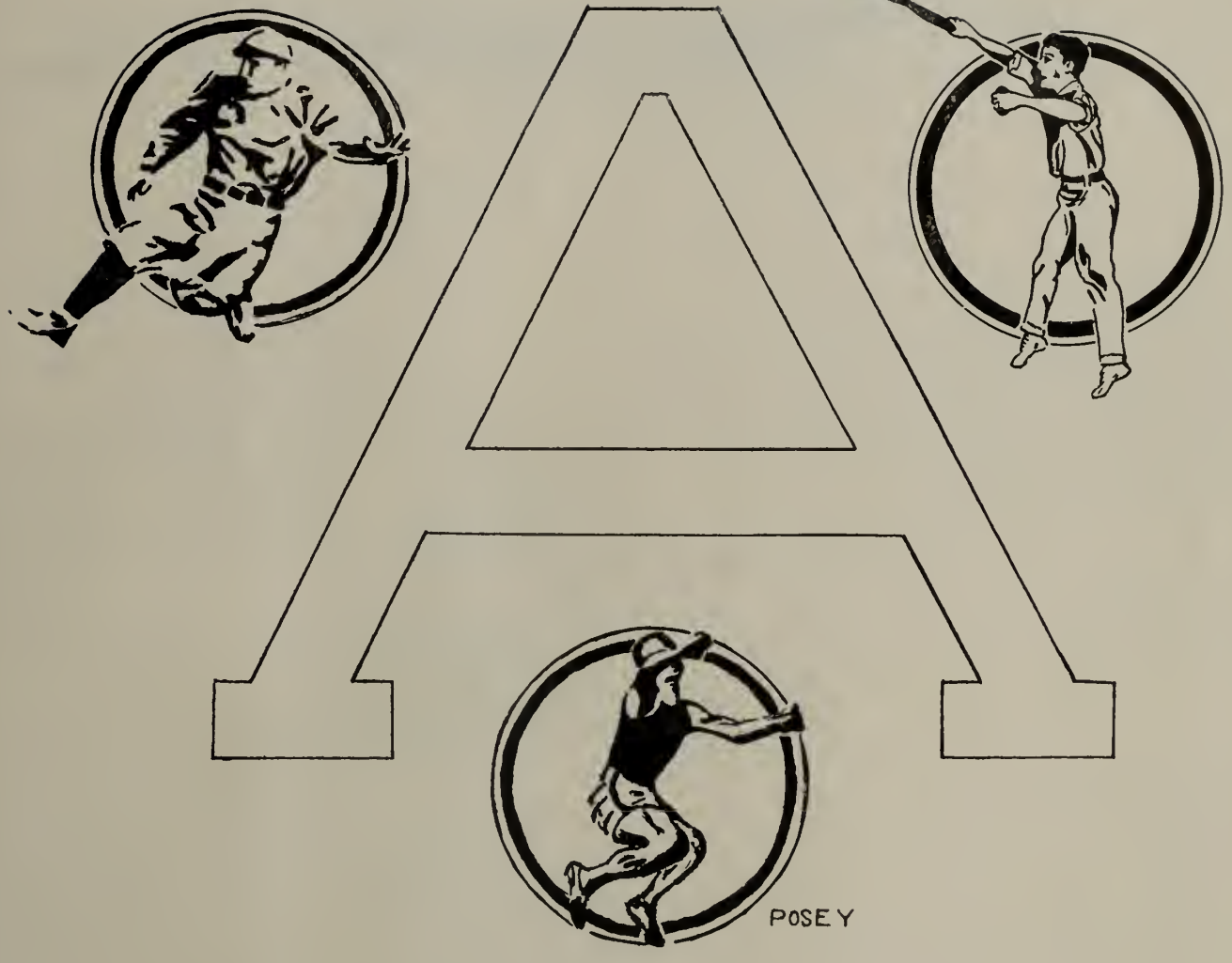
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EDITORIAL

WHEN we read Mr. H. C. Stearns' criticism of our April number in *The Phillipian*, we found ourselves somewhat at a loss as to what we should say. We first thought that perhaps we would do best to give up our job; but as this seemed to be a very inexpedient course of action, we decided to take the criticism in a good-natured way and to try to make the best of it. We are sorry that our critic has such an aversion to college comics. On the contrary, we regret to a certain extent that the majority of our subscribers have not the same aversion to the college magazines, for then, we would not have to exhaust our effort and patience in providing the material which they clamor for. What we refer to is, of course, that which makes up *Le Tripotage*. We feel that *Le Tripotage* and the bits of more lengthy drool have now come to mean so much to the magazine in the eyes of its student subscribers that to lose them would seriously impair the life of THE MIRROR. That THE MIRROR can remain in the future a literary-humorous publication seems very possible to us, and we shall bend every effort to make it so. The April number, it must be remembered, was the first issue to be under the full jurisdiction of the new board. So, since beginners frequently make mistakes, we hope that ours will be pardoned, and that in the coming year our efforts to please all concerned will be appreciated. In closing, we wish to thank Mr. Stearns for his criticism, which we believe was meant for our own good. Furthermore, if in time to come helpful bits of criticism are directed towards each new board, we think that the magazine and its editors will be mutually benefited.

FRED M. CLEAVELAND, JR., 1923

"A"

When the rating season opens, and your heart begins to thump
At the prospect of a non-ex, or a pro,
And you burn the midnight current, and your spirits take a slump,
And the fire of your ambition's mighty low,
Then you're satisfied with passing — thank the gods you still are safe —

Though I'd venture here to confidently say,
When Cum Laude day draws nigh
You would part with your right eye,
Just to get a single solitary "A"!

* * * * *

You can get your dip by passing with D-minus or a D
When you're lucky to have gotten it at all,
And be inwardly rejoicing, when at last you plainly see
Your admission slip for college in the Fall.
But I'll bet my bottom dollar you can never find a man,
Though you search the place from now 'til Judgment Day,
Whose ambition is so dead
That he wouldn't give his head
Just to get a single solitary "A"!

GEORGE O. RIGGS, 1922

THE UNKNOWNS LTD.

I have not yet fully decided whether it is a curse or an advantage to be the brother of my twin. Lately, affairs have developed so as to make me believe that it is a curse, but of course it's all in the point of view. The situation that is most perplexing and almost weird, is that we look so nearly alike that even father never tries to distinguish between us.

It must have been about when Gill and I reached our twelfth birthday that he came to the conclusion that our peculiar circumstance was a gift of the gods, and that we were two of the luckiest boys in the neighborhood. I'll grant all that, but in a good many cases we weren't as lucky as we might have been. At this special meeting of the "Unknowns, Ltd." we vowed absolute loyalty to each other, in any case that ever might occur because of our likeness. We called ourselves the "Unknowns Ltd." because when just one of us was in sight, he was unknown, and we added the Ltd. because it was English and we considered it quite refined.

It might be wise to say something more about our similarity. Ever since I can remember, we have done the same things and lived under the same conditions and thought practically the same thoughts. The result is very startling and it amuses me sometimes, to notice some of the minor details common to us both. Of course we differ in a great many things, but if it weren't for that I don't believe that we would get along as well together as we do. Gill is really quite a scholar in mathematics while I don't pretend to understand the more advanced work that he is so unconsciously clever at. My specialty is languages. Most of the common modern languages hold but little terror for me while Gill never even attempts to figure out foreign expressions.

In order to keep within decent modesty I will tell about my brother. The girls around home used to go wild over Gill and he was looked up to as a pretty clever good looking young fellow. I might add also, that what is true about Gill is almost always true about me.

We have always been a bit handy at acting and doing certain little tricks that are admired by the other fellows. We have even been able to give entertainments that include such things as juggling, tumbling and jigging and have even gone as far as to produce a fairly good duet. I am not trying to brag, but merely to show to just what extent we have developed the tremendous advantage of being twins and possessing slight ability.

To show just exactly what I mean by being an advantage I'll relate what happened the other day in Latin class. Of course we don't take advantage of anyone if it isn't necessary but it is always a great temptation in the classroom where the absent-minded professor rules in his nearsighted way.

Now Gill and I sit next to each other as would be expected in a class alphabetically arranged, but our Latin professor calls on us beginning at the front of the room and working toward the rear in one row. In that way we can figure out what days we have to recite, so I can sit in place of Gill if he hasn't prepared the lesson that day. Gill's row is in one half of the room and mine is in the other half. Contrary to rule, the professor called on Gill directly after I had recited. This completely upset Gill as he had not prepared the lesson. After he gave me the S. O. S. he figured out a way to get a good mark. As soon as he said the first word, the wind, blowing in the window quite strongly carried away some loose pages in his book and spread them on the floor. Both of us hastened to pick them up and in the scramble, we changed places.

I suppose that in the end, all this trickery will be just the thing that isn't good for us, but I claim that being able to rise to such an emergency will help us if a great deal depends on it.

We have helped each other in various ways a great many times, but never have I had so much trouble and yet so much pleasure mixed in one of these cases as the last one. It concerns the prom.

I believe at the time I was under some obligation to him and in a moment of folly, I told him that I would take a girl friend of his to the prom, as "my best" was too far away to be transported.

Right here I must explain that Gill and I never spend the summer together. It is a foolish idea of our parents that it would do us more good to be separated a part of each year. Consequently I do not know all that my brother has done in vacation and he certainly doesn't know all that I have done. This girl friend of his was, I believe, one of his summer's fancies and although she knew that he had a twin, she had never met him.

Gill also invited another of his friends whom I didn't know but had heard of. I told him that he was foolish to invite two, but he knew what he was doing and I always have faith in his actions. It seemed that it was absolutely necessary to get them both to the prom as it had a great deal to do with his next year's vacation.

The prom came along in due time and with it something else appeared that was wholly unexpected. The fact was that Gill took down with the mumps on the very evening before the prom. I could plainly see trouble ahead but I certainly didn't want to have two girls on my hands that I had never met before. There was no way to stop the invitation at that late date so Gill sent word to me to arrange to take them both to the prom, and what was worse he wished to make one of them believe that he was not sick and he didn't care what the other girl thought. It was very reckless of me to do it but the idea strangely attracted me

and I thought to take two girls to the prom would be quite a coup for me to tell the fellows about afterwards. The sad part of it was that I couldn't go to see Gill to find out about either of these girls and just what kind of a line to use.

I managed to get my programs settled so that I could take care of them both and have a good time at that. I also told a few of the closest of our friends that one of us would not be there, but not to say anything to the girls about how much we looked alike.

It wasn't long before I was congratulating myself on having gone so far without a false step, but as yet, I hadn't had a single word with the girls in private.

I saw that whatever happened I would have a good time. Gill's choice of girls was certainly to be admired for I doubt if his girl was surpassed by any flapper there, and the one he had invited for me wasn't as bad as she might have been as far as looks went.

I sat out the third dance with Phyllis, Gill's girl, and that began my trouble. She was the clinging type of girl and as she thought she knew me, it didn't take very much to make her assume a natural pose.

"Well," she said in rather an accusing tone, "are you going to keep your promise or not?"

I had no idea what promise she was speaking of, but I replied, resolving not to be outdone:

"I thought you knew me well enough to depend on my word. I am ready. First, have you any comments to make on the last days we spent together?"

I was totally in the dark and hoped to find something that might guide me. In asking this question I believed that she would gladly review the events that had happened. I was right.

"No, I haven't anything to say about those last days, but are you sure that you don't love her at all? Here she is at this prom invited by your brother, what proof have I that you are not as sincere towards her as you are to me?"

This was a shock to me. The old eternal triangle had now widened out into a quadrangle and I was the fourth non defensive point. I guess that this was the nearest I ever became to being "unknown."

"I can easily prove that I never loved her and that I am still true to you. Just repeat the promise that I made and I'll show you."

"The first thing that you said was that you would keep my picture until I came to this prom. Have you got it?"

"You know where I keep it, don't you?" I said as coolly as possible.

"Where it would be nearest your heart, in the back of your watch."

It so happened that I had a picture in my watch but it didn't look anything like her, but I took it out and glanced at it long and wistfully, in the meantime not letting her see it.

"You see, here it is. Won't you let me keep it? There is no reason why I should give it back now, because I love you just as much as before."

This was true and pleased her enough so that she consented. Just about this time she began to stop pouting and was willing to forget the past. I was beginning to see why Gill was forced to invite Phyllis to the prom and it seemed that he also owed something to the girl that he had invited for me. Just to find out how well I had stood the test I asked her if she thought that I had changed any.

"Not a bit, Gill," she said, "you are the same old flirt and not to be trusted."

Of the next half hour I'll say nothing, in order not to make the story drag, but to us two who were the only ones interested, the time didn't drag at all.

As I was taking her back to dance she passed a remark that pleased me to hear.

"I'm not so sure that you haven't changed after all, Gill. I believe that the year that has passed, has done you a lot of good. I know I never liked you so much before."

Then, while dancing, I saw Marjorie, my girl. This reminded me that I had to take care of her too. My next dance was with her, but I had no wish to sit out this dance. My thoughts were occupied with Phyllis and her only. However, she made the suggestion that we get a little air. I could see that she was on the warpath for she wasn't as nice to me as she had been before.

Hardly had we settled down when she began her attack. I have never before seen the wrath of a woman so bitterly expressed. She denounced me in all ways possible. She had seen me come back with Phyllis after our short absence and didn't like that at all. A certain signet ring was demanded which she noticed was not on my finger as she expected. I saw only one way to clear myself. The fact was, she thought that I was Gill.

"Just who do you think I am, Marjorie?" I said in a lowered tone, trying to keep my temper.

"Don't joke now, Gill," she said, "if you can't defend yourself, say so and I can easily forget you."

"You have made a mistake," I replied, "I am not Gill, and do not expect to defend him."

Of course she calmed down right away and apologized. This didn't do me any good because I had seen a good enough example of her wrath so I only gave her the necessary courtesy that manners require.

To be sure I saw a good deal more of Phyllis, and at the last dance I was brave enough to tell her just who I was and what laws of loyalty I had followed in carrying out the plans of Gill as well as I could. She didn't say anything for a time, but then she frankly told me how she hated Gill for trying to deceive her in this way. Also I was made to promise that our friendship was not to be considered in a different light, because of her mistake. I never will forget the look in her eyes when she made me promise.

After the prom, I knew I would have quite some trouble in telling Gill just how affairs had turned out. He came

out of the infirmary shortly, and was certainly ready to pay me back for taking away his girl.

"I suppose it serves me right," he said. "I was trying to give you the girl I didn't want and if I hadn't gotten sick it would have worked fine. But it sure was a mean trick to take away my girl. I have an idea that I won't be any too popular in Northeast Harbor this summer, so I'll let you take my place."

MARSHALL L. POSEY, 1922

TO VERGIL

I thought you dry past all belief,
But when your verses I construe
Of Venus' passion, Dido's love,
I guess you know a thing or two.

CHARLES A. CLOUGH, JR. 1922

THE JOY OF LIVING

THE large majority of people in the world are optimistic and have a religion. They never do any thinking save that which is necessary to carry them through their daily tasks or keep them from getting run over by a trolley car, so that the little graveyard on the hill will not have a chance too soon to sigh, when their bodies are lowered into its bosom, or protect them in the years that follow from the young children that dash upon its stones, or from the ghosts that haunt their flowers in the dead of night. But in this world also there are people that are termed pessimists. Some are born that way, others are made that way by circumstances, and the rest, a very small majority, because they are thinkers and know what life is. The last group has a very small number in it and those that may be classified in it are not known, for they live not in this world, at least not in mind. They are elsewhere. But there was a man who came into my life that I think was in this class, and this short writing tells a striking incident in which this life affected mine. It was the most striking, I think, but there were many more. This man was a thinker and hence a pessimist. He hated life and almost left before he was very far advanced in it, but lingered on a short time to see if therewere really any golden isles in the dark sea. He found that there were none, and then left it.

* * * * * * *

I was on a surveying expedition in Rhodesia for the British Government when I first heard from this man after a lapse of five years. Our party had been a week traveling in the dense woods of that African forest and had stopped at a black little town for supplies and water. I was encountered on the main street of this village by a little black urchin holding a dingy missel in his hand and making signs to me to indicate that the object of his mission was for me, an envelope bearing the stamp of the British official government. I relieved the boy of his message and tearing it open without further delay, I read the following message:

"Open the canal lock and let the cursed water out below my nose."

That was all and of course I would not have the remotest idea what this message was trying to say had I not had a good idea of the character of the writer. It was from my old chum at Yale. Reader, do you wonder why I left without a day's notice from the heart of South Africa and dashed back to New York with all the speed that man could produce? Because I knew that a message from Dale Norris meant something very vital was to come to pass and I knew I must be on the scene to keep the thing from getting away and out of my hands. Why did I have these fears? Read on and you will find out more about this strange character, voted the most eccentric man in Yale college; the class idiot in his way of speaking, was asking me to come to his aid and hear his trouble.

* * * * * * *

Springfield, New Jersey, is a small town. Not the typical shopworn town of the movies, the one-horse town, for to say that Springfield, New Jersey was a *one-horse* town would be to exaggerate the case to the highest degree. I doubt if horses have ever been introduced there, and if they ever had been they had been quickly banished because they were too futuristic in the eyes of the natives. The town consists of a church where Washington had a cup of tea, (a fact that put the town upon the map,) a bridge that spans the little stream, and a hut where you can get milk and beans for a nice looking nickel. Into this town, reader, I was compelled to drag myself to get to my roommate who had fled here to get away from the authorities and the

law. After getting on and off fifteen trains, twelve trolley cars, and after walking four miles through bog, field and dust, I at last hove in sight of the old town. I found out from a dreamy man at the hut where Norris was hiding, and after cringing under his stare that would have lashed old Morpheus to the mast, I set out for my destination. I found Dale at a little farmhouse about two miles from the village. He was sitting on the floor of the barn playing at war with a multitude of thumb tacks. Although I had not seen the boy for five years, he was oblivious to my presence, save to smile at me and extend a hearty invitation to join him in his battle. He had the tacks lined up in columns of fours and had put himself in command. He cast uneasy glances in the direction of the neighboring field, and finally decided that the time had come to make the great drive.

"Order there," he hissed to an uneasy private. "Ready, men? Line up there, steady there. Are you ready, men? Line up there, steady there. Are you ready? Charge!"

And before I had the chance to stop him in his angry rampage he was off. After two hours of moving the tacks from one place to another he finally got them to come to order in a field about two hundred yards away. The enemy was in confusion and the commander of the opposing forces now condescended to talk to me and tell me the cause of his trouble. At first I was furious, but then I cooled down, knowing that Dale Norris was a certain type, and time fussing over him would be wasted. I waited patiently for him to come to his senses, for I assure you he had plenty when he wished to use them.

He came up to me and shook hands. "Well, Max, how are you now?" he asked scanning my face to see a trace of the old love I had for him. "Have you come to see me get killed?"

That last came like a shot for I was utterly unprepared for it. But I resolved to show no surprise, but let him tell me his story.

"No, old man," I replied. "What is the trouble? If there is anything serious you know you can rely on me, boy."

I saw that he was struggling for words, so I cut my words short.

"This time I've played around a little and killed a man," he said with perfect calmness. So it came out! I knew he had contemplated doing this before but I never realized that this smouldering whim would burst forth. "The police have been on my tracks for three months, but I've jumped the cable so far. I've been waiting for you to come, before I give myself up to be killed. Now let's go back to civilization. I'm all ready if you are."

"What the devil can you be saying now, Dale, boy? I know that you did get in dutch at Yale and almost killed that barkeeper, but now to think that you really have gone and done it, I can't seem to understand. You must be throwing it too heavy, aren't you, kid?"

"Max, you know what I think about all these fools on earth. You know how I loathe and hate the sight of them. How I have longed to sink my fingers into their fat, sweaty necks and hear them cry to Heaven to save them. All these fools that see the banal life and habits of their fellow men and love it without a change! I feel like getting on the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway and hollering, 'You fools and bloody hypocrites. You who threw the immortal Keats into his grave and stared upon his sacred remains with sneering leer, and with your damned fingers cursed his immortal works! You in your egoism saying that you live for Christ and betterment of mankind, when behind that mask there stares that dirty, sniveling creature that is your true self who looks for the day when you will be set upon the pinnacle of the Almighty and slash those foolish souls that once you called your equals! Stare on in your ignorance peacefully. This world God made has been a failure, for he made the fools like you the master. Cry now to your Christ. *God* is in heaven! He who out of millions makes a few men who lead the world, to be thrown to the gutter by such as you! Why do you think I paced the streets of that college town and cursed you while the city threw stones at me and put me in jail? To show my love for Christ and be a martyr? I'd rather be a leper to be kicked and cuffed though a tedious life of a hundred years than give in one second to your laws and cursed life'!"

By this time he had worked himself into such a passion that he fell to the ground with fatigue. The farmer's wife, attracted by the noise, came out and helped me to carry him into the house. We laid him on a sofa and in a short time he calmed down enough so that we could give him something to eat. A week afterwards I went with him to Newark where he gave himself up.

He was convicted after about three days and sentenced to death. He told me to have anyone killed that mourned at his funeral for they were the ones to be pitied, not he!

When the guard turned on the current he seemed to embrace the chair as he fell limp in its arms.

WILLIAM H. HOLMES, 1922

AN OPPORTUNITY

A short time ago, we received the following letter from The Gerlach-Barklow Co., Joliet, Ill. Believing that some fellows in school will wish to take advantage of the offer enclosed in it, we are printing it along with a list of the "Sentiments Desired."

Editor, Mirror,
Phillips Academy,
Andover, Mass.
Dear Sir:

The Gerlach-Barklow Company is seeking literary talent and is willing to pay for contributions.

While our principal business is making art calendars for advertising, we have recently added a line of greetings and it is to get original sentiments to go on these greetings that we are writing you.

I believe, having had a son who was a poet in his sophomore days, that there are in every college a few bright, clever writers who can do humorous, sentimental or highbrow things in prose or rhyme which should make good sentiments for greetings. Perhaps in your institution you are that one. Certainly you are likely to be in a position to know who they are. Most college folks are glad of an opportunity to make some money, especially if it does not require too much exertion, and is in line with their inclinations.

The enclosed list of greetings for which sentiments are required should give an idea of what we want. A visit to any book or stationery store selling greetings will show you what is being used. We want ours different. That is why we are trying to develop college talent. As we shall require sentiments from year to year, we offer an opportunity to the right kind of talent for a reasonably permanent connection.

We shall appreciate any information you can give us which will put us in touch with the right kind of talent.

Very truly yours,
E. J. BARKLOW,
Greeting Editor.

KINDS OF SENTIMENTS DESIRED

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS:
To Mother, to Father, to Sister, to Brother, to "My Teacher" (either public or Sunday School,) to "My Sweetheart," to anybody from anybody, from family to family, man to man.
Prose sentiments for personal greetings.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS:
Both prose and verse. General use. Anybody to anybody.

VALENTINE GREETINGS:
From man to maid. From maid to man. To Mother, to Husband, to Wife, from child to child. Sentimental. Humorous.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY GREETINGS:

EASTER GREETINGS:
To mother, father, husband, wife, teacher, sweetheart, children.
Greetings to fit bunny and other Easter designs.

MOTHER'S DAY GREETINGS

HALLOWE'EN GREETINGS

THANKSGIVING GREETINGS
Original conception and suggestions for illustrations desired.

EVERYDAY GREETINGS:
Graduation Greetings
Convalescent
Sympathy
Acknowledgment of sympathy

Congratulations:
Birth of Baby
Engagement of young girl

Bride on coming marriage
Groom on coming marriage
Both upon their marriage

OUR WEDDING DAY:
Wife to husband, husband to wife.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES:
First, Fifth, Tenth, Twenty-fifth, Fiftieth, General.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS:
To mother, father, husband, wife, sister, brother, sweetheart, little boy, little girl, man to man, anybody to anybody.

FRIENDSHIP GREETINGS:

BON VOYAGE
Ideas for illustrations will be acceptable.

Address all communications to:
Greeting Editor,
The Gerlach-Barklow Company,
Joliet, Illinois

SPRING

Spring
Spring
Self-conscious spring
Blushing and meek.

Thrown kicked beaten by Winter
Jealous deteriorated dissipated Winter
But Winter's out of breath
Gasps, strikes Spring a weak blow in the jaw
And hobbles and stumbles off the stage in his creaking shoes.

Spring puts Winter in the ash can,
Spring means to dominate
The poet and the youth by love.
"Winter blows your hat off,
I'll win by love."

Spring is young and unsophisticated
"Rosy Spring" by poets wrought
"Some day, kid" the laborer's thought
To some young baby playing in the mud
Building irrigation dams in the water.

Spring to the hurdy gurdy man means working again:
Pennies, music, jingles, happy kids, dancing kids
Hand organ music "Long way to Tipperary"
"Old Black Joe."
So he parks his music box on the corner,
Smiles at passers and looks anxiously for pennies.
"Don't his arm get tired?" "Where's the monkey?"
Then night comes and he puts the pennies down for bread
and garlic.
This is sringp in the country where it lives.

In the city the dirty gutters and the skyscrapers talk,
Huddled together in winter they now draw apart.
Newsboys drown out the song of the subway,
"That's the berries" "H'yie Huxtry".
The jabbering dagos spit on their hands and go easy,
For they've got all day to jabber and pick.
Run the trolley cars with the hosiery ads, run the taxis
Run down the dagos, break 'em up
Throw 'em at the moon "Dumb wops"
Death is best.
Death is rest.
Throw the wops at the moon.
Sing the song of the subways and the trolley cars.
"Ninty thoid—No madam — Watch yer step
Ding ding-ding ding-ding ding-ding ding
Fulton next"
Steam fitters, clothcutters, bath rubbers, cut throats
Jaw breakers, law breakers, paw shakers
Read the ads, shift your feet, "lamp the skoit"
Perfume, sweat, garlic, jaw working, read the ads
Crowding pushing thumping bumping
Let me out!

Spring for the exile is just a change of clothing
He ponders up and down his beach, throws a pebble into the
sea
He dreams of fallen empires and fights his battles
Till he faints and crazes
"Put a stone here; that's the enemy. Throw
Some sand for a fort here," he prattles on and hopes to die.

Spring gets lazy and gets tired
And he deteriorates to summer.

W. H. Holmes, 1922

AMOR VINCTUS

I found concealed within a wood
A bluebird resting on a pine;
I stole it from its native haunts,
And called it mine.

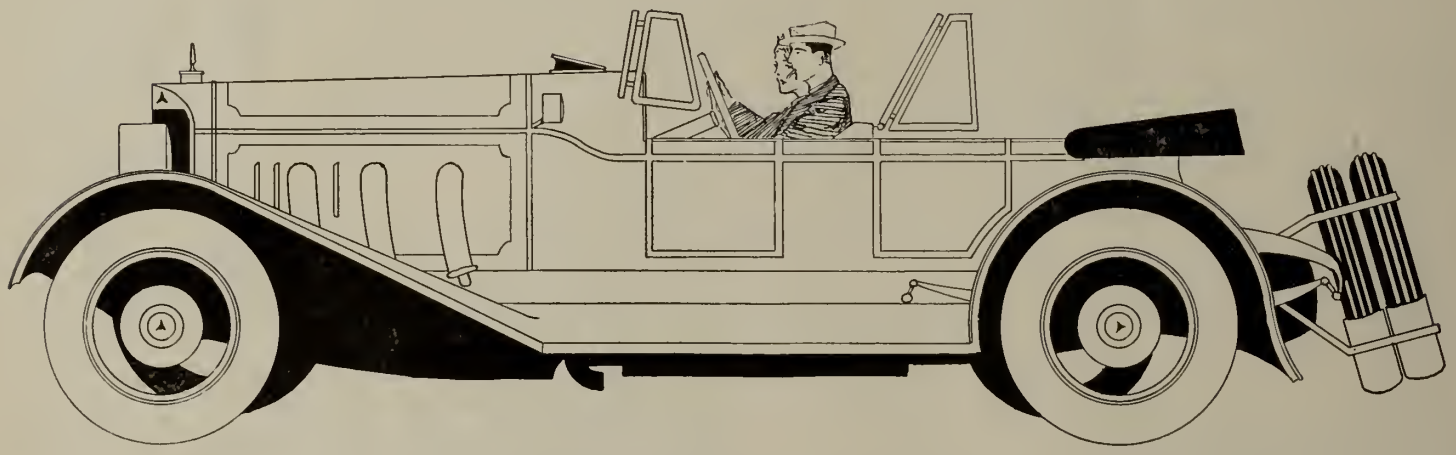
Within a wicker cage I pent
This air born spirit once so gay.
One night, unwatched, the bird escaped,
And flew away.

I sought one day to keep a friend
Against his will when he would go;
At last he yielded to my wish,
But as a foe.

The prize was dear, by rude force won;
The gain was nought beside the cost,
For then I found that as the bird
His love I'd lost.

Charles A. Clough, Jr. 1922

Le Tripotage



1: How's the crew coming along this year?
2: I hear there are a lot of eggs in the shell.

OVERHEARD

The janitor of the Chapel to the janitor of Day Hall: "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness."

WEARY

PROF: Decline "Vir".
STUDENT: Vir — er — viri.
PROF: You sound so.

HISTORY PROF: These few dates, gentlemen, you better keep.
VOICE FROM REAR: I always keep dates.



THE MODERN HAMLET

To work, or not to work: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The flunks and zeros of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by just quitting end them. To rest: to sleep
Hours more; and by a sleep to say we end
The headache and the thousand natural ills
That we are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To rest, or sleep;
To sleep: perchance sleep o'er: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep—over what cuts may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal toil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes our suffering of so long life;
For who would bear the chapel every day,
The grill hounds' call, the bones' inconstancy,
The pangs of despised love, the mails delay,
The summons to the office, and the thrill
That fifth demerit of the house-prof makes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a few more demerits?

PROF: Aren't you a little hoarse this morning?
STUDE: Neigh, Neigh, sir.

"Flees in her night dress."
—*Boston Herald.*

"Isn't she the little cootie!"
—*Record*



She: Is he a theological student?
He: You bet, he smokes nothing but Deities.

THE WAVES

They magnetize the shore
The waves with blood-shot, murdering eyes. .
They stretch out their miser-fingers on the sand
They powder the baby rocks
They tear the rough edge from the wart-rocks. . .
They stagger into the caves
And rip the gentle bluebell from its hold
And smash the mirror from the vain cool trees.

The sand is a magnet
Driftwood, fish-pebbles, seaweed, clam shells
Fall in his arms.



SORDID

She: Why didn't that man make the base?
He: Because his hit was so foul.



Her with neck: Every time I have an argument with you, I enter it in my diary.

Him with ditto: Ah—I see—you keep a little scrap book.

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Some Line

THE TOREADOR (*after an hour's session*): "Hello, hello, central. Can't I get a better line?"

CENTRAL: (*who overheard most of it*): "Say, bo, I don't see what's the matter with the one you have."

—*Panther*

They called the baby Steamboat because they had to paddle it behind.

—*Mugwump*

Boudoir Repartee

"Stunning combination."

"Yes, but it's an evening gown!"

—*Frivol*

Interpreting

TEACHER: What is meant by the saying, "He smote him hip and thigh?"

LITTLE BOBBY: I reckon it means, he fanned him for a flask.

—*Judge*

When a bunch of girls get together
—Lord pity the first one who leaves.

—*Puppet*

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DOG: I can't quite figure. When I arrived she was reading Whiz Bang, but when I left she wouldn't even kiss me good night.

—Dirge

"Any ice to-day, lady?"
"No; the baker just left a cake."
"Giddap."

—Purple Cow

HE: "Please, just one little kiss."
SHE: "No, if I give you one you'll want more."
HE: "No I won't."
SHE: "Then you don't deserve one."

—Brown Jug

"How do you know that I was with Helen tonight?"
"She always kisses on the left."

—Flamingo

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FAIR DAMSEL (*watching pole vault*): "Just think how much higher he would go if he didn't have to carry that stick."—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

MINISTER: "My good man, do you keep the ten commandments?"

DRUG STORE CLERK: "No, but we have something just as good."

—*Tar Baby.*

Impossible

NIGHT WATCHMAN: "Who goes there?"

PROFESSOR: "A professor with two friends."

NIGHT WATCHMAN: "What, a professor with two friends! Enter."

—*Octopus.*

TEMPERANCE LECTURER: "If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer which will he choose to drink?"

SOAK: "Take water."

TEMPERANCE LECTURER: "And why?"

SOAK: "Because he is an ass."

—*Chaparral.*

BURGLAR: "One sound from you and I'll squeeze you to death!"

ANTIQUE MAID: "Remember, that's a promise."

—*Washington Sun Dodger*

LANDLORD: "I regret to say that your lease has expired."

TENANT: "I thought something had, judging by the odor around here."

—*Purple Cow*

Things To Worry About

"Guinea pigs multiply rapidly but cannot add."—*Flamingo.*

The Test of the Egg

SHE: "He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich."

HE: "Yes, he was all right until he was broke!"—*London Mail.*

DAPPER (*at the dance*): "Have you read 'The Sheik'?"

FLAPPER: "Oh, isn't it too thrilling!"

DAPPER: "Yeah. Let's go out and have a smoke."—*Banter.*

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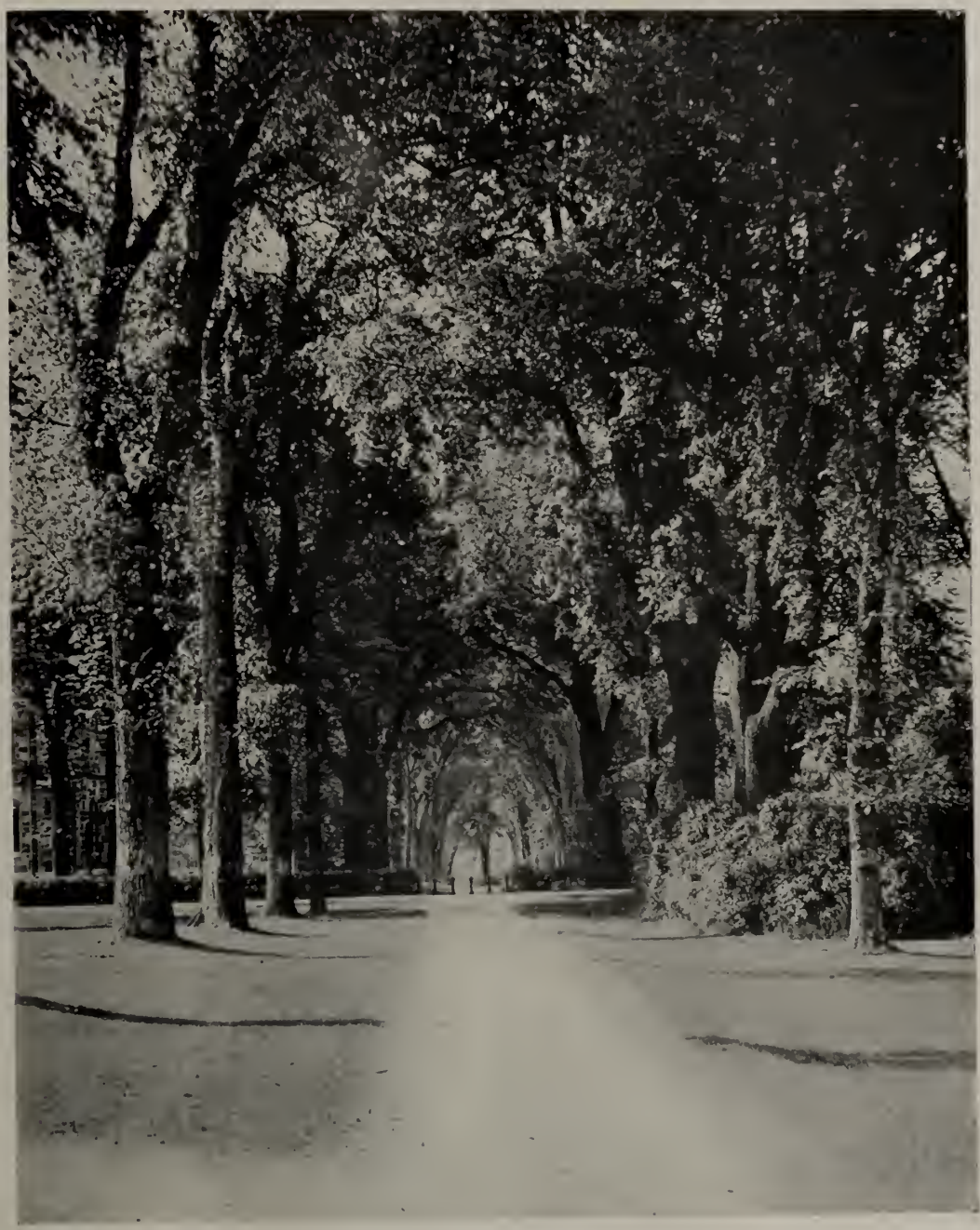
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VOLUME LXVIII JUNE, 1922 NUMBER 8

The Mirror Board takes pleasure in announcing the election of William H. Holmes and Everett S. Noble to the board of Senior Editors.

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EDITORIAL

WITH the commencement season at hand we cease thinking of books and studies, and our thoughts turn to graver subjects. We turn back to look over the year or years which have passed so quickly. What good is all this round of school life? Are not our years here wasted? Possibly ignorant outsiders think that we derive no good and that we waste valuable time; but we do not harbor any such thoughts. When we come to this school, we come with the idea of gaining an education and of getting into college. Most of us achieve that much. But the majority of us get much more out of Andover than learning. We come into contact with a different phase of living, for school life is far different from home life. We mingle with fellows from all over the world. We work under refined and educated intructors. We learn what clean and straightforward sportsmanship is in our athletics. We learn what the bonds of true fellowship are. In short the benefits are many and great. But to turn to the more concrete, consider the past year. Popular opinion says that this has been a very poor year, especially in comparison to the preceding one. We contend that opinion, for it has been called to our attention how many new and original enterprises have sprung up this year. We have the *Blue Book*, The Open Door Club, the pledge-card system for our teams, the executive committee of the Student Council, and the changed MIRROR constitution, all new enterprises. To be sure, the school has not had a powerful and efficient triumvirate to lead it as it did last year, but affairs in general have turned out finely, and certainly more strides ahead have been taken than were even thought of a year ago. So to the Senior class as a whole we extend our congratulations, with which goes the hope that in their college careers and in life itself, they may be as successful as they have been here at Andover.

FRED M. CLEAVELAND, JR., 1923

CONCERNING PUBLICATIONS

LOOKING back over the past history of the publications here, one is convinced that the changes which have taken place in the organization and the resulting improvement in them has been most pronounced during the past two years. We can say that most of this is due to the members of the Class of 1922.

Last spring at this time, or perhaps a little earlier, the *Phillipian* was taken over by the energetic Board under Mr. Atwood. An organization was outlined which was more adapted to the present needs of the paper and the executive positions were filled by competent men. For the first time in several years, the able Business Manager, Mr. Brandman, was able to pay expenses, and return a substantial profit. The editorial policy was unique and fearless, and the authorities have recognized the value of the constructive criticism which has appeared during the past year. Let us hope that the recent slip of the 1923 Board with regard to the Princeton athletic scandal is not prophetic.

One of the most important results to come from this energetic policy of the *Phillipian* has been the formation of the *Blue Book* Board. The need of a new book of the type found in the Freshman classes at college has been felt for some time. Mr. Atwood took the lead in this also and has the assistance of an able Board of whom G. C. Taylor, Jr., Charles Stillman, George Riggs, and T. Hale represent the class of 1922, as pioneers in this type of publication work.

The *Pot Pourri* at this writing has not appeared, but the Board under Mr. Riley have promised a show of originality in their publication, which has been lacking in the past.

The MIRROR has been reorganized by members of the 1922 class. The men who have been prominent in the councils of the magazine have succeeded in handing down to the next class a new organization which should insure for the future a magazine which will represent a great deal more care and consideration than has been shown in the past.

The social end of the publications has not been neglected. The first Combined Publications Banquet was held and was a great success. It will no doubt become an annual affair. It is planned by one of the publications to start enthusiasm for their paper by having some kind of social function such as a smoker at the start of each competition.

There can be no doubt that the results of these different activities have been very encouraging, and it is to be hoped that the rush of enthusiasm and new ideas which have come to the papers here will serve as an example to future classes, and that the class of 1922 may have the honor of having been the prime mover in a new era of accomplishment in this line.

THE SHRINE OF THE RED GODS

Mule River Village, Montana, is one of man's curious little shoves into the Unthinkable. Its shacks and two brief, ragged streets remain rather strangled and totally terrified by the mountain atmosphere, aghast at the chrystalline, unreal stream that wanders by, and the tremendous quietudes that appear to crouch on the peaks, ready to descend and erase all human vestiges at the nod of nameless gods. It is perched perilously on the bourn of human puissance. A few wandering, unhappy Blackfeet Indians occasionally camp at its portals and sluggishly depart after consuming incredible amounts of bad Minnesota whiskey; once every year — usually in the spring — a lumber company pursues a desultory attack on the timber which fringes the surrounding set of mountains like a set of untidy beards. There are no Nells of Hell-Hollow; there are no howling, toe-shooting, rough-chapped gentlemen such as may be intimately viewed in the movies! Mule River is just a scared little manhole lost in the mountains.

This was the place where Farquair, a millionaire Chicago banker, had come to renew his youth and his romantic yearnings smothered under a continuous thirty-year storm of bank notes. It is a long cry from Chicago Exchange to the domain of the Mountain Kings, but Farquair had successfully traversed it. And when he woke up for his first morning in the new world he knew he was five years younger, and something of an apotheosia. As his lashes rolled up and he smelt the air crowding in at the window he snorted like an athlete, and showed he was one by jumping exuberantly over the back of the bed — knocking his left shin a little smartly, it is true — and twice coming within three inches of touching his toes in the first setting-ups he had attempted since nineteen-seventeen,— the year of reaching for one's toes.

When he stuck his head, all smiles, out of the window and bumped face to face into the sparkling, unholy glory of the morning peaks he felt like a poet, and decided with shudders of emotion to brush up on Keats, Kipling, Wordsworth, and Service. When he scented the odor of breakfast, trailing through the door of the lean-to kitchen, he was possessed of an equally passionate emotion, but this time it was hardly poetic,— as the delighted and perpetually grinning little Chink cook could have testified; for he was sole witness of the matinal food massacre.

"Whee," said Farquair a little thickly, but with unabated enthusiasm after submerging a last steaming cup of Java. "You're a wonderful and wicked heathen cookie, Charles. Now I shall go out and bring back presently a mess of Mule River trout. Lessee, where'd I pack my pole?"

The Chinaman, Charlie Wang, having arrived four days ahead of his master, had ascertained with oriental omniscience where the speckled, lanky trout and adipose pickerel were likely to be in abundance; so before long an extremely blissful middle-aged gentleman was shwashing down stream with a brand new, glistening trout rod, in a rapidly dampening pair of river-boots, and a very, very disreputable felt hat.

Farquair went out with good intentions, but because he was intrinsically a romanticist and not a sportsman, he found himself casting merely mildly bitter reproaches on the fish when they evaded his unexpert hook and fly or scurried discouragingly into dark brown deeps. His gaze wandered entirely too often towards the overbearing surroundings. He was in a sort of spell, standing knee-deep in water and impotently flourishing his fishing-pole as he bathed himself in the thrilling peace of his new world; but he was not so entranced as to be unaware when the natural voices of the wild were suddenly eclipsed by an incongruous one.

Undeniably someone was singing.

From beyond the fork of the stream came French melody in a baritone voice,— a clear, unharried voice, that suggested anything but some Mule River Village inhabitant in a tuneful mood.

"Les roses etaint toutes rouges,
Et les lierres etaint tout noirs,
Chere — pour peu que tu te bouges
Renaissent tous mes deseepoirs."

The tune was an obviously improvised one, though not crudely so; but the words struck a long-buried chord in Farquair's memory;— something connected with melancholy madness and the moods of a youth that had not at all promised success in the banking business. Farquair was a man of tremendous kinetic curiosity. He disgracefully threw aside his fishing-rod and splashed with enthusiasm toward the bend, intent on getting an intimate glimpse of this singer who thus acquainted the Montana wilds with the pastorals of Paul Verlaine.

The singing stopped as he neared the corner; for in the quietly rippling water Farquair's boots caused a very noticeable commotion.

"Just a moment, please!" he shouted importunately, fearful that the singer might vanish in the manner of pipe-tooting water-gods. But the entreaty was needless; as he splashed around the bend his singer sat calmly on a rock waiting for him.

Thus did Farquair come upon Apollo poorly disguised in a back-woodsman's spring jerkin and corduroy pants. Poorly disguised, I say; for the Ionic-columnar neck, the unmistakable chisel of the jaw, and the lash-muscled forearms, tan as a brass Buddha, at once betrayed to Farquair the singer's identity; and the extreme youthfulness of the face merely indicated that for the nonce his godship had been pleased to assume a mien of juvenile naivety.

Farquair, though immediately aware of a divine presence, observed details as a child might do who had surprised Santa Claus. He noticed the rough-leather buskins, the paper-covered book on the athletic knee, the Grecian-curly, nut-brown hair, and the unblinking hazel eyes that somehow betrayed an inconsistent sociable look.

"How do you do," said Apollo and Farquair nearly collapsed in the water, An unbelievable encounter, like a bullet-wound, only begins to overwhelm after moments of crazy calm.

"You have sickness, have you not?" inquired the Being, but Farquair merely tottered, gulping, to the side of the rock whereon his discovery reclined.

"No," he said feebly; and then more feebly, "I mean, Yes."

"Lost?" asked the apparition logically, for Farquair's negligent attire, except for the new boots, implied it. "It is queer. Upstream is the village a hundred yards, and you were coming down. You need more help?"

The rather stoutish sick man had been hauled on to the rock like a small bag of peas.

Farquair's revived simultaneously with his reasoning perceptions.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm a stranger here; guess I had a kind of mountain stroke. Are they very common at this altitude?"

"I don't know," was the grave reply. "I am not here but seldom myself. Never have I seen anything like that in the Canadian mountains, however, and they are higher than this. Perhaps you are from the city?"

Farquair confessed his origin. He was almost reassured now that there was nothing here to excite any emotion except admiration and curiosity at an extraordinary youth, and this latter emotion at least needed no further pricking. The contact with the boy's magnificent shoulder as they sat of necessity close together on the rock comforted him. He told himself truly enough that his own momentary failing had been the result of too many transcendental sensations in this — his first morning of the projected three months sojourn.

"You were singing, weren't you? Good voice. Naturally I was surprised. Didn't know anyone in Montana or Wyoming had ever heard of Verlaine. Do you write?"

The divinely handsome young man gave a laugh like the heartier notes of a well-played tuba, and Farquair was so delighted he scarcely heard him say:

"Write? Mais non. I chop trees for a living."

"Trees!" said Farquair vaguely.

"Yes, sir."

"You mean — But where are you from. That is — where do your folks live?"

The boy's clean-spaced countenance became a trifle impassive.

They are dead. I do not live anywhere. I wander 'round the lumber-camps. I am jacking for Rutheran Bros. yonder, now." He made a gesture toward the left-side range.

"You're a lumber-jack," said Farquair, whose head was beginning to whirl again, what with the cultured singing voice, the accurate French, and the Verlaine puzzles yet to be solved.

"You say you're working for a lumber camp," he began again laboriously. "Now why are you down here if you're so employed. Is there a —er holiday?"

The boy produced his bare left forearm and demontrated how the heavy leather strap was holding together a sprained wrist upon which had fallen two days previous a very lusty young pine branch.

"I came down here to read while I'm — you say — laying off."

"H-mm," remarked Farquair. "And Verlaine. Where do you keep the rest of your books?"

The boy's face again took on a momentary impassiveness.

"This and Montaigne's Essays are the only books I have. My father gave them to me."

"Your father —" began Farquair, but remembered his tact. "By Golly! you seem to have a propensity toward French literature. Do you know your Kipling and Keats?"

The boy's thick lashes ascended, giving his eyes a baffled look, as if he had suddenly been addressed in some outrageous foreign lingo.

"I guess I don't know what you mean," he confessed. "Kipling. Is it a poem? I have read little English. My father was a French school-teacher, although my mother was Canadian."

"Solved," said Farquair to Farquair; then aloud, "Well, suppose we get formally acquainted."

He learned at the expense of a well-nigh crushed hand — manifestly the youth's right was unimpaired — that he was now a friend of Allen Fournier, twenty years of age, weight hundred and eighty-five pounds, and height, six-feet-three; all these statistics being approximated purely in Farquair's mind.

Having progressed thus far in their acquaintance, and the older man having admitted his restored physical rightness, they decided to walk further down-stream together; Farquair asking the names of the nearer peaks and forgetting them as soon as they were told him; for he was preoccupied with a queer sort of physical exultation at everything the boy did. Every motion was utterly Jovian; every note of his voice concealed a mysterious promise of divination, of apotheosis. The eyes were twin priestal fires; the burnished, velvetine skin,— excepting some unfortunate rope-colored little bristles marring the marvellous jaw — was the skin of a healthy sun-tanned girl. In short, he was too perfect. Farquair began to feel his own ratiocination going again.

"That's Porter Peak," said the prodigy, pointing through a pair of scrub oaks at a veiled mount, lying behind the immediate range, but possessing a very respectable advantage in height over any of its neighbors. "It never loses its fog till about the first of May. Then it is a mar-vel-lous sight! Sometime after the fog clears and the camp breaks up I will climb it."

Farquair was only mildly interested in Porter Peak and its fogs.

"You like poetry? There's some mighty fine stuff in English, you know. I wish I had some books up here; then I'd show you that Paul Verlaine wasn't the only star in the firmament."

The boy turned to him for a minute as if he had something important to impart; then, evidently thinking better of it, checked himself, his eyes sombre and sparkly like a panther cub's.

"Yes, sir," he said politely. "I'd like to read some English books, too."

They walked awhile longer, talking, not as elder to youth, but rather in the unornamental, grave, impersonal manner in which monarchs of long mutual acquaintance might have carried on parlance. Finally, as the noon hour approached, the boy became a bit restive, and the conversation slacked noticeably. They had been sitting on a log, mechanically tossing pebbles into Mule River, when Farquair ceased his literary discursion.

"Hungry?" he asked, for he himself was.

The boy confessed without embarrassment, but demurred on accepting an invitation to partake of Farquair's hospitality.

"I have told them, back by twelve," he explained. "Perhaps, tomorrow."

The date was fixed.

Farquair returned to the village without his fishing-rod, without the slightest recollection of having fished.

"You no catchee?" said Charles Wang with the same expansive grin he would have displayed had Farquair come in, loaded down with a thousand and one egregrious trout. Farquair was absent-minded.

"Catch fish? No — not a fish, Charlie. No, I didn't catch a fish; I met — uh — the son of Mr. Zeus. He's coming to lunch tomorrow."

"Oah, yess," said Charlie. . . . .

This fortunate friendship progressed.

A week had not elapsed before Farquair realized with characteristically keen introspection, that for him Allen Fournier was becoming a mania.

"Virgin soil with the potentialities of Cæsar, Alexander, Tennyson, and Roosevelt," he kept repeating to himself. "He'd have the world at his feet with anything he tried. He's a young and blossoming Ariel with the latent kick of a volcano. And Lord! so young!— young!"

If Farquair had tried — and he did not, he would have failed in maintaining a fatherly attitude toward his new friend. The sudden bond between them was similar neither to paternal nor fraternal affection; it was a sombre, tacit love, encouraging personal disclosure, frowning on personal affectation; a love that springs up but rarely, and then only between men; so rare, that it is usually "love-at-first-sight."

It became a custom that every evening the boy should come to his friend's cabin. So in the dim splendor of dusk Farquair would stand in the doorway, smoking his pipe; and as regular as the sudden drop of the sun behind Blockhead Ridge, the boy could presently be descried coming up the river-side on his way from the lumber camp, employing his prodigious yet deceivingly casual strides. Sometimes — for the mountain twilights are matters of minutes — Farquair would see a massy wool-clad shoulder swing suddenly through the pine tree's darkness beside the house, and the statuesque face appear in its ungodlike display of grin. Then they would sit on the doorsteps; and usually Charlie Wang's dish-washing maneuvres rang in homely fashion behind them as they talked. Sometimes talk died down, for occasionally Allen was tired after a day's work that would —without the slightest shadow of a doubt — have killed an ordinary man in his prime. Once he fell asleep against the doorpost, and Farquair, smoking and listening to the clean regular breathing, was rendered pensive, feeling a swelling tenderness that was altogether too deep and strange for communion.

Farquair had two flapper daughters and a wife who had been reasonably good to him for twenty married years; yet he had never felt this thing before, this strange intensification of passionate friendship. He would have died for his family, if necessary, he would have begged on the streets that Marjorie might go to finishing-school; but this was different. Was it that every man longs for a son, for the imbedded, regal bond of mutual sex? And was this boy — this unparalleled boy — become his vicarious boy-child? Farquair unconsciously answered his own question.

"He's so young, so damned powerfully promising — with his big lusty years ahead. But he musn't be a lumberjack . . . So young — so marvellously young!"

And after the boy, awakened from drowsiness, had solemnly performed the good-night ritual and taken his campward way, Farquair stood up on the door-step and struck at the core of the matter.

"He's Youth," he whispered huskily to the star-faint blackness in front of him. "He's Youth and I'm — fifty-two."

One day about two weeks afterwards: the same day Farquair sent away an exhaustive letter to a Butte bookstore demanding several sets of representative English Poets and representative American Poets and representative English Belles-Letters, et cetera; on this day a memorable revelation in another light was made to Farquair in the vicinity of the Murcreetchi Falls.

Murcreetchi Falls is an amiable little veil of water flung gauze-like over a small but picturesque chasm in the arroya of Mule River. Here conversation can be carried on at the cost of a slight vocal strain; and good and melodious fancies devised.

Farquair and Allen sat by the falls one day when the lumber-camp was in temporary desuetude — pending the arrival of its owner with property claims — and as they did so, presently the older man became aware that something of weight dragged on the boy's mind. He found out more suddenly than he could have hoped.

"I guess I've got something to show you," said Allen, a frown of embarrassment dimpling his ruggedly beautiful forehead. "Will you wait?"

"Wait where? Wait for what —?" began Farquair in bewilderment, but received no answer — or a hurried one,

inaudible in the splashing of the water; for from his comfortable lolling posture on a rock beside Farquair, the boy had sprung up and literally *vanished into the falls.*

Farquair, duly dumfounded, sprang to his feet, uttering an incoherent yell, and started weakly toward the falling film of water, just thick enough to hide what was behind. He was preparing somewhat distastefully to leap through the falls in pursuit, when suddenly emerged again his young friend, smiling and assiduously shaking the moisture off his shoulders. He presently laid down a damp burlap satchel on the rock and blushed very adorably.

"Went in to get this," he explained.

"Yes, I see you did," said Farquair dryly. "Nearly had me doing a sort of Niagria stunt myself. Lord! You disappeared like — like a damned water nymph."

The boy laughed a trifle nervously, and bent down over his satchel. This he opened, displaying to Farquair's glance a tawny sunset on a mountain . . . . . True! true as trees! — even to the little quivering glow slanting down in ruby-dust over the peaks of glowering umber shadow. The peaks were crude; the water-color was imperfectly slabbed on in places,— yet there was the sunset; the veritable leaping spark of magic was there. Farquair gasped.

"You got this out — out of a water-fall?" he said half-angrily, feeling almost insultedly played-upon.

Allen bowed his head in grave shame.

"Yes," he confessed unhappily. "I guess it's very bad. It was my habit to do them in spare moments — last year. I left them here and forgot; in the cave back there."

"I don't know anything about water-color pictures," Farquair told himself, as if by that he might be held down on earth. He felt ridiculously like a soap-bubble, for he realized that you didn't have to know about water-color pictures in cases like this. Everyone instinctively recognized Truth and Beauty, — the virtual Truth and Beauty.

"Let me see — there are others." He bent down and touched the bag as if he would eat it.

"Yes," said Allen; and showed him eleven more, the last one a view of Murcreetchi Falls as seen from behind with the morning sun flashing through.

Farquair felt like sobbing, throwing his arms about the youth, and shouting, "You wonderful boy! You damned impossible prodigy, you! Why you've got the world at your mercy if you only knew it."

The day was indeed memorable. When he reached his cabin Charles Wang greeted him with the customary grin, but handed him a totally unwarranted telegram. Farquair had arranged to keep his whereabouts unknown from all business solicitors, so this was obviously something unusual and, therefore, bad. It proved bad, however, not in the manner in which Farquair had anticipated. Tearing it open, angrily, he read:

Coming up to visit. Arrive tomorrow alone.
Knew you wouldn't mind, dad, dear.—Marjorie.

Farquair, because he was full of pessimistic instinct tossed uneasily in his bed, incensed by the telegram he had torn up hours ago.

"Damn Toots, why couldn't she stay at Lake Bianca with her mother and her young male chirpers?" he said, referring to his daughter. "It's a cursed calamity."

But for the life of him, as he lay there restless and disconsolate, he couldn't have told exactly *why* it was a calamity.

Marjorie, being consciously delectable, sweetly selfish in the inevitable nineteen-year old fashion, and clever according to her charm, years, and sex, became at once a nuisance, tremendously transcending all previous nuisance, in Farquair's Mule River establishment.

Her father felt from the moment she tripped debonairely through the cabin's portals and stared, wide-eyed, at a substantial, four-inch heap of pipe-ashes on the floor — situated in becoming position beneath the spot on the table where masculine pipes would naturally knock if their owners were seated and conversing — he from that moment felt his uneasiness, his dubiety burst into active distaste; and at a later and more important junction he realized that he actually hated his daughter nearly as much as he loved her. This, being unnatural, troubled him.

"Where'll I sleep, daddy," Marjorie asked, after neatly bestowing her summer-fur, hat, magazines, and one of her three valises on Farquair's bed. "I think your cabin's atrocious, but the mountains and things are adorable. Where'll I sleep, dad? You look queer. I don't think you want me to sleep anywhere. I think you want to leave me out for the rabbits to eat. I saw the *cutest* rabbit from the flivver-thing. It looked just like Frankie Marlow. Aren't you a horrible old hermit, though, dad! Don't you love your chee-ild any more? Vivie busted her Stutz the day I left Bianca. Everything down there's getting dead and moth-bally. Kiss me, daddy-bum: just to show you don't feel quite so dismally murderous as you look."

Farquair kissed her; and then, after he had lighted a cigarette and seized one of the magazines, he surveyed her surreptitiously and with undeniable resentfulness out of the corner of his eye. Her questions as to the sleeping arrangements had been merely one of those casual conventions so common with women; and Farquair knew that inexorably she had adopted his bed, because it was a good bed, and that he would sleep tonight and many nights on an army cot which required in setting up a dispiriting amount of straining and tugging at mortises, but that was an inadequate cause for resentfulness. She was now fixing her thick blond hair — slightly recuperant after a lobbing epidemic — before the cabin's only mirror, and as she did so, she trilled something irregular and abstracted about "My Man."

Farquair was aware that this was a popular song; but the lyric ameliorated not his depression. He knew that when he had left home Marjorie lead her sister Vivien by the fairly comfortable margin of four beaux.

They had supper, and Marjorie renewed her acquaintance with the suddenly bashful-stricken Charlie Wang, who had formerly been assistant cook and chief-dish-washer in Farquair's Chicago mansion; Marjorie ate and talked enthusiastically at first, but gradually her rapid-fire

prattle died down. Obviously she was laboring under a load of confession.

"Well, out with it, Toots," said her father presently, as he noticed the down-sloping lashes and the sicklied-o'er expression. She lifted her eyes,— wide and ingenuous.

"I want to go to Paris and study painting, daddy," she said with a simple eloquence; for she had long before figured this out as the best opening.

"Daddy" nearly swallowed a lump of venison approximately the size of a cup-cake. It was the moment for a shouting confusion; since the total of artistic work that Marjorie had hitherto displayed before her father's tolerant eyes consisted in wide, flaring copies of cigarette and perfume advertisements from "Vanity Fair."

However, he merely inquired quietly, "Was that why you came up here, Toots,— to ask me that?"

She was energetic and demonstrative in refutation of this; claimed appealingly that "of *course*" that had been a mere secondary motive, "but — but *could* she go to Paris, all the same? Mama approved."

"She would," though Farquair without much rancor. "I'll see, Toots. How long do you propose to stay here after I decide?"

He looked keenly at her, but she was inperturbably apologetic in acquainting him with the grievous circumstance, that "Vivie and Mama were giving a big party the seventh, and she *had* to be there; or the family would be disgraced. Mama and Vivien were so *crude* in arranging parties. Didn't he think the Mauretania, the first of September, would be appropriate? Two other girls were going, and you *worked* in the fall. And also she loved the Monmarte and French meat-pies, and there was the Louvre — you couldn't get around the Louvre, daddy."

Needless to say, before the sun had slipped very far behind the ranges that evening, Farquair had succumbed to overwhelming tactics.

She could go; her elderly aunt or somebody must escort her ("O Dad, but . . . . ."); and when she had her little fling at the Latin "Kwarteeay" she could come back and think up something else.

Marjorie kissed him with triumphant eclat and fox-trotted over to the open dooway which was fast darkening.

"You won't mind, will you daddy-bum, if I go back day after tomorrow? Anyway . . . ph!"

"Beg your pardon," came from a tall shadow out in the dimness with which the young lady had nearly bumped noses. The shadow, which had been advancing with wide strides toward the cabin unperceived by either father or daughter, now appeared as non-plussed but incredibly well-favored in regard to manly pulchritude. The stately boyish face remained gravely uncomprehending.

"Ah — come right in, Allen," said Farquair with a sinking of the heart; for the "calamity" was imminent. Marjorie's hand was already nervously active with the hair at the back of her head. He couldn't see her face, but he guessed that it had assumed that mask which denotes a sort of cool preoccupied cordiality; the prescribed pose for modern young ladies in an encounter of the sort.

"Allen, meet my daughter,"— Farquair's enthusiasm was very feeble indeed —"This is Allen Fournier,—a friend of mine, Marjorie."

The boy's "How do you do" was utterly oversounded by Marjorie's shameless "Dad's told me such a lot about you, you know. I *do* hope you'll live up to it all."

Her first momentary pose had melted to another; in which the protagonists must be a pair of sparkling eyes, whimsical hands, and what is technically known as a "line." Also there should be a manner of carelessly tossing the head as if to reduce vagrant and usually imaginary wisps of hair to their proper positions: this adds tone and a certain rakishness, and is best performed by damsels with bobbed locks.

Farquair was familiar with all these forms of attack;— any man with two attractive daughters of the torturous age must be — and he recoiled from them. It seemed an unpardonable desecration; as if someone should proceed to clothe the Delphic Apollo in lace, ribbon and Georgette crepe, or ask it if it had read "Tarzan the Terrible."

There ensued for Farquair a very miserable evening, in which he wondered why the Lord had inflicted him with a girl-child. The girl-child carried on nine-tenths of the conversation; the boy was worth practically the remaining tithe with answers to questions, although he refused with almost brutal ingenuousness to rise at attractive baits; and Farquair once said, "no, no-o" vaguely in response to one of his daughter's sallies; his only other conversational asset being "well, good night, boy."

What Farquair did not see was that the very quantity and vivacity of his daughter's "line" this evening was indicative of her uneasiness. Marjorie's latest beau departed, a glamorous male enigma, carrying with him, in antithesis, the utmost treasures of Marjorie's heart.

"Remind me, Toot," said Farquair with faint hope, as he prepared to set up his military couch on the opposite side of the room, "to tell the man with the flivver that you want to go back tomorrow."

Marjorie did not answer immediately. She was gazing, back to him, out of the window beside her bed; and presently she turned half around and transferred her glance with a little frown of critical intenseness to her image in the mirror. Farquair repeated his injunction with less hope — with despair.

"Oh — not *tomorrow*," she said with casual correction, still regarding the reflection and beginning to pay deadly serious attention to a tiny pimple on her cream-white little temple where the hair had to be flounced aside. "I think . . . . perhaps it's so *restful* here . . . . Vivie can get up her old party herself; she . . . . Don't you think so, daddy?"

Farquair did not reply, but his strangely transformed heart beat rebellious within him.

At length Farquair watched with the dumb, sick jealousy of a hopeless lover, while his boy-god was assailed adeptly on his lofty pedestal; and when there were signs of a tottering on the pedestal he went out alone and lost himself in a valley, crying wretchedly to the unmoved little

ears of nature that he was a rotten father and ought to be glad of a boy-god for a son-in-law, and would the Powers kindly strike him with an avalanche if he ever saw his boy-god's eyes love-hungry again?

No mistaken conceptions. Marjorie was not a wicked girl, and she used no wicked artifices. But when there was a youthful Apollo with the face of a Spearwood collar-ad and a way of exuding mysterious implicit wisdom; a youth who, without saying anything more brilliant than "no, you are wrong" could impress on one all the sensations associated with an outrageously specious paradox; a boy who drew pictures that were "simply *mar*-vellous," and could sing French songs in a manner that would have put a quick finale to McCormack ("Just think of him on a Yale glee club; and he was only twenty!"); a boy who, although he thought the toddle a canine species and the fox-trot a riddle (for foxes don't trot, he said) could lift a young woman off the ground and deposit her on the other side of a stream (say, Mule River) with the same expression and relative effort that one would employ in nonchalantly throwing a bean-bag across a small room: with all these things in mind, could you be blamed—especially in these liberal times — when your father was in the cabin, in bed with a cold, and it was a glorious sunset, and this paragon was sitting beside you, silent and wonderful, on the door-step, — could you be blamed for leaning just a little bit closer to him — an almost imperceptible nestle — and then when the thing had happened would you scream or something just because his arms were surrounding you (Goodness knows! girls were not supposed to be Quaker maids; and if you had seen some very respectable parties!); — well, was it so wicked after all? Besides, it was spring.

Farquair used no treachery, and his conversation to his daughter was limited. He suffered and thought bad thoughts of boys, of girls, and of April; but this was because Farquair was suddenly a strange phenomenon; he was a man insanely jealous of his daughter. His daughter was unaware of it, naturally enough, and she could not be censured for her absorption; for are not young men with arms and eyes like that the *ignes fatui* of existence, and is it not the aim of all existence that young belles such as she should coerce and subdue them? All this takes absorbed thought and only irreverent little attentions to daddy's idiosyncratic behaviours. Finally, daddy went to bed and stayed with his bad cold.

Another dusk — his second day in bed and his fourth since speaking to Allen alone — Farquair lay, tearing a portion of the pillow-slip methodically to pieces, and listening to conversation on the door-step. Putatively he was asleep; for his daughter had called, "Dad-*ee*, here's Allen!" and received no response.

First there were whispers — mostly femininely sibilant — which Farquair thanked God he could not hear, and thus lied abominably; and then the boy's voice rose to a reckless mellifluent reproach.

"But why should I ask for a position in your father's office. *Je ne desire* . . . . I do not want a position in your father's office. I do not like to go to Chicago. I do not know Chicago, but that is not where I wish to go. *C'est sotte* . . . . you are foolish to — to so insist——" A French accent was breaking forth in the strain of the unaccustomed burst of oratory; and it was the last word in unconscious beauty of articulation.

Farquair finished his pillow-slip and started on the sheet.

The girl was silent.

"I am sorry if I have injured you, Marzhric (it was indescribable), but I do not wish to get an office in your father's city — an office in Chicago."

There was an approximate silence — but Farquair feared the worst.

"Do — do you *really* love me?" Marjorie said after the the long pregnant lapse of time.

("Oh, the damned, *damned* movies!" muttered Farquair, as he wrung the tortured soul from his sheet.)

"I do not know if I love you," came thoughtfully from the doorstep. "But I like to kiss you."

"Oh, you've read Scotty Fitzgerald!"

"I am unable to read Scotch."

"Kiss me again."

"I do not think I shall until I have decided whether I love you or not. I have never seen — seen similar women."

"Oh."

From this point ensued a practically unbroken monologue carried on by Marjorie. Unbroken until the young lady stamped into the house; and as she hurried elulliently towards Farquair's bed he saw that there were tears of vexation in her eyes. She noticed that he was awake and cried impetuously, "Oh Dad, I've been insulted. I— I——"

"Who insulted you?" inquired Farquair reasonably.

"Oh, Allen Fournier. He came over this evening, and we were talking — I was talking and — and he went to sleep on the door-step. He — he's still there; the darned old lump!"

"There, there," comforted Farquair, hypocritically fondling his daughter's impulsive thatch of blonde hair; for his heart was young again. "Maybe you're getting tired of Mule River, eh what? How'd you like to take the little flivver tomorrow morning?"

"No, but — but, dad?"

"Yes."

"Will you wake him up and just rather hint that you and I are angry with him? then perhaps he won't go napping around again. Tomorrow he doesn't have to work, and then he *certainly* can't have any excuse. Can he, dad?"

"No," said Farquair.

Four days later came the first of May.

In these four days Farquair was mainly dizzily preoccupied with his emotions. He recovered from his illness. Thrice, unescorted by his daughter he met Allen Fournier down by Murchreetchi Falls, and they talked the old talk together. For four days Marjorie had gone around the cabin, alternately weeping in odd places, announcing that she would go home the very next hour, — she seemed in her trouble to have a deluded idea that there was a regular

and orderly train service to and from civilization — and finally demanding summarily of her father what rights he had to make the acquaintance of infamous young louts who went about napping on people's door-steps. For the boy had failed to show up on the three successive nights following his bad behaviour; and it is an established fact that even young belles of Chicago may occasionally find Dan's mannerisms uncomfortable.

The first of May, however, saw things slightly changed. The night before Allen had come.

In spite of his daughter's strategies, Farquair clung like a leech to the door-step, telling himself that he was a villain, a selfish cad, an unbelievably monstrous parent, a prodigy of evil; yet, even when Marjorie suggested a walk, with an unmistakable hint to erring parents in her tone, Farquair followed them like a mechanism. The boy was imperturbable; Marjorie was angry and flustered; Farquair was as silent as a stone. Even with a mauve and cerise sunset, it wasn't much of a party.

The next morning something so extraordinary happened that Farquair regarded it for a while as a dream, a palpable absurdity.

The boy came down at dawn, knocked at the door, and shouted to them to get up. "Awake," he cried; and his voice was like an Abyssinian hunt-horn. "Awake. It is day." When they went outside Farquair and his daughter witnessed an inexpressible exhibition of animal spirits. The gods showing a rare and gigantic playfulness on Mt. Olympus were not in the same hierarchy. It was like waking up some drab winter night and suddenly seeing outside the window a mighty pyrotechnic display. Allen jumped in the air and toe-danced, and executed Russian ballets and weird Alaskan steps, and clicked his heels four times in a leap, and sprang on one hand and on two hands, and somersaulted; and, in general executed such grotesque and difficult drolleries in such a classicly graceful manner that there was no room for credibility for Marjorie's excited query in her father's ear, "Is he drunk?"

Then suddenly with a grin that displayed a set of teeth, shaming disgracefully the tooth-paste-ad pictorials, he rushed to the cabin door; seized Farquair's daughter; kissed her; and then as she attempted to enthusiastically reciprocate he was suddenly eml racing Farquair in the French fashion and shouting gravely in his ear, "I love your daughter! I love Marzhrie!" Whereupon, without a preparatory breath, he was off, running at an absolutely break-neck pace, down the river, disappearing in four tremendous seconds.

Farquair went back to bed without hesitation; and it was not until two hours later that Marjorie, her eyes wide and radiant, notified him that the flivver had just brought a package.

"It's only a lot of old books," she said depreciatingly, but she seemed very happy about it indeed . . . . .

So for hours Farquair fought with the strange demon — the love demon of an unexplainable jealously that screeched within him; it was not patent whether he lost or won; but in the early afternoon when his daughter was industriously fixing her hair — after washing it most of the morning — he took an armful of the books and started out. He had an idea of reaching the lumber-camp, and did so about three o'clock. The tents were unoccupied except for a one-eyed negro cook who announced with the utmost calm that the boy had left the camp exactly ten minutes ago, and had hit the trail towards the peaks. (An indefinite motion toward the upstretching summit behind them.) "Spring Fevah," concluded the one-eyed one bitterly; though rather because he had upset his can of beans into the ashes than from resentment against a malady.

Farquair also hit the trail. Like some savage dream he flung himself panting up slopes; when he came in sight of a moving figure he bellowed weakly; and the figure turned, ceased, awaited him. It was on a path on the verge of an untimbered ledge of foot-hill.

"Allen, for God's sake!" gasped Farquair, dropping his patiently endured books with a crash to the ground. The boy's face was impassive in the set of the mouth and jaw, but the hazel eyes had become mobile and electric. A knapsack was on his back, and he carried a compact .25 in the strap of it.

"You're crazy," began Farquair again as the boy stood in waiting silence. "Don't you know it? Where in God's name are you going? Don't you recognize me? I'm Farquair. Allen! Please, boy,— listen, I'm Farquair. You used to love me. You said you loved my daughter. Don't you want to marry her? Anything. I'll let you marry her. Anything. But — but come back. These books, look what I've brought you! Come back! Will you come back!"

"I am going away." said the boy. "You're sick. But you are right. I do love your daughter. I had forgotten it. But I am going away. Goodbye. Tell your daughter I still love her, please."

Farquair rushed at him and pulled at his shirt.

"You tell me where you are going, damn you! And why. See!"

"You are the one that is crazy," said the boy a trifle impatiently, pulling himself away. "Can't you understand? I am going. It is May and I always go — over there — over the mountains; Canada; and perhaps I shall go to La France — Paris. Can't you understand? I used to think that you were wise, but you do not seem so now."

"But why—why? Tell me why you go!"

"Why? . . . . Il faut — I have to. It is May, and the blood tingles and the tingle makes one dance and climb and love. I am going up there — and to Montreal, to Canada — to Paris. You don't understand? Listen!"

Farquair listened. Beside the ferment of blood in his temple, he heard only the thin whine of the timber-saw, two valleys off . . . . The boy started to go; but he stopped with a half impatient little afterthought and pointed upward.

"Look" he ordered curtly. "Don't you see that the mists have risen? Can't you see that up and over there there is something worth while? Why should I stay here when I am called over the mountains?"

The older man's heart gave a quick little lurch; he could

hardly tell whether it was depression or delight. For indeed! the mists had risen. Porter Peak's big rangy shoulder-tip glowed and sparkled like a rough diamond on velvet; it seemed veritably to breathe, to hugely palpitate in a vast cool vista of melting sky; and the sun's rays, becoming oblique as their source slid behind the opposite range, cast a tawny aureole on the peak's tip. It was at once a ruddy enchanter enticing the indiscreet and an inscrutable enigma demanding solution.

"That is where I am going," said the boy, already strides on his way. "I camp on the top tonight; and perhaps you shall see my fire. Goodbye." He waved his hand, turned back his head, and presently rounded the bend.

Farquair looked down at his Looks; and with an absurd sense of counting and classifying the number he had brought out here and was never to take back, he glanced over them,— like a prospective seller of a precious edition. There was Kipling. The first one. How absurd that Kipling had written a poem exactly fitting the situation! What a great old boy, Kipling! but how absurd: and how did it go? A first stanza hissed through his head like a prayer; he had learned it once.

"Now the Four-way lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose. Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;

Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues, now the Red Gods make their medicine again!"

How absurd!

Farquair stood with his toes together, his knees in a sudden tremble, and listened. A man will hear anything, if he so wills it. From the interior of Farquair's heart, from his aching temple, from the sage-brush around, from the hills, from the ground, form the overbearing, irresistible mountains he heard the call, the call of all youth — heard it plain as the voice of his daughter who had said, "Is he drunk?"— it was the bom-bom-bom,— the rolling, threatening, summoning of the drums of the Trues: the Red Gods, sitting on the ineffable mountains, who, impartial, made their medicine for Every-man.

"Wait!" shouted Farquair as loudly as he could, and it sounded as if all the valleys echoed his hoarse, impotent cry as they would the trumpeting of a wild elephant. "Wait! Wait! Wait!" he kept shouting, wasting his breath as he scrambled up the trail, around the bend; and at length his voice gave way to a very silly and raucous screech; so he stopped shouting. As he climbed, the muscles in his legs seemed literally to melt and the breath to come and go in his abdomen with short, agonizing explosions. There was not even a speck climbing up ahead of him. The boy had disappeared; had swung up into the heights — with his strides. Farquair collapsed indecorously down in a limp heap and cried like a drunken old woman. Absurd fragments of a dream.

"There's my Youth — 's no use, Officer, can't get 'im. Too much fat; too little wind; too old. There goes Youth, I lusted — Oh God! I lusted — for Youth! He's walking on the heads of the silly old gods. Gone to conquer the world and yell his man-feelings from a peak. Bet the women won't understand. Wonderful damfool — and so young! He's not Allen — he's all youth — my Youth; but — 's no use — he's gone."

There seated on a bench under that pine tree which leaned protectingly over the cabin,— her demure silk-clad ankles and her smartly coiffeured little head glistening against the dusky background, was Marjorie.

"Lo, dad," she said blythely. "Been waiting for you."

"For me?" asked her father with a faint trace of jollity.

"Well, yes. Where — where's Allen? We're going to play cards or something, then go down and watch the falls by moonlight — all of us. Don't you remember what he said last evening?"

"Yes," said Farquair after a pause. "But something's a little wrong.

"Allen won't be down tonight. . . . It's rather chilly, and I wish you'd come in the cabin, Toots."

The girl's eyes flashed alarmedly.

"What do you mean, dad? He's hurt? . . . . . A fight? . . . . . Tell me *please*, daddy!"

"No, not a fight, and he's not hurt. I'm afraid you wouldn't understand. Are you coming in? I want to speak of your trip to Paris now, dear. Paris's a great town, Toots; can't tell what may happen. All kinds of artists — all kinds — wander in there eventually. I want to talk it up with you, Toots, settle details and things."

Marjorie totally disregarded the latter portion of her father's remarks.

"Not understand!"— Her tone was the acme of sheer womanly scorn. "Go in if you like, dad. Allen's coming; I don't care what you say. Anyway, I told him last night I'd wait here."

Farquair laughed and was straightway sorry, for he had emitted an actual cackle, — something senile and unheard-of and monstrous. With the cabin door open he paused on the threshold and look back; his daughter stood straight and slim in the evening, and as he watched, she patted the back of her head with a familiar gesture. The gold of her hair was a sweet silken gossamer.

He also saw the fire on Porter Peak that evening, but it stirred no fierce answering warmth in his own belly . . . . he sighed as he looked out of the window glinting with the moon, but in the melancholy was a very wide hint of earthly relief.

"Please come in, Toots. I have something to tell you, dearie," he called to his daughter; and his voice was the voice of that love that is deeper and truer than transcendent youth — than the Red Gods can know. For he had served his turn at the Shrine and felt the last Spring Fret. Farquair was a father again.

W. H. Holmes

A SAPPHIC

Out of a sea of purpureal crystal,
Flooded with moonbeams in shimmering light,
Rose, mist enshrouded, love's queen Aphrodite
Goddess of morning and star of the night.

Skin that is washed by the sea's purest waters,
Pale as the glow of the dawning's first beam,
Lips flushed with crimson and star-inwrought tresses,
Eyes that are burning with passion's rich gleam.

There in the moonlight the vision before me
Trembled and beckoned; my soul was aflame.
Arms wound around me, and lips on mine burning,
Then unremembered were life, death, and fame.

CHARLES A. CLOUGH, JR.

SKAPTO

"Fancy," says the Englishman. "Yes — just fancy my asking you to believe such a story as I am about to tell you. It is hard to make one believe anything nowadays. The whole world is from Missouri. You have got to show them. There are many people who have been convinced that one may see into the future, and people who really believe that they have seen into the future. Most of us do not believe them; we think they are fanatics; and the majority of us believe that spiritualist is only another way of saying maniac. But how can we justify ourselves in these assumptions? It is possible, nay even probable, that these people have been influenced by some spiritual power that has not reached us. It is more probable that their minds have been able to grasp something that our minds are too small or undeveloped to absorb. There have been Cassandras since the world began, beings who are considered by the people in general to be demented because they can see just one step ahead of everyone else.

Jules Verne wrote a story of a modern submarine years and years before anyone else thought of such a thing as a submarine and everyone thought he was a plain fool to think that such a thing would ever come true. Hundreds of other people have made similar prophecies which have been fulfilled. So now you can take this or leave it, believe it or not believe it, just as you like, but at least give it a thought.

* * * * * * *

August Claudius Gordianus Mudd was considered by the rest of the fellows to be "a little off;" something missing somewhere and they were pretty sure that whatever was missing was missing from above his neck. He thought that athletics were an absurd waste of time and all boyish sports simply nonsense. Needless to say the other boys did not agree with him, and his views on their sports did not tend to make him popular with them; rather the opposite. No —, August Claudius Gordianus Mudd devoted his attention to other things. His father, who, by the way, was extremely wealthy, had had a very remarkable workshop built adjoining his garage for August and here August spent almost eleven-tenths of his spare time. Perhaps I have led you to believe that August was rather a young boy. It is true that all his friends — what few there were that could sympathize with him enough to be friendly with him — were for the most part grammar school boys, but August was nearly twenty-three, at the time of our story, and was completing his senior year at a nearby technical college.

Now August Mudd figured things out this way. Man had penetrated, first the water with the submarine, and then the air with the flying machine. There was only one other element left to penetrate, the earth, and August Claudius had decided that he was just the man to do it. His idea was this: to make a huge mechanical mole, large enough to carry two people, which could travel through the ground, both clay and rocks, at a fair rate of speed. With this he intended to explore the bowels of the earth and hoped to find there many kinds of life, both animal and human, now unknown to man. I feel quite sure now that you consider August Gordianus as much of a lunatic as his neighbors "did," or I should really say "will" because this story is to happen many years hence and is being written in the present tense only because I wish to avoid the awkwardness of it.

However, in spite of our opinions and the opinions of his

neighbors, August set about to carry out his plans. With the aid of his father's wealth, after five years of hard and steady work he completed his machine which he christened the SKAPTO. It was a machine, cylindrical in shape, about twenty-five feet long and with a diameter of about seven feet. It was pointed at both ends, not cigar-shaped but more like a cylinder with low cones on each end — technically speaking, a right circular cylinder surmounted by right circular cones of low altitude. From the tip of the cones radiated twelve diamond-edged, spiral knives. (Diamonds will not be as precious in the future as they are at the present day.) Similar knives extended the full length of the machine at close intervals around the entire circumference, only allowing a space for a small door in the middle of one side. The knives were to revolve very rapidly and the machine was to get its motion by the knives acting like augurs in wood. Also the knives were to carry the dirt and rocks from the front of the machine to the rear of it much as a meat-grinder takes the meat in one end and forces it out the other. It was to be guided by working the knives faster on one side or the other or on the top or on the bottom, according to whichever way he wished to turn the machine. The rear half of it was taken up by machinery, oxygen tanks, etc., while the forward twelve and a half feet consisted of the controls and fairly comfortable quarters for two.

The day finally arrived when August was to take the SKAPTO on his trial trip. Everyone very naturally considered the Mudd family, as a whole, to be entirely demented for allowing such a thing to go on and for spending so much money on such an absurdity. Yet, when August pushed her out — all shining and glittering with the hundreds of diamonds — on the little track constructed for the purpose out to the rear lot they were all of the opinion that it looked capable of doing something; they didn't know just what. Of course a big crowd had gathered to witness the spectacle. August's father had consented to accompany him. They were taking provisions to last a week and were going to rely on underground springs for their water.

The crucial moment finally arrived. August and his father stepped into the SKAPTO and closed the door after them. After a few tense moments the engine started up with a hum. The machine moved forward a few feet slowly, then turned its nose down and disappeared into the earth amidst a cloud of dust and dirt.

They were very comfortable in their little quarters in the front of the SKAPTO. The quarters were electrically lighted and the oxygen system was so perfect that they breathed as comfortably as in the air above. They were descending at an angle of about forty-five degrees and at the rate of about a mile an hour. August had surmised that they would strike something of interest at ten or twelve miles below the surface, that is, they would have to travel, at their angle, for about sixteen or eighteen miles, thus a trip of sixteen or eighteen hours. They had left the surface early in the morning and near noon the water indicator showed a proximity to water. By maneuvering a little and watching the dial, they determined the whereabouts of the water and headed for it. Within a very few minutes the knives above them began to race violently and they knew then that there was no earth above the roof of the car. They shut off the power, opened the door and found the SKAPTO with its nose at the edge of a small subterranean river. They went out on the little beach, ate their dinner by the light of electric torches, refreshed their oxygen supply, got back in again and proceeded once more on their way.

They travelled this way for more than twenty-four hours without mishap and soon began to despair of finding anything but the solid earth. They were now sixteen or eighteen miles below the surface and found the character of the rock just the same as of that just a little below the surface. They were just about to give up and turn back when suddenly the knives on top and on both sides began to race violently. They immediately shut off the power, opened the door and stepped out. They found themselves in a huge, high vaulted cavern which was, strange to say, lighted with flickering torches placed at regular intervals around the walls.

* * * * *

I am sorry to say that my time is limited and that I cannot tell you any more of the adventures of August Claudius Gordianus Mudd at the present time. But I promise to tell you, in the near future, how he found a strange civilization many miles below the surface of the earth, how he established relations between them and the world above and how he was no longer the unpopular young inventor, but instead a hero the world over.

G. M. CASTLEMAN

FOOLISH YOUTH

Ah youth! You wonder where and when you will,
Filled with vain dreams of glory, loving fame
And praise; you turn your face from home, proclaim
Your freedom, scorn advice; your heart you fill
With new companions, new excitements, till
Your care and duty, time and thoughts — O Shame —
For Mother, Father, those who gave you name,
Are oft put by, e'en though you love them still.

Ah youth, some day you too will know the might
Of father love, the joy you're dreaming of
In guiding some young life to man's estate;
And you shall feel the void, the utter night
When this one turns, (as you, from yours). So, love
Your dear ones now, before it be too late!

EVERETT S. NOBLE, '22

Le Tripotage



"He spilled the beans."

Bon soir Ma Cherie
Comment allez-vous
Bon soir Ma Cherie
How the deuce are you?
Avez-vous un fiance
Ce ne fait rien
Voulez-vous baiser moi
Oui, oui, when.

HE: I hear that Tennyson used to spend weeks on a single line.

HIM: That's nothing, a fellow down in New York spent ten years on one sentence.

CAIN: She's a plucky girl.

ABEL: How?

CAIN: Look at her eyebrows.

HE: This match won't light.

SHE: 'Sfunny, I was using it a minute ago and it lit all right then.

Eleanor bet me at the party that I couldn't carry her up three flights.

Yes?

You should have seen the stares when I took her up.



First Grill Hound: How far is a line?

Second Grill Hound: I don't know, why?

F. G. H.: I heard Jack say he couldn't go five lines without a horse.

Nose so fine;
Teeth so white;
Mouth divine;
Form just right.
A slight nod,
Moon above —
Oh, my God,
I'm in love!



Prommers two

There was a young man named Van Gott,
Who thought his Latin was rot,
But he never would flunk,
Though he thought it was bunk,
For he always employed a trot!

SHE: "When a man starts to talk he never stops to think."

HE: "Yes, and when a woman starts to talk she never thinks to stop."—*Lehigh Burr*

EDITOR: "Why, this book was written by Convict 97423."

EX-CONVICT: "Yeah! Dat's me pen name."—*Judge*



A mean reach



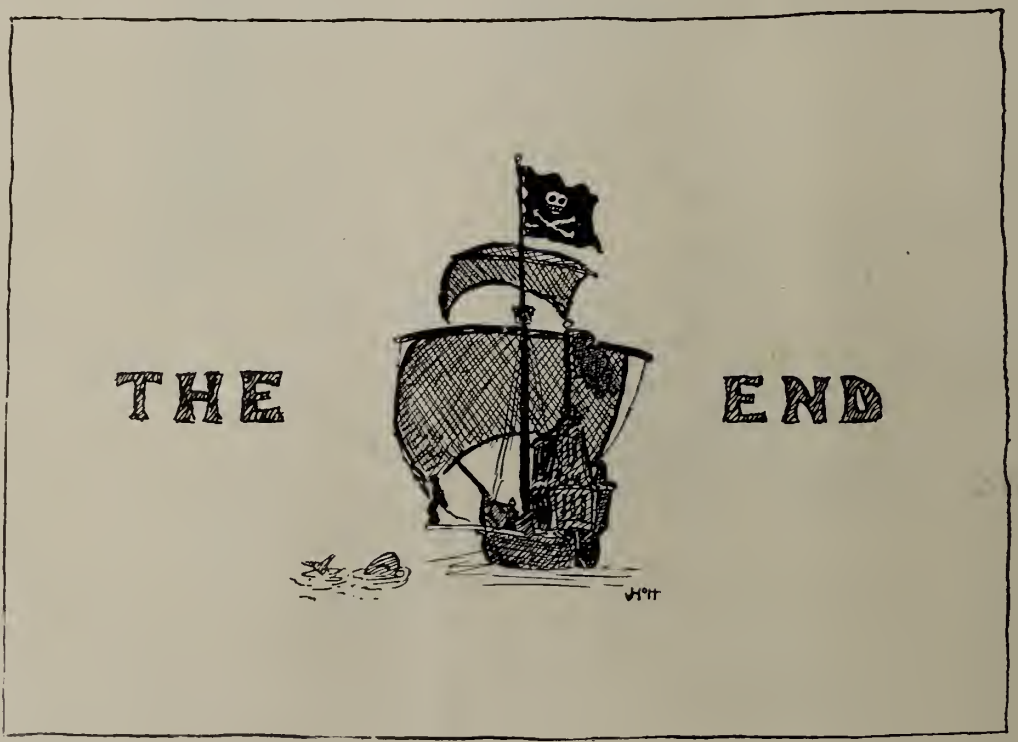
May I have the next dance?
If you press me.
Ye Gods, do you want me to break your back?

TIFFANY & Co.
JEWELRY SILVERWARE STATIONERY

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ENGLISHMAN (*eating a fish-cake for the first time*): "I say old chap, something has died in my biscuit."
—*Punch Bowl*

SWEET YOUNG THING: "Where is that new frat everyone is talking about?"

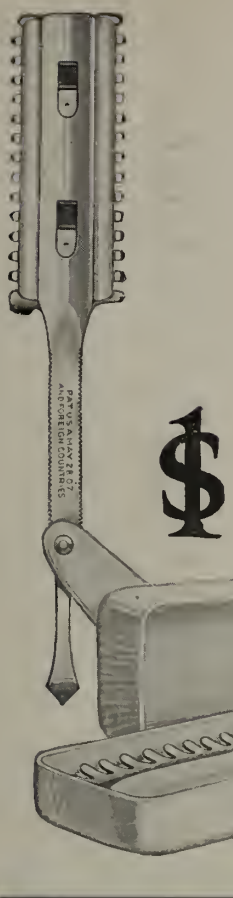
HE: "What new frat?"

SWEET YOUNG THING: "Why, haven't you heard? Eska Mo Pi!"
—*Goblin*

"So your uncle died in a violent fit of laughter. What a funny way to pass off!"

"Yes, it was positively killing."
—*Mugwump*

A man who had lost his cheapeau
Cried "Where did the cursed thing geau?"
But his neighbor said, "That
Was a smart walking hat—
And it's gone for a stroll, doncher-kneau!"—*Bowdoin Bear Skin*



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HE: "May I have this dance?"
SHE: "Yes, if you can find someone to dance with."—*Awgwan.*

CUSTOMER (*in restaurant*): "Do you have oyster crackers?"
DUMB WAITER: "No, sir, we open them ourselves."—*Tiger.*

MCNUT: "Have you any rustic furniture in your room?"
MCNITT: "No, but I have a log table in my math book."
—*Brown Jug*

SHE: "My aunt goes to every dance that I do."
HE: "Ah, a dansant."—*Dodo*

"Say, I'd like to try that suit on in the window."
"Sorry, but you'll have to use the dressing rooms."—*Jack-O'-Lantern*

WOMAN (*hiring plumber*): "Are you a Union man?"
PLUMBER: "Gawd, no! I'm Hawvard."—*Jester*

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HEE: "Any kind you've got with you."—*Brown Jug.*

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"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"

"Well, make it a nickle, then."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

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"Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken? It tastes it."

"I don't know, sir."

"It must be. Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one is."—*Vampus*

"I hear you are working in the shirt factory now."

"Yes."

"Why aren't you working today?"

"Oh, we are making nightshirts this week."—*Humbug*

AS ONE SOUSE TO ANOTHER

"Howja like th' party — pretty-hup-good, eh?"

"Yup; pre'y wet tho — glad I wore m' pumps."—*Wasp*

WASH: "Shay, I'm dizzy'ern hell."

SWASH: "Shash so?"

WASH: "True'sh I'm shober — Yuh shee thash girl over there — no, thash one — well, the wafes in her hair made me shea-shick."—*Wasp*

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